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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 515.—JANUARY, 1933.

Art. 1.—LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH.

Life of Herbert Henry Asquith, Lord Oxford and Asquith.

By J. A. Spender and Cyril Asquith. Hutchinson, 1932.

THERE is to be seen in the hall at Stanway a bust of Oliver Cromwell in which some have thought that they perceived a likeness to the late Lord Oxford. This alleged resemblance, whether fanciful or not, will not appear inappropriate to the constitutional historian, since the twentieth-century statesman was concerned to pollard the time-honoured power of the House of Lords almost as severely as his supposed seventeenth-century prototype once pollarded that of the Crown. In the immortal story, indeed, Cromwell enters the palace of Whitehall at dead of night and, standing at the foot of Charles's bier, mutters the charged phrase, 'Stern necessity!'; and, if that laconic utterance be no fable, the comparison between the champion of the Parliament and the champion of the Parliament Act would possess some increased plausibility. A Conservative might, anyhow, do worse than turn to Marvell's Horatian Ode for a chorus calculated to modify the acerbities of our late constitutional contention and to raise the reputation of the victor into serener air :

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame ;
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due
Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere,

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Could by industrious valour climb
 To ruin the great work of Time
 And cast the Kingdoms old
 Into another mould.'

Let the high poetry of these affairs, however, be as it may, Lord Oxford has this at least in common with Cromwell, that in his time he shouldered the immense responsibility of shaking the established poise of the British constitution, and shaking it to such purpose that no man for many years after could tell when or after what manner the oscillating balance might once more be brought to rest. This stern aspect of his career reflects an earlier, graver, perhaps more resolute, though to some eyes less sympathetic side of a character moulded in the first instance by Puritan sentiments and never wholly unresponsive to Protestant influences. Time, however, in due course touched him, mellowed him more perhaps than most men, and marked him so plainly that 'Doll' Liddell is said to have declared that he had known 'two Mr Asquiths,' the one austere, the other genial.

In this second phase, which begins to appear as success succeeds struggle, as the uncertain fate of the barrister is merged in the assured triumph of the politician, and as the doors of 'society' are flung wide by a second marriage which drew all eyes upon him, the suggestion of Cromwell, if still physically growing, suffers a slow, psychological decline—unless, perhaps, for those who, with the charming tribute paid by Sir Roderick Meiklejohn to the salient 'simplicity,' 'magnanimity,' and 'kindliness' of his old chief fresh in their memory, happen to recall Marvell's testimony to 'the sweetness' that used on occasion to pierce through Cromwell's rugged looks. In place of it another comparison may come to mind. It is no merely idle exercise to study the Prime Minister of the first George whilst taking the measure of the Prime Minister of the fifth. For all the obvious differences of origin and orientation between the East Anglian squire and the Yorkshire lawyer, Asquith resembles Walpole closely enough to suggest political descent. In his classical approach to the problems of statesmanship, in his abundant common-sense, in his House of Commons outlook, in his fortunate relations with the two Sovereigns he served, no less than in his gift of genial companionship,

in the hard fate which drove him, a man profoundly conscious of the value of peace, into the vortex of war, and in his final half-contemptuous bearing under defeat, the Earl of Oxford was to the Earl of Orford near allied. It would not, in fact, be wholly surprising if when the long processes of political sculpture are past, when there is no room any more for denigration or need for restoration, the images of these two were to be found not far apart on the slopes of the English political Olympus.

Meanwhile two very competent hands have cast an admirable statue to Lord Oxford's memory. The quality of the book, it is true, is perhaps more easily expressed in terms of architecture than of sculpture or painting. It contains none of those large and luminous generalisations which John Morley would have thrown, like patches of fitful sunshine, across the political landscape; nor is there in it any swift narrative of events after the manner of Mr Churchill to make the demi-gods of the political battle seem mobile as the figures on the frieze of a Greek temple. Here is rather something in the Egyptian style—a work, not, indeed, if we explore its interior, without decoration of high merit, yet in its main effect massive—like the man whose fame it celebrates. If he was indeed, as some one has called him, 'the last of the Romans,' this monument of his life might not inaptly be compared with that tomb of Caius Cestius upon the Ostian Way at which so many pilgrims to the tomb of Keats have gazed in passing. The biography, in fact, suggests a pyramid narrowing steadily to a point, and that point clearly and even grimly defined. No vision of a Winged Victory crowning the structure lingers on the imaginative eye as the book is closed, but rather some fancy of dark gods of Egypt, emblematic of influences, feline or surreptitious, impaled upon its pinnacle.

The moral had to be pointed, unless the old public-school ethos of our institutions is to disappear, unless Cabinet Ministers are to cease from being bound by the ordinary obligations of loyalty, and unless the Cabinet itself is no longer to remain even in theory of one mind and one mouth. And, if this had to be done—as this had to be done—it could hardly have been better done. Burke, indeed, would have exposed the wrong with a splendour of rhetoric to which Mr Spender makes no pretence, and

Junius with a savagery of satire to which our milder fashions give no encouragement ; but the quiet building-up of the case against Lord Oxford's detractors will convince many whom bolder language might offend. Mr Spender might claim with justice to have set down nothing in malice and little or nothing extenuated, and, as facts assert themselves and fancies fail, his work should take its place as the classical account of a very extraordinary crisis in English politics. It is indeed a remarkable example of passionate feeling for an old friend issuing in a dispassionate defence of him.

Collaboration in biography is a questionable affair ; and Mr Cyril Asquith's task in the present case is as difficult as that of a painter called upon to insert a single portrait in a conversation picture. Except in the finely-phrased, if at some points audacious treatment of the personality in the chapter especially devoted to it, an excessive objectivity seems to hamper the general effect of his work. Perhaps Lord Oxford's own reserve is to be blamed for this rather than his son's reticence ; yet, if only for the sake of the intrinsic curiosity of the illustration, I may, perhaps, be allowed to exemplify the criticism. The fact is chronicled that 'the Asquith parents were Puritans enough to look with some suspicion on . . . the theatre' ; and there the matter is left. Yet I once heard Lord Oxford give the fact a far more subjective treatment. He was a young man, he said, before he entered a theatre and, as he watched his first play, his mind was all the time occupied with wondering what his mother would have thought about him.

This preoccupation was the more natural that Emily Asquith was plainly as remarkable as the mothers of most very able men appear to be. Upon her fell the burden of her son's education, for he was no more than eight years old when his father died in 1860. There have been heavier loads. Both her boys were first-rate scholars, and the second—the future Prime Minister—added remarkable physical to remarkable intellectual strength. He walked indeed for educational purposes in the ancient ways. Those mechanical and mathematical conceptions that distract our attention from the humanities had not, perhaps, more place in the old Liberal education than is proper to them ; and it was stamped with the large

moderation of Latin civilisation and so much the better armed with honest thought and skilled in simple truth that he passed from Balliol out into the world. The circumstance is worth attention because the classical tradition in statesmanship was presently to be pitted against 'the arts and stratagems,' as Mr Spender very aptly calls them, of a new race of politicians and the tragedy of his career to consist in its defeat at their hands. The struggle is so much the more significant that Asquith's mind appears to have been wholly free from what Napoleon would have dismissed as ideology. 'Actually,' says his son, 'no one ever discovered what views he held, if any, about the Ultimate and the Absolute.' The public associated him with no philosophy human or divine, and he made, and presumably meant to make, no impression whatever upon the greatest of all debates. 'Dogmatic statements, whether negative or positive,' he wrote of Jowett to Lady Horner, 'jarred upon him, and he was too well-bred intellectually ever to be a fanatic.' This temper of mind, as, indeed, the observation shows, was congenial to himself, but, unsupported in him by that 'magnetism of an apostle' which he professed to detect in the old master of his College, it involved inevitably some defect of power when in due time he came to sit in the seat of Gladstone. Liberalism is not in itself enough to avert lassitude in those who follow and, maybe, not even in those who lead. Its golden girls and boys slip little by little into silver speech; and at length there arrives the age of copper, when ninepence is sold for fourpence in its streets. Some deeper stratum of our being has to be drawn upon if intellect is to be gilded with inspiration. Yet, for all that Asquith, if he drew neither chrism nor chrysostom from a University the tale of whose stones is but half told without mention of them, carried from Oxford that grace of the grand manner of which his boyish eloquence at the City of London School had given no little promise. Upon the Roman dignity of his style—upon its logical cogency, its large and lucid presentation of facts, its instinctive rejection of the cheap and the irrelevant—there is the less need to dwell, that it was the plainest of all his political merits and the proof of a sense of values that at Westminster was perishing. Yet to success at the Bar the very fineness of his taste in thought and language presented

difficulties, and, had he pandered at all to popularity, he might have progressed more quickly to recognition. Success, however, came with the affair of Bradlaugh's election; a memorandum on the law and history of the Parliamentary Oath impressed not only Henry James but Gladstone; and at thirty-four the rising lawyer had his feet firmly planted on the political ladder.

Meanwhile Asquith had married. Although no scribe dare venture without grave anxiety to become a pharisee, lest a printer's devil, or some other devil, should forthwith enter into possession of his proofs, it seems desirable to point out, with a view to the emendation of this biography in any future issue, that a man may no more marry his father-in-law than his mother-in-law. Mr Cyril Asquith, as a result of disregarding the good old rule that the first sentence of a paragraph should have for its subject, not a pronoun but a noun, observes * that his father was married to his grandfather in August 1877. The allusion to Dr Melland, apart from this quaint disaster, is far from regrettable. The fine old doctor, rolling out sea-chanties in his splendid voice and casting doubt, in the congenial company of his son-in-law, upon the efficacy of his own profession, crosses with striking effect, if only for a moment, the stage of the story. Not so much perhaps can be said of his daughter's all too brief appearance. The mother of so many brilliant children has, perhaps, cause to complain that her modesty has descended to her offspring; and those who some thirty years ago used to speculate as to the mother's share in the altogether exceptional distinction of her family may wish it had been possible to expand her part in the drama. Asquith's own statement, however, is there to affirm that 'hers was one of those personalities which it is impossible to depict'; and the impression of an extreme, though charming, domesticity which the biography leaves is perhaps all that at this distance of time can be recovered. 'In the cant phrase,' her husband wrote a year after her death, 'our marriage was "a great success"; from first to last it was never troubled by any kind of sorrow or dissension; and when the sun went down, it was in an unclouded sky.'

The star of Asquith's fortunes, meanwhile, was rising

* Vol. I, p. 44.

continuously higher and, though the domesticity of a wife might have marched with the legal practice of a Queen's Counsel and accommodated itself to the still moderate constituency work of a member of Parliament, it might have been gravely troubled by the social duties of a Minister of the Crown. 'When I said that she had married a man who was certain to attain the highest political distinction,' wrote Asquith's second wife of his first, 'she replied that that was not what she coveted for him.' Fate saved her from the gift of Fortune. She died the year before he received office; and three years later the last of Gladstone's Home Secretaries married one of the youngest of Gladstone's friends. Society was alive with warnings; yet the letters which Lady Oxford has decided to publish, forty years after, and without which this biography must have seemed but a much more formal affair, discover all that one can ask of any man in the way of full assurance.

'I can conceive of no future,' he writes to Miss Tennant, 'of which you are not the centre, and which is not given, without a shadow of doubt or a shiver of fear, to you alone. . . . If you had said to me, as I thought you had in effect, "I can never be anything to you but an unattainable and impossible ideal," I would have persisted in what I had begun, and ruined my life, and impoverished myself by living away from you. A month, or even a week ago, I had made up my mind that this was to be the limiting horizon of my life. You chafed and I starved under the new dispensation. O Margot—I am afraid and almost ashamed to tell you what it meant to me—lest you should despise me and harden your heart. But when you told me last Wednesday night that to you too it was difficult and bad, and gave me your promise, and re-opened the door, and restored to life what had become marble and a memory, I felt and have felt ever since like one who had been raised from the dead.'

For all the cool judgment of the man, for all the quick affection of the woman, the engagement had conformed to the common law of our being. It was he who had confidently led and she who had more hesitatingly followed; and the world watched and wondered, neither recognising, perhaps, how fairly, beneath that plain contrast of vital personalities, reason and intuition might be said to have met, clear sense and high sensibility to have kissed each

other, nor how really, when the long day closed for him, no more than shades of evening were left to her. The Letters, meanwhile, with their passion and eloquence, remain to show how well his friend had known him when Rosebery declared that, consummate and considerable as were his powers of brain, his head was not the equal of his heart.

'It is that rare combination of head and heart,' the speaker added, 'which in my judgment . . . will conduct him to the highest office in the state.' And so it did. He rose largely by his own loyalty—as by the disloyalty of others he ultimately fell. Amid the Liberal dissensions that followed the resignation of Gladstone he had steered a clear course; and Harcourt's tribute, less eloquent than Rosebery's, was not less cordial. 'From the first moment I had the advantage of your friendship,' the rough old man wrote to him, 'I have greatly appreciated your abilities and valued the warmth of your heart.' And from his immediate predecessor in the Premiership, in the hour of mortal sickness, there reached him still stronger words of praise: 'A wonderful colleague,' Campbell-Bannerman declared, 'so loyal, so disinterested, so able . . . the greatest gentleman I ever met.' He went indeed from strength to strength without seeming effort, the Home Office giving play to his administrative, the Tariffs-controversy to his forensic ability, until his claim to the lieutenantancy and finally the leadership of his Party surpassed that of the less intellectually agile Morley. In Campbell-Bannerman's Administration he held the Exchequer; and much history might have been different if, in accordance with a plan discussed with and approved by King Edward, he had retained that office still as Premier. Upon the cause of his changed intention his biographers are discreetly silent. It is just possible, as was alleged by gossips at the time, that he considered the claims of Mr McKenna; it is certain that Mr Lloyd George was appointed; it is conceivable that Mr Lloyd George may have applied for the post. At all events, a nomination of the highest consequence both to the country and himself was made.

The administration of the Exchequer resembles that of the Foreign Office in its singular incompatibility with party purposes. The Chancellor is the trustee of the

public purse and, like other trustees, he is peculiarly bound to conduct his business not for party advantage but with a view to the interest of the nation as a whole and in keeping with the considered principles of economic science. For financial continuity, however, Mr Lloyd George had, to all appearance, no respect, as of political economy he had, to all appearance, no knowledge. To judge by his speeches not only might Gladstone never have laboured, but Adam Smith might never have written and John Stuart Mill have never been read. His feelings were far from allowing him to appreciate the opinion of the first that money should be left to fructify in the pockets of its possessors; his mind had not assimilated, if, indeed, it had encountered, the argument of the second that 'great nations are never impoverished by private, though they sometimes are by public extravagance'*; and his conscience was impervious to the judgment of the last—which significantly succeeds an expression of regret at the inequalities of wealth—that 'to tax the larger incomes at a higher percentage than the smaller is to lay a tax on industry and economy; to impose a penalty on people for having worked harder and saved more than their neighbours'—is, in short, 'partial taxation' and 'a mild form of robbery.'†

Of the old Liberalism there was in truth little more retained by Mr Lloyd George than is required to fit a wolf with sheep's clothing—and even then the lupine fur would keep peeping through the ovine wool. For his land-taxes, indeed, more solid support could be derived from Liberal dogma, though it remains to be demonstrated that the owner of stocks and shares—of, let us say, to take an example which comes readily to mind, shares in a Marconi company—has a better title to receive increment arising from the growing interest of the community in wireless communications than the owner of land to receive increment arising from the growing interest of the community in urban development. There was, however, a practical objection to Mr Lloyd George's land-taxes, and that was their now demonstrated failure to produce revenue. The case against his financial capacity is,

* 'Wealth of Nations,' II, c. 3.

† 'Mill's Political Economy,' V, c. 2.

indeed, as complete as his harshest critic could desire, for he subsequently abolished his own taxes himself, but not before 5,000,000*l.* of public money, to say nothing of the cost to which private persons were put, had been spent, and no more than 1,500,000*l.* collected. This fact, though now trite and notorious, needs to be borne in mind in considering all that resulted from the production of Mr Lloyd George's Budget.

An amusing misprint in his biography * discovers Mr Asquith on the coast of Wales cheerfully picnicking 'with the Snowden † range in full view.' This, in spite of Mr Spender's authority, is a thing impossible to be believed. It must be doubtful whether, even from the vantage point of Mr Lloyd George's native shores, the shape of Lord Snowden was at that time apparent; and it is as certain as anything can be that, if Mr Asquith's eyes reached so far, it must have completely destroyed his cheerfulness, for, speaking in what Mr Spender describes as 'the manner of the times' but might equally have denominated 'the manner of all sensible men,' he had himself as Chancellor 'issued a grave warning against the growth of expenditure and debt.' If the words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo, they sound immeasurably sweeter than the proverbs of Solomon. Under the guidance of one whose mental process was as a column of quicksilver the country entered upon that broad way of financial maladministration which all parties in the State according to their several disabilities set to work to widen and of which the gradient is steep and the goal destruction. The fact is that philanthropy, like religion, is too good a cause to be mixed up with party politics, and that, wherever collective responsibility is assumed, some body as dispassionate and disinterested as the Judicial Bench or the Charity Organisation Society ought to be in charge of the business from start to finish. Asquith's scheme of old age pensions, though its non-contributory character challenged criticism, did nothing, thanks to his tact, to alienate benevolence. But Mr Lloyd George, if his speeches are any index, had never reflected that, if it profit nothing without charity to give even all one's goods

* Vol. II, p. 50.

† The *Italic* is, of course, mine.

to feed the poor, much more is it unprofitable without charity to distribute the goods of others.

The Nation was now definitely confronted by the spectacle of the Robber-State, gathering and scattering as it went, with the Webbs like heralds crying 'Oyez ! oyez !' before it, with the crowd calling for 'largesse' on either hand, and with Mr Shaw, the finest jester in what was once called Christendom, jingling his bells behind. Good entertainment as the notion gave, what with dukes protesting and rich men cursing, there were still some Liberals who doubted. At the distance of a quarter of a century Rosebery's observations on the Budget of 1909 may still be read both profitably and prophetically, which is more than can be said for those of its immediate author. 'How in an implacable war against poverty,' the Liberal ex-Prime Minister argued, 'it should be necessary to carry on a contemporaneous implacable war against capital, I for one do not understand.' And he took occasion to quote the opinion of the inspectors of the Local Government Board—of 'the men most cognisant of the life and condition of the poor'—that 'the idea that taxation takes from the rich and gives to the poor is a pernicious fallacy, for all taxation in the end filters down to and poisons such comfort as is possible for the very poor. Heavy taxation may inconvenience the rich, but it starves the poor.'

'Your Glasgow speech,' Asquith wrote to the speaker, '... marks, as you say, the parting of the political ways between yourself and (I believe) every one of the old colleagues and comrades who ... fought under you. ... It may be that we are all wrong and that you alone are right; it may be——' There was, doubtless, room for doubt. The Liberal Party, to put the matter quite simply, had lost its old belief in letting people alone. Rosebery, indeed, had credited the Government with the further purpose of tempting the Peers from their ancient stronghold on to the quagmire of finance; and this, whether designed or not by Mr Lloyd George, was accomplished. The controversy with the landlords was by degrees merged in a controversy with the Lords, and, as the latter reached their resolution to throw out the Budget, there came such a change over the Liberal leadership as had happened when Cromwell's New Model

Army was substituted for the rabble of tapsters and such-like that had previously composed the Parliamentary forces. Mr Asquith, in fact, regained with the constitutional issue the command that Mr Lloyd George had seemed to be taking from him through the financial one.

'We are the three wise men of Gotham,' King Edward observed to Lord St Aldwyn and Archbishop Davidson; 'we know that this Budget ought not be thrown out.' Not that the old diplomatist liked the spirit of Mr Lloyd George's speeches better than other sensible men, for he characterised them, so Mr Spender tells us, as 'Billingsgate' and, presumably satisfied that no one of Mr Asquith's education could really approve their contents, intimated to the Prime Minister through Lord Knollys that defence of them only caused him irritation. Yet he perceived instinctively, what the Lords were not shrewd enough to recognise, that Democracy cannot profit by stored experience but must learn by waste and suffering, and that a constitutional issue of the first magnitude was being disastrously prejudiced by a fiscal issue of second-rate consequence. For, if the case of the Lords against the Budget was good, the Liberal case against the Lords was better. A party system is, doubtless, no unexceptionable form of Government, but, to enable it to work at all, it is plain that neither party should be in possession of an impregnable legislative stronghold. This, however, was now precisely the constitutional situation. The Peers, keenly sensible of honest intentions, justly aware that their House contained as many men of first-class ability as any Chamber in Europe, and reasonably satisfied that they had among them no worse fools, to say the least of it, than were to be found in the Commons, manned their fortress so valiantly that the safe convoy of any highly contentious Liberal legislation from the Lower House to the Statute Book presented insuperable difficulties. Dexterous strategy might, however, have deferred for some years longer any decisive action. Had the Lords waited for the impending Home Rule Bill to place themselves at the head of the still highly Protestant and Unionist feeling of the country, they might have kept the privileges of their House for another generation, and had they not hated so much to be reformed, they might even have preserved its powers for another century. They

chose instead to rush upon their fate. Taking their stand upon soil which they had not occupied for two hundred and fifty years and trusting to the reasonableness of their cause and the good sense of their country, they engaged at the utmost disadvantage and went down much like Rupert before Cromwell.

The year in which King Edward died saw the Marston Moor of the great constitutional debate fought in January and its Naseby in December. Asquith, throughout a twelvemonth when the rising passion of parties was complicated by a change of sovereigns, behaved, on any fair review of the circumstances, with singular magnanimity. He did all a first minister might to protect the position of the Crown; he asked no more of King George in the way of guarantees than King Edward had been ready to agree to; and at the King's wish he consented to waive his intention to submit the Parliament Bill to the Lords before appealing to the Country. His biography includes a list of the men whose names he would have submitted to the Sovereign had the Die-Hards prevailed; and it appears to be such a list as would have done the minimum of injury to the reputation of the Estate with which he was at issue. It might perhaps even be said of him—to borrow now from Marvell's praise of Charles instead of from Marvell's praise of Cromwell—that he nothing common did, or mean upon that memorable scene.

History at all events will be slow to say that he should have stocked a new Senate rather than have sheared the existing House of Lords of its powers; for this would have been to engage in problems of breeding and pedigree that baffle experts in senator-growing even to this day. Here, as in his dealings with finance and with Ireland, he discovered a tendency to solve problems as he went, by manner of compromise and bargain, through the exercise of those powers of negotiation and accommodation in which he excelled, and with little regard for the principles and passions that were involved.

In regard to Ireland, however, there can be little doubt that this moderating disposition led him astray. Errors of statesmanship, extending not over generations but over centuries, had given to each party to the Home Rule controversy an unanswerable case within the province of its perceptions. It was essential in these circumstances

not to let passion rise nor to heat argument into obstinacy. The Government were ready to concede separate treatment for Ulster or at the least for North-East Ulster ; and they ought at once to have said so. As arbitrators they might perhaps have succeeded ; as hucksters they were bound to fail. They chose, however, to frame a Bill purporting to grant the full Nationalist demand. Ulster was instantly ablaze. Recourse to violence, which had seemed so shocking a thing in the Irish Nationalists with grievances *in esse*, appeared, now that the wind was blowing in another quarter at Westminster, the most natural thing in the world to the Unionists with their grievances still only *in posse*. A Covenant was signed ; an army was recruited ; and in due course arms were landed. The King's Government was, in fact, openly defied, whilst a quondam Attorney-General and a prospective Lord-Chancellor united to encourage this singular contribution to law and order. By all the rights inherent in representative government in general and by all the authority vested in the British Government in particular, Lord Carson should have been arrested and tried. Asquith decided otherwise. No Ulster jury, he argued, would have convicted the Ulster leader ; and any conviction, even had it been obtainable, must have placed a crown of martyrdom upon that leader's head. This reasoning may have been good, but the rebellion was none the less patent. The spirit of resistance for lack of being resisted passed into the conversation of the army ; and officers began to discuss whether, if it came to fighting, they would agree to fight. The Government, thoroughly perplexed, nervously negotiated with the soldiers. The Curragh incident gives the measure of the prevailing confusion. Civil war seemed now so likely that officers with their homes in Ulster were expressly told that they need not serve, and officers not so situated expressly warned that they must do so. Discrimination of this sort made confusion worse confounded. Those of Orange sympathies requested to be dismissed ; attempts were made to placate them ; the Secretary for War gave an assurance that they would not be required to crush political opposition ; the Cabinet then withdrew it ; and in the end the Prime Minister was compelled to take over the administration of the War Office. This was in April 1914, and, in spite of an abortive

conference between the Liberal and Conservative Leaders, the troubles of the Administration continued to grow. Then in August the advent of the Great War suddenly made of one mind statesmen whose utmost effort to agree had just foundered upon the difficulty of deciding whether or not County Tyrone should be excluded in whole or in part, for a time or in perpetuity, from the proposed province of North-East Ulster.

From its inception in the days of Fox, Liberalism has never found it an easy matter to fit into a single philosophy or policy its highly pacific international ideals, its highly provocative nationality enthusiasms, to say nothing of its highly patriotic, not to say insular, prejudices. So long, however, as Whig influences predominated, this multiplicity of sentiment, though Rosebery is found complaining that he played a lone hand in the Cabinet, gave no great trouble. But, with the coming of Lord Grey to the Foreign Office, something perilously like a secret diplomacy came into being. Direct military conversations with France took the place of informal ones through an intermediary; and this without reference to a Cabinet which contained men like Morley and Loreburn. Under the influence of these hypothetical preparations for war the country passed almost unconsciously into the orbit first of French, then of Russian policy—passed without, as Grey reassured himself and others, contracting obligations in law, yet not certainly without contracting obligations of honour. So great a gentleman should perhaps have seen this peril sooner. By the year 1911 Asquith at any rate was alive to it. 'Conversations,' he wrote to Grey, 'such as that between General Joffre and Colonel Fairholme seem to me rather dangerous; especially the part which refers to possible British assistance. The French ought not to be encouraged in present circumstances to make their plans on any assumptions of this kind.'

Not only the French but the Russians also were learning to build upon British assistance; and the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine by France and the capture or control of the historic Straits by Russia became tangible purposes in a world where Austria, menaced in Bosnia and the Herzegovina both by Young Turk democracy and Yugoslav nationality, had ceased to honour European treaties,

and where Germany had for a sovereign one vain enough to call himself 'Admiral of the Atlantic' and foolish enough to build against the British Fleet. Austrian alarm, German conceit, French revenge, and Russian ambition—here was the team British diplomacy was put to manage. To have harnessed the four horses of the Apocalypse to the European chariot outright would have been only a slightly graver affair; and, indeed, at the next stage of the journey these actually took the place of the others.*

'It is still uncertain,' observes Mr Spender † in speaking of the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, 'whether Germany was informed in advance of Austria's intended action.' But in fact no uncertainty exists. During the August of 1908 Aehrenthal assured Germany that he did not mean to annex the two provinces; then early in September he dropped a hint, which at the close of the month was amplified into an intimation to the contrary effect. The German Emperor, however, owing to absence from Berlin, knew nothing for certain until a day after the annexation had been formally notified in the great capitals of Europe.‡ The suspicion of Germany which Mr Spender betrays is in line with the conviction of Lord Grey that behind the great catastrophe of our time is to be found the hand of Germany deliberately working. It was a belief that took strong hold of the Prime Minister as well as of the Foreign Secretary. 'Mr Asquith's "Genesis of the War,"' complains Professor Fay, perhaps the most dispassionate student of the subject,

'tells us little of the true origin of the War. The ex-Prime Minister was still content to write in 1924 as if he knew no more about the causes of the War after a decade than we did in 1914. To him Germany is solely responsible. He writes as a politician making a case, not as a statesman seeking to reveal the truth.'

No attempt is made by Lord Oxford's biographers to meet the charge contained in this passage. They are

* I suppose I ought to make it clear that, following Martindale, I take the White Horse and its rider to mean, not Christianity, but the World organising itself apart from Christianity.

† Vol. I, p. 224.

‡ 'Grosse Politik,' xxvi, 20-22, 35, 53, 102.

apparently satisfied to believe with him that the last word about war-guilt was said when the guns went off in August 1914; and they must be reckoned happy if it be so. Yet the matter remains of the highest consequence, owing to its repercussion upon war aims and indemnities, and cannot be dismissed without discussion. But for the fact that men of Lord Grey's noble integrity of spirit and Lord Oxford's balanced equity of mind gave it their countenance, the idea that Germany was the sole author of the strife could never have been so persuasive or influential. Their assurance made Englishmen feel that in the circumstances there was nothing to be done but to fight the war, as the phrase went, to a finish. It encouraged the belief that no penalties could be too grave for the commission of so great a wrong. It led on to the conclusion that the Allies might constitute themselves judges in their own case. It made hard terms doubly hard by compelling the Germans to confess—almost as we might say under pain of torture, for they were starving—to a monopoly of war-guilt. This was such a thing as no man at that time was in a position to know and the like of which no nation at any time had before been required to admit; and it was bound, even if just, to prove a deep cause of resentment and, if unjust, a deeper still.

No one familiar with the revelations of European diplomacy that the Peace has brought forth probably holds Asquith's faith in German war-guilt in its original integrity—and least of all, perhaps, Mr Lloyd George. 'In 1914 no ruler in Europe,' this part-author of the Peace of Versailles has told his hearers more than once, '... wanted war,'* and Clio following more painfully in his footsteps has reached a not very different judgment. The great German plot against the world's peace has pretty well vanished into the vast limbo of war propaganda and—to borrow again Professor Fay's language—'that Germany and her Allies were solely responsible ... is generally recognised by the best historical scholars in all countries to be no longer tenable or defensible.'† It is perhaps vain to speculate upon what facts in the great welter of pre-War diplomacy a celestial mind might fix as being of decisive consequence, but there can be little

* See his speeches of Oct. 12, 1932, and of Dec. 22, 1920.

† Fay, 'Origins of the World War,' II, p. 549.

doubt that any such body of facts would include the three that follow: the rebuff sustained by Russian pride when in 1908 Aehrenthal brought off his *coup* in Bosnia and Isvolsky failed to get control of the Straits; the consequent untimely Russian resolve to stand by Serbia in 1914, even though, as we can no longer doubt, the Serbian Government had connived at the murder of Franz Ferdinand by permitting his prospective assassins to cross the frontier; and finally, the Russian general mobilisation, caused not, as Lord Grey at one time fancied,* by a false statement in the *Lokal Anzeiger* about German military preparations, nor, as a falsified telegram in the French Yellow Book alleged,† by a belief that a similar step had already been taken by Austria, but by the premature resolve of the halting Nicholas and his more determined advisers.

Such considerations do not, indeed, affect the justice of Asquith's courageous decision to make war; for Moltke, in 1914, had actually done what Joffre, in 1912, had merely proposed to do. Their bearing is purely upon the length of the struggle and the harshness of the terms. And here there is a certain interest in observing that though Asquith's studies fell short of the facts, his scholarship or his statesmanship—for in him they were much of a piece—leapt to the inferences to be derived from them.

‘ Yet I know that these our foremen,
Who our bitter wrath excite,
Were not always wrong entirely
Nor ourselves entirely right,’

says the honest citizen in the Acharnians‡; and there must be few wars when the observation has not been apposite. The danger for democracy is that it easily tends to believe that it is at war with devils and not with men and to suppose the most temperate allusion to peace incompatible with patriotism. Those who exploit this weakness have never perhaps considered the action of Pitt in 1802 and Castlereagh in 1814. There was never a war with better credentials than the war against Napoleon, nor a foe with more dangerous ideas. Yet Pitt is to be

* Fay, ‘Origins of the World War,’ II, p. 474.

† Ibid., p. 476.

‡ Tr. B. B. Rogers, II. 309-10—οἷδ’ ἐγὼ καὶ τοὺς Ἀχαιῶνας, οἷς ἄγαν ἐγκείμεθα
οὐχ ἄνδρων ὄντας ἡμῖν αἰτίους τῶν πραγμάτων

found advocating the Peace of Amiens, Castlereagh approving the peace-proposals of Frankfort and Châtillon ; and the patriotism of Pitt and Castlereagh is beyond suspicion. The truth is that, unless civilisation is to be utterly extinguished, the international mind must be held to be at least as much part of statesmanship as the national impulse to give the foreign devil his due.

Some recollection of what Metternich would have called 'the good cause of Europe' became articulate during the year 1916 in both the Cabinet Ministers who had been concerned with the Foreign Office. Lord Grey in his conversations with Colonel House,* Lord Lansdowne in the Cabinet Memorandum, which ultimately formed the basis of his much abused Letter, alike betrayed sentiments free from any craven fear but equally free from the intransigent tone of the most part of the Press. This subtle movement of opinion, it seems probable, exercised a considerable influence upon Mr Asquith's fortunes. He had dexterously brought his Cabinet with but two dissentients into the War ; he had survived the inevitable clamour for munitions ; he had reconstructed his Administration by coalescing with the Conservatives ; he had weathered the failure at Gallipoli ; he was, with his large powers of patience and conciliation, perhaps the one man in the nation who might without any too gross abuse of language have been styled indispensable. Yet two years after the battle of the Marne his Ministry remained undecorated by any conspicuous success. At the Somme there had been a 'wash-out,' at Jutland a draw ; and when, in the autumn of 1916, Roumania collapsed before the German armies, Mr Lloyd George, though as Secretary for War he had warned the Allies that the British Government could render no help, came to the conclusion that the Prime Minister was incapable of carrying on hostilities with effect.

There are two schools of warfare. There are those who believe that soldiers understand the business of their profession best, and there are those who believe that civilians understand it better than soldiers. Mr Asquith belonged to the former, Mr Lloyd George to the latter school. The Prime Minister had placed not only the War but the War Office in the hands of a soldier ; and his

* House, 'Intimate Papers,' II, p. 183.

attitude towards the heads of the army both at home and abroad had been characteristically loyal and appreciatively recognised. 'I am sure,' French wrote to him in May 1915, 'in the whole history of the War no General in the field has ever been helped in a difficult task by the head of his Government as I have been supported and strengthened by your unfailing sympathy and support.' The tribute was, it is true, tainted with duplicity, since the Commander-in-Chief had not, on his own subsequent admission, scrupled to intrigue against the life of the Administration whose chief he so much praised; but to such dissonances the student of Asquith's career may do wisely to attune his mind lest he should happen to conceive too deplorable an opinion of his fellow creatures. Haig's testimony to Asquith's qualities—and here there exists no suspicion of double-dealing—is still more striking than French's:

'There is no question' the Commander-in-Chief told General Gough, 'as to which was the better Prime Minister to serve under. In Asquith I always found a loyal supporter, and there was no suggestion which I made for the benefit of the Army or for the more efficient conduct of our operations that he did not do his best to carry out; but with Lloyd George I can feel no confidence, and, far from meeting my wishes and supplying my wants, he places every obstacle in my way, and, in fact, he hampers the conduct of the War.' *

Sir William Robertson's witness completes the chain of evidence in Asquith's favour.

'On the whole it may be said that throughout 1916 the General Staff were accorded suitable freedom of action in all matters lying within their sphere, and received from the Government as well as from individual Ministers the guidance and assistance which the proper discharge of their duties required. . . . To this fact perhaps more than to any other may be largely attributed the military achievements of the year which left the position in all theatres of war infinitely more satisfactory and hopeful than it had been before. Unfortunately . . . the same mutually helpful relations were not forthcoming in 1917 and, as was inevitable, the operations suffered to a corresponding degree.' †

Mutually helpful relations, whether between colleagues

* Gough, 'The Fifth Army,' p. 174.

† 'Soldiers and Statesmen,' p. 286.

or classes or nations, were not, perhaps, a matter to which Mr Lloyd George had ever attached great importance. He had passed from the Exchequer to the Munitions Office and, upon Kitchener's death, to the Ministry for War. This last appointment made it, as Lady Oxford noted in her journal with uncanny intuition, only a question of time when her husband would have to leave Downing Street. Asquith, however, saw no danger; how should he? It was but a little more than a year since Mr Lloyd George, 'his eyes . . . wet with tears,' had declared—but let Asquith give his own account of the business!—

'that he owed everything to me, that I had stuck to him and protected him and defended him when every man's hand was against him . . . that he would (1) rather break stones, (2) dig potatoes, (3) be hung and quartered (these were metaphors he used at different stages of his broken but impassioned harangue) than do an act or say a word or harbour a thought that was disloyal to me. . . .'

'O Heaven!' cries the regenerate Proteus in the play, 'were man But constant, he were perfect: that one error Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins. Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.' Lord Beaverbrook, to judge from his most interesting account of what ensued, is either unacquainted with the lines or unconvinced by their teaching. He does not even hesitate to appropriate to Mr Lloyd George's use Chatham's famous tag: 'I am sure that I can save this country and that no one else can.' But is it really Chatham with whom we have to deal, or is it Holderness and Newcastle? All the mass of journalistic manoeuvre that was brought so skilfully to bear upon Asquith's position would not have shamed that incomparable couple with whom even Chatham found it wiser to make terms. Let us turn, however, to Mr Spender's version of this twice-told tale, where, with the moral values subtly shifted and the rôle of hero changed, Lord Beaverbrook's high comedy of public manners is transmuted into something very like a tragedy in the style of ancient Rome.

The achievement is so much the greater that the prologue is unhappily conceived. The reader has to be made aware of the fact that a little before he fell from

* 'Life of Lord Oxford,' II, p. 13.

power Mr Asquith lost his eldest son, and that son a man of the highest distinction and promise. It would have been better to leave the matter so, not only because pathos is in its nature simple, but because those who knew Raymond Asquith are unlikely to be able to convey to those who knew him not any idea of his charm, whilst the flavour of his cynicism, which is here accurately illustrated, is pretty sure to create, unless adequately tempered, something of a false impression. The error is consummated in the introduction of the 'Lines to a Young Viscount who died on the morrow of a Bump Supper' and of the lampoon 'In praise of Young Girls' between the chapter reciting the death of the son and that introducing the fall of the father. Perfect in their place and of their kind, these squibs and crackers are so much the less happily inserted that in the nature of things they can give no real notion of Raymond Asquith's more memorable qualities. But to return to the attack which at this conjuncture fell in all its force upon Asquith!

The vital point to be seized by the patriots of the Press in that attack, if success was to be obtained, was the mind of Bonar Law. That home of memory and of melancholy had entertained the conviction in the March before that Asquith was the best man for his post, that his vacillations and hesitations related only to Parliamentary procedure, and that it was 'quite untrue' to accuse him of these in regard to War policy.* It may be said in passing that Mr Spender traces back these familiar charges to 'a certain arrogance' in Asquith's character which led him to regard many widely canvassed issues as of much less consequence than did some of his colleagues. Anyhow, as late as November Bonar Law was declaring that he would not be drawn into an intrigue against the Prime Minister.† But the pressure of the more forceful personalities of Lord Beaverbrook, of Lord Carson, and of Mr Lloyd George shook in time the resolution of this gentler being and, though acting always with as much regard to honour as is still possible to a man who, being in a Cabinet, is associate with men outside, the Conservative Leader is found some

* 'Life of Lord Oxford,' II, 247.

† 'Politicians and the War,' II, 138.

two or three weeks later co-operating vigorously in the endeavour to push the Prime Minister from his place, or at least so much out of his place as to deprive him of the real control of hostilities.

The capture of Bonar Law left Asquith to all appearance at least still powerfully entrenched with all but two of his Liberal and all but one of his Conservative colleagues behind him. Yet from some over-estimate of his own power over Parliament or some under-estimate of the power of the Press upon the public, he failed to take, whilst opportunity still served, either of the steps that might, perhaps, have saved him. He neither expelled his critics by causing them to resign from the Administration nor by resigning himself compelled them to disclose their probable inability to form another. Either because he himself did not clearly understand, or more probably because Bonar Law did not properly explain, Asquith took a Conservative demand for his resignation to be directed against himself rather than against his critics, and, befogged and bewildered, entered upon negotiations with Mr Lloyd George. Alienating as it did the many members of his Cabinet who desired Mr Lloyd George's decisive defeat, this move proved finally fatal. No real basis for negotiation existed between one who was resolved, and rightly resolved, to retain effective control of War policy, and one who was resolved, and, as he perhaps persuaded himself, reasonably resolved, to possess himself of the chairmanship of the proposed war council; and the verbal arrangement reached by the protagonists on the fateful Sunday, though actually shattered by the interpretation given to it by 'The Times' on Monday, must have been in any case blown to bits by the force of circumstance. The explosive 'leader,' whether or not it was planned at the interview between Lord Northcliffe and Mr Lloyd George which, as Mr Spender gives good ground for believing,* took place at 7 p.m. on the critical Sunday, may thus more wisely be said to have occasioned than to have caused the end. No mere form of words could have mended so great a muddle; and another crisis must almost certainly have supervened at the first difference between Mr Lloyd George

* Tom Clarke, 'My Northcliffe Diary,' p. 106.

and the Generals. As it was, by the Tuesday afternoon, what with the Liberal Ministers declining to be dictated to by Mr Lloyd George, and the Conservative Ministers declining to be separated from Bonar Law, there was nothing left for the Prime Minister to do except to clear the air by resignation. Asquith acted accordingly. It was the fifth, but perhaps we might more conveniently say the Nones of December.

For though there was little of Cæsar about the outgoing Prime Minister, there was something of Cæsar about his fall. For in that hour it seemed as if he had been struck, not only by his foes but by some who loved him yet claimed, as Brutus claimed, to love their country better. Balfour, whose position as First Lord of the Admiralty Asquith had been lately at some pains to defend against Mr Lloyd George's omniscient gifts of criticism, accepted the Foreign Office, declaring, it is said, that a pistol had been put to his head. The suggestion is for once too much for Mr Spender's equanimity. 'The number of those who desired the same coercion to be applied to them,' he observes, 'proved embarrassingly large. As Lord Beaverbrook's narrative shows, there were not enough pistols to go round.' Lansdowne, however, and Long held aloof; Lord Grey and other Liberals retired; and Lord Robert Cecil only joined the new Government with extreme reluctance. One error which Lord Beaverbrook's book is likely to perpetuate deserves at this point to be corrected. According to that authority Curzon gave Asquith on Dec. 4 'an absolute pledge . . . that . . . in no circumstances would he or those acting with him take office under Lloyd George or Bonar Law.'* Curzon may possibly have been speaking of Lansdowne and Long; he had, however, no title—and I say it on the best possible authority—to speak for Lord Cecil or Sir Austen Chamberlain; and if he spoke for himself, the less said about it the better in the light of two letters—one to Lansdowne and the other to Asquith—which, being compared together, are wholly disastrous to his reputation for good faith.

A great dignity had always distinguished Asquith's public life. It did not fail him now. He refused to be included in an Administration of which the rationale

* 'Politicians and the War,' II, p. 256.

had been his own supposed incompetence. He watched in silence the amateur strategist who had supplanted him taking over not only his place but his supposedly too onerous combination of duties; he watched the abandonment of the long-advocated offensive in the East for a new campaign upon the Western Front; he watched Nivelle's disastrous effort falter and fail; he watched the heroic agony of Paschendaele which the new Prime Minister had, perhaps, neither a great mind to approve nor the strong decision to terminate; he watched the confused counsels that eventuated in an omission to provide reinforcements against the last great German attack upon Haig's overburdened forces; and, if he spoke, it was but to reply to Mr Lloyd George's retrospective attack upon the Somme offensive of 1916, to say a word in defence of Lord Lansdowne's letter, and to approve an inquiry into General Maurice's strictures upon the Prime Minister's conception of military arithmetic. It cannot have escaped him that in the end his successor fell back for the winning of the War upon a factor that had not so much as existed in his time—the co-operation of America. Without this who can say what the end would have been? On any test, in fact, that the historian can apply there appears to be about as much or as little sense in the once popular Lloyd Georgian legend as there would be in the argument that, because Lord Liverpool defeated Napoleon in 1815, he was an abler war minister than Pitt, who failed to defeat Napoleon in 1805.

The wheel of Asquith's fortunes, meanwhile, continued to reverse. His offer to lend a hand at the Peace Conference was most unwisely ignored by the Prime Minister. The long omission of his Party to clear its thought as to whether Liberty or Equality is its social motive destroyed, even when Peace returned, all clarity of purpose or unity of action. His old friend Haldane adopted the confused hypotheses of Labour; Mr Lloyd George made no common front with him against the General Strike; while his own personal vicissitudes illustrated the general distress of his Party. The seat in Parliament that he lost in East Fife in 1918, he regained at Paisley in 1920, but only to lose it afresh in 1924. Of that final defeat the story is told by Lady Violet Bonham-Carter with altogether admirable pathos. A little beyond

it in the book lies another small masterpiece by Mr Desmond McCarthy—a conversation-picture, if ever there was one, depicting most skilfully a colloquy at the Wharf. Those who knew at all the generous hospitality of that house, with its high energy of thought and vivid warmth of feeling, will feel that the dark clouds of public life were not left without their silver lining. Yet, even in the upper air, the sun can suffer eclipse and the moon not give her light.

‘Once I remember,’ says Mr McCarthy, ‘after Mr Asquith had lost his seat—the conversation had turned upon metaphor and comparisons—he said to me: “I will show you a comparison in poetry which moves me.” He took down a Coleridge and pointed to the lines:

“Like an Arab old and blind
Some caravan has left behind,”

and then rather hurriedly left the room.’

* * *

The lover of our times and student of our statesmen who, perhaps a century hence, may visit, if it should still be standing, the house at Sutton Courtenay where one, destined in all probability to go down to posterity as the last of the great Liberals, passed his latter days, will do wisely to wander on to the churchyard. There, as he stands before the most notable grave that the place is likely to contain, the visitor will feel, if he has not studied his authorities in vain, how congruous are the economy of the inscription and the massive simplicity of the effect to the subject of his researches. Another thought may follow as the magic of the river that winds, sweetly enough, hard by takes hold of his imagination—the thought of a young man carried by the current of his fortune from the ancient, mystic city, a few miles distant, down the long reaches of opportunity to the tumultuous world of Westminster below, and then of the same man, after he had exemplified by eloquence, by loyalty, by love of reason, and at last by dignity in defeat, certain characteristic graces of his old University, returning, as the long day’s work drew to a close, within range of her influences to receive, not, indeed, the care of her interests, which, as Chancellor, another took, but the jewel of her name.

ALGERNON CECIL.

Art. 2.—RENUNCIATION: INDIAN AND OTHERWISE.

CONFERENCES and Commissions come and go, pronouncements are made and endless talk ensues, but through them all one searches in vain for what, to one who has spent thirty years in India, seems the one thing essential, a true understanding of Indian psychology. The great majority of English people has no conception of the complete contrast between the Eastern and Western outlook on life and mode of thought. While allowing for the difference of racial and climatic conditions they ignore the fundamental difference that exists, and must always exist, between Christianity and Hinduism. I laid emphasis on this point recently when discussing the Indian situation with a little group of more than ordinarily well-informed Englishmen, genuinely interested in India, though none of them had ever been there. One of them was inclined to dispute my contention. 'But surely Christianity and Hinduism have some of the most important principles of life and conduct in common,' he objected. 'Do not both teach that self-sacrifice and renunciation are amongst the highest attainments? May not Englishmen and Indians meet and understand each other along these great lines of thought and conduct?'

With such a contention, I venture to believe, nine out of ten Englishmen would agree, thinking that it merely enunciated an obvious truth. On the face of it, of course, the contention is true. Self-sacrifice and renunciation are ideals necessary of attainment for the highest expression of both Christianity and Hinduism. But like so many other aspects of the Indian situation apparently quite clear and plain to the superficial observer, they hide a difference and a distinction that instead of drawing the two creeds closer together place them still further apart. In referring to these particular ideals of both religions, my friend had unwittingly furnished me with an illustration of my point. Self-sacrifice and renunciation, though inculcated by both Eastern and Western creeds, have an entirely different aspect in English and Indian eyes. If English people would only realise even this one point of difference it might lead to a clearer understanding of the Indian situation. Here are two words, self-sacrifice and renunciation, which on the face of them appear to bear

but one meaning. Yet Christianity has cut straight across them, giving them an entirely different interpretation from that which holds in the East.

Two illustrations taken from life will make the difference clearer than any words could do. Both are true and both are typical. They are not isolated cases. A few months ago a young Englishman was on the point of leaving college at the end of his University career, having won not only notable academic distinctions but also outstanding athletic successes. Into whatever walk of 'Varsity life he had entered he had led. From every side fortune had smiled upon him. He was heir to a fine inheritance. He already had considerable wealth. Many walks of life were open to him. He had been offered a fellowship by his college. A particularly happy and attractive personality, generous, straightforward, reliable, he was universally popular. There was much speculation as to his future career, which every one prophesied would be brilliant. Great was the surprise, therefore, among relatives and friends when he suddenly announced his determination to give up everything and be ordained and go out to India as a missionary. He told them that he had been seriously considering this step for more than a year, and that he felt the call to be clear and unmistakable. He must sacrifice himself and renounce his worldly prospects for—and this is the essential point—for the good of others. It was to try and benefit his fellow-men that he made the sacrifice and renunciation. There was no thought of self or of any self-gain. He was not doing this in the hope of reward in this world or the next. It was solely his desire to help others that prompted him. Unless he could hope to benefit others the self-sacrifice and renunciation would be meaningless. He had only the one object, which was entirely outside himself. Self-sacrifice and renunciation meant literally and in reality complete forgetfulness of self and a life of devotion to others.

At the same time that this young Englishman was making his great self-sacrifice and renunciation, the imagination of a young Indian student of about the same age at an Indian University was being fired by the thought of those two same words. He was Suresh Das, the son of a professor at a college in one of the smaller towns of

Northern India, and all his early home life had been spent in an atmosphere of orthodox Hinduism. From his earliest years he had been taught by both example and precept that it is only through self-denial, self-sacrifice, and renunciation, the suffering of the body, that the highest can be attained. He had been accustomed to see this doctrine openly put into practice and carried out to its most extreme limits. He had seen men subjecting their bodies to the most horrible tortures. He had seen them lying on iron spikes that entered and tore their flesh. He had seen them living half buried in the ground. He had seen them dragging themselves on hands and knees over rough roads for hundreds of miles without ever standing upright. All these things he had seen, and they had represented to him self-sacrifice and renunciation. These men were sacrificing their bodies and renouncing all pleasure in this world for a definite end—and this again is the essential point—for the purification of their own souls in the hope of personal gain to themselves. The thought of others never entered their heads. Their self-sacrifice and renunciation were entirely personal. Suresh Das had never heard of any self-sacrifice and renunciation that were not personal.

Outside his father's house on the outskirts of the town he had all his life seen two holy men, their naked bodies smeared with ashes and their hair wound in coils round their heads, sitting inanimate beneath a sacred peepul tree. He had seen them sit on entirely heedless of the suffering around them when cholera raged in the neighbouring streets. They had never made the least effort to help or allowed their life of contemplation to be disturbed in the smallest degree. He had seen the Civil Surgeon fighting that same cholera epidemic with all the force and energy that was in him, attending the sick and dying when even their own relatives deserted them and fled. He had given no thought to himself. He had devoted himself to helping others. Suresh Das had heard that he had worked for two days and a night on end without a break, and that on the second night he had gone off to the Club and, as his friend, the Club Babu, informed him, had got drunk—a thing which Suresh Das could not understand and regarded with horror. Through it all it had never occurred to him that the two holy men should

have helped the sick and suffering. They were holy men pursuing their own salvation. They must not be disturbed from their path of self-sacrifice and renunciation. It never occurred to him that the Civil Surgeon was pursuing another and better path of self-sacrifice and renunciation. If he thought of him at all, he remembered only that he had got drunk at his Club. He knew only one way of self-sacrifice and renunciation—that followed by the two holy men.

When Suresh Das left home and went up to the University he was at once swept into the vortex of present-day politics. There he found that the same doctrine held good. The spiritual idea of self-sacrifice and renunciation had been skilfully brought to bear on the political situation. Men must suffer in order that the end might be attained. Suffering is needful for the salvation of the soul. In like manner the suffering of her children can attain to the salvation of the motherland. The combined suffering of thousands of human beings will become so great a spiritual force that it will attain the freedom of the motherland which at the moment is otherwise unattainable. This is the doctrine inculcated into the mind of Indian youth. Inflamed first with a passion for the motherland, then taught to believe that she is enslaved and that her freedom can only be secured through the sufferings of her children, it is small wonder that youth courts suffering with the same madness and abandon that in olden days prompted devotees to cast themselves beneath the wheels of Juggernaut's car. Suresh Das, among thousands of others, readily imbibed this creed for which his early Hindu training had prepared him. Gradually it grew to obsess him. He must suffer so that the motherland might be free. How could he best bring suffering upon himself? It was surely at the hands of the tyrants who held the motherland in thrall. He must hurl himself against their authority. He must seek imprisonment, even death. It was not that he expected, by opposing it, to inflict serious injury upon the British Raj. It was his own suffering that was the important thing. When he decided to shoot the Commissioner of Police he had no delusions that thereby he would shake the British hold on India, neither did he do it as an act of frightfulness, nor even with the thought of encouraging others. These things did not weigh with

him at all. His mind dwelt solely on the point that by his act he would bring suffering upon himself.

The point of view is difficult for an Englishman to grasp. To him it savours of madness. Self-sacrifice and renunciation, not for the good of others but solely to bring suffering upon oneself in order that that suffering combined with the suffering of others may bring about some desired result, is alien to the practical English mind. Exactly how the suffering of individuals is to bring about the desired end is never clearly explained. It is just one of those beliefs that from time to time temporarily seize upon the Indian imagination, with which it is impossible to reason and which it is hopeless to attempt to dispel. Strong in that belief Suresh Das secretly acquired a revolver, learned to shoot with it, and finally lay in wait for the Commissioner of Police. There was no particular reason, as he afterwards admitted, why he chose the Commissioner of Police. In fact, he stated at his trial that he could not remember why he had chosen the Commissioner of Police. He bore no grudge against him, indeed knew nothing about him personally, did not even know him by sight till the day before he shot at him. To him the man did not matter. He was out to seek suffering for himself. The person he had to shoot in order to attain that suffering was a secondary matter. The suffering inflicted on him would surely be greater if he chose a high official. So he chose the Commissioner of Police. He fired three shots at him at close range as he stepped from his car outside the Secretariat. It was almost incredible that at such short range two of the shots should miss altogether and the third only slightly wound the Commissioner in the arm. Suresh Das had meant to kill. He expressed his regret after the occurrence at not having succeeded. But that was only because he feared that his failure to kill would lighten his punishment. When assured that the attempt to murder was such a serious offence that he would certainly be sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, he actually expressed pleasure at not having killed the Commissioner. Later, when the Commissioner himself visited him in jail he told him quite simply that though he had meant to kill him it was not because he wanted him to suffer, but solely because he, Suresh Das, himself wanted to suffer for his act.

When one realises that this is the spirit that is being inculcated into the youth of India, and that it is a spirit which youth's earliest religious training makes easy of absorption, one can understand something of the difficulty of the problem that confronts the British Government in India. There is the danger that the more repressive the measures taken, the more will youth of this type glory in the suffering which opposition to this repression will entail. Such a spirit welcomes imprisonment and even death. The courage of a crowd that charges is dangerous enough in itself, but when it is inflamed by a fanatical desire actually to court the lathi blows of the police, and regards even severe injuries as an honour, it makes the maintenance of order doubly difficult. Yet this is the position in India at the present moment which those who talk glibly of Dominion Status, extension of the franchise and federation, fail to grasp. It is essential to realise that we have to deal with a people whose mentality is far removed from our own. For centuries the Englishman has had the reputation of being able to deal happily and satisfactorily with many different races in many different parts of the world. What has happened to him that he now fails to grasp the situation in this particular instance and deal with it in the only possible way? For there is only one possible way, and in this I am convinced that I shall be supported by 90 per cent. of Englishmen who have spent any length of time in India in any capacity. We must either clear out of India or we must remain and govern, enforcing law and order. There is no other alternative. To clear out of India is unthinkable. There are many reasons why it is unthinkable. One is sufficient. It would mean delivering over to anarchy and oppression the peaceful illiterate millions who for so many years it has been our business to protect. No one who knows India can doubt that this would be one of the first consequences of our withdrawal. We must on all counts remain, and if we are to remain we must rule. It is absurd for us to put our heads in the sand and pretend that we are not ruling by the sword. Can any sane individual believe that we should be able to hold our Indian Empire for a day but for the sword, but for our army and our police? There is no need to rattle that sword, but to pretend that it does not exist is sheer

nonsense and, moreover, does not win us the respect of the Indian who for two centuries has looked upon us as a people who believe in the truth and in straight talking and straight dealing. We are seriously considering giving away every possible particle of power we possess to Indians and Indian Assemblies, but even the most advanced advocate of these things among Englishmen still adds 'with safeguards.' What can these safeguards possibly be but the sword?

At the moment we are in India the supreme rulers. The practical question before us is how best to deal with this new spirit in politics that can distort self-sacrifice and renunciation into a call to commit murder and other crimes in order to bring suffering upon itself. No government can tolerate murder and lawlessness in its midst. They must be repressed. Repressions for a time in the present state of feeling among a certain section of the community may, and probably will, incite others to greater efforts to attain the same punishment of imprisonment or death. But those who know India have every reason to believe that this is but a passing phase. Strong measures will not only in the end act as a deterrent, they will do far more—they will win respect and inspire confidence. We did not swerve from our duty a hundred years ago when it was a question of abolishing Sati. We believed it to be against nature and against all laws as we conceived them, human or divine. We abolished it by law and vigorously enforced that law. Yet Sati was a part of the religion of the people sanctioned by many thousand years of practice, and we have always shown the greatest respect for the religious beliefs of the people under our rule. But even that did not prevent us from doing what we believed to be our duty. Now when we are faced by an entirely new spirit, only recently introduced into political life, why do we hesitate? This spirit has impregnated as yet only an infinitesimally small proportion of the three hundred and fifty millions who constitute our Indian Empire. No one can believe that its continuance can be productive of anything but harm. It can be checked, and it is our duty to check it firmly and without delay.

F. B. BRADLEY-BIRT.

Art. 3.—MODERN SCULPTURE AND THE GREEKS.

The Meaning of Modern Sculpture. By R. H. Wilenski.
Faber, 1932.

FOR some years past our 'advanced' young people have made it an article of faith that Greek art and all that it stands for is obsolete, and I think I am right in saying that it was Mr R. H. Wilenski who first sounded this note. In his essay on 'The Meaning of Modern Sculpture' Mr Wilenski has now advanced to the attack in formal order, and has set himself to prove not only that Greek sculpture is negligible because we really know very little about it, what we do know is not worth knowing, and what has survived of it has little value, but that the sculpture of the Renaissance and all that followed from it down to the eighteenth century (including, I take it, the admirable French sculpture of the hundred and fifty years that preceded the French Revolution), and the Romantic movement down to the end of the nineteenth century, are also to be thrown overboard as useless for all serious purposes of 'modern sculpture.' He gives a half-hearted approval to mediæval carving, because it was carved, not modelled, and a condescending reference to the sculpture of Egypt and Assyria. Michelangelo is still left with some reputation as a thinker; everything else, except the work of negro image-makers, is to be relegated to the dustbin. It might be thought that this wholesale repudiation of the past would answer itself, but Mr Wilenski is a clever and ingenious writer, his views are regarded as authoritative by the group which he represents, and he has the run of the papers, though I wish he would refrain from his iterations of such catch-words as 'ninepins,' 'concoctions,' 'Prejudice Pie,' and 'Jack Horner' in connection with famous works of Greek sculpture and their admirers. I think the time has come to make a stand, and this assault on what, to many of us, is a spiritual background of inestimable value should not be allowed to pass unchallenged.

Mr Wilenski opens his attack with a regrettable incivility to the Dean of St Paul's, whose views do not agree with those of Mr Wilenski; but that distinguished and redoubtable scholar can very well take care of himself,

and I propose to state Mr Wilenski's position as fairly as I can, and follow with a few remarks of my own, showing why I am not in the least prepared to accept his views. He builds up his position by a series of arguments which are all the more plausible because they appear to follow one another in logical order and because he intersperses his assertions with some really shrewd criticisms. He is concerned not with what he calls popular sculpture, 'the backwash of obsolete culture,' but with 'original artists' and 'modern sculpture,' which is, he says, 'an aspect and a symbol of contemporary culture.' This culture is to be taken as the collective effort of 'the finer brains to relieve the despair induced by inert civilisation.' The individual is to be repressed, and civilisation, which, he says, 'we all know works against nature,' is to be resisted, while man is to concern himself 'not with the civilisation made empirically by man, but with springs and forms of life, which civilisation, *as* civilisation, has inevitably defied.' This is the work which the modern sculptors have set themselves to do, but their enthusiastic efforts are being resisted, and Mr Wilenski attributes the opposition to jealousy on the part of artists, and to Philistinism on the part of the public; and he proceeds to show that the real reason why the average man dislikes modern sculpture is that he suffers from what Mr Wilenski calls a 'finality complex,' he cannot bear uncertainty, he must have all his views complete and ship-shape so far as they go. In regard to new experiences, the average man keeps the door of his mind ajar, and while ready to entertain new arrivals he has, Mr Wilenski says, 'a right to determine what clothes they should wear when they come to his dinner.' And when the applicant for admission appears in strange (and I may add often indecent) clothing, and insists that his clothing is of the very essence of his claim for admission, the average man says 'Nothing doing' and shuts his door. At the same time, the average man is haunted by this vision. As Mr Wilenski puts it, he cannot forget the man, and so the visitor forces his way in and spoils the party.

Why, asks Mr Wilenski, should the average man be so fatuous and obstinate? It is because he already possesses a ready-made set of values, in what Mr Wilenski contemptuously dismisses as 'potted history,' of which 'the

beginning was Greek sculpture, the middle the sculpture of the Italian Renaissance, and the end the Romantic sculpture of the nineteenth century' as finally represented by Rodin (p. 3). Mr Wilenski thinks of 'the average man' more with sorrow than anger, and after this neat and picturesque explanation of his peculiar idiosyncrasy, he attacks the historians of sculpture and 'their misleading twaddle,' and puts the critics in their place by asserting that they are of no use unless they reverse their usual practice. The business of the critic is, he says, to discover and record values. Hitherto all criticism, from Aristotle onwards, has dealt with contemporary work by reference to admitted masterpieces in the past. This is all wrong. Mr. Wilenski would reverse the process, and criticise the past only in relation to the work of the present. It is the sculpture of the present that is said to represent 'contemporary culture,' and therefore the business of the critic is to study the past only so far as it helps 'his contemporaries to understand and to appreciate the original sculpture of their day.'

Having thus, as one may say, salted the ground, Mr Wilenski proceeds to demolish his adversaries in detail. There are, he says, three prejudices that stand in the way of the right appreciation of modern sculpture: the Romantic Prejudice, the Renaissance Prejudice, and the Greek Prejudice. The first two are dismissed offhand. I take it Mr Wilenski is so confident in his position that he thinks it unnecessary to devote much attention to either the Renaissance or the Romantics. He takes Rodin as representative of the Romantics, points out that he was not really a sculptor at all, but a modeller in clay, and that he laboured under the delusion that 'beauty' 'includes ugliness if that ugliness is emotionally expressive.' We need not, therefore, trouble any more about Rodin and his disturbing works. In regard to the Renaissance, Mr Wilenski says, and I think rightly, that the Renaissance sculptors looked at such Greek statues as they did 'not as victims of the contemporary propaganda for the Greek Prejudice, but from the quite different standpoint of the creative artist.' He has some sympathy with Michelangelo, because he supposes him to have anticipated the work of Mr Epstein and Mr H. Moore, though he indulges his own predilections by describing

the tragic figure of 'Day' on the tomb of Giuliano dei Medici as 'a naked old gentleman.' But the Romantic and the Renaissance Prejudices are, in Mr Wilenski's judgment, almost harmless in comparison with the Greek Prejudice. Whereas nine pages are given to the Romantic and the Renaissance, forty-eight pages are devoted to the total subversion of all our ideas on what Greek sculpture really was, and what it means to us now. The Greek Prejudice is, he says, the conviction 'that a final perfection in the sculptor's art was achieved by the Greeks,' more particularly at Athens in the fifth century, 'that that perfection is now unattainable,' in fact, that it was the last word in sculpture. This, says Mr Wilenski, is a complete delusion, based on insufficient evidence, often deliberately faked to suit the noble amateur in the eighteenth century and the professors, the museum experts, and the dealers in the nineteenth. All these famous Greeks—Pheidias, Myron, Praxiteles, and others—were, he says, not sculptors at all, but modellers in clay for bronze castings, translated by others into marble; the bronze has since been melted down; 'no works by these sculptors survive,' and their reputation to-day is only kept alive by the efforts of dealers, archæologists, and professors, in short 'by interests dependent on its continuation.' We are then given specimens of 'propaganda boosting the works of Greek sculptors,' a favourite phrase of Mr Wilenski. These, he says, have never been seen for a thousand years; why a thousand is not explained. Professor Ernest Gardner and Dr Gisela Richter are quoted, praising the works of Myron. Mr Wilenski's comment is 'no work of this artist is known or even presumed to exist. It is a thousand years or more since any one has seen them.' Pheidias and Polycleitus are dealt with in the same summary way. Nobody, he says, has seen a work of Scopas for four hundred years. (Why four hundred, any more than five or six or less?) The Hermes and infant Dionysos, attributed to Praxiteles, was a marble copy, he says, of a bronze original, further evidence that the Greeks were only modellers, not sculptors. The statuary which adorned the public places and the palaces of Imperial Rome fare no better at the hands of this iconoclast. If they were not 'ninepins,' they are 'concoctions.' 'Every public square,' he says,

'every rich man's garden and vestibule had its forest of bronze and painted marble ninepins.' Mr Wilenski has positively devastating views on the subject of 'concoctions.' The Venus of Milo, for example, which Heine, most sensitive of all men of genius to beauty of form, once described as 'the Goddess of beauty,' is a 'concoction of several fragments, and different kinds of marble stuck together by the restorers of the Louvre.' The Victory of Samothrace is 'a concoction of some one hundred and thirty pieces,' stuck together after their arrival in Paris.

I have inquired from the Louvre what foundation there is for Mr Wilenski's statements, and from information very kindly obtained for me by M. Alfassa, the facts are these: In 1820 Dumont D'Urville, then a junior naval lieutenant, stumbled on the parts of the statue in the Island of Melos in what might once have been a lime-burner's kiln. He told the Marquis de Rivière, who bought the pieces and sent them to Paris. There they were put together and shown the King, and as in those days little was known of Greek sculpture but a few names, the statue was attributed to Pheidias or Praxiteles. At that time there was a sort of plinth which bore the name of Magnesia, but this plinth disappeared in some rearrangement of the Louvre. The statue is certainly Hellenistic work and, M. Alfassa writes, 'is not a concoction of several fragments and different kinds of marbles.' 'There are only two pieces put together, the torso and the lower part, the statue was originally made that way. These pieces were just put together without difficulty not at all "clandestinely," there has been no real restoration and no concoction at all.'*

As to the Victory of Samothrace, this was not sold by 'a French gentleman' in Paris from nowhere, but was excavated in Samothrace by the French Consul M. Champorreaux. It is true that it consists of some 118 pieces, and that the left half of the breast and the right wing are restorations. The galley was found twenty years later in the same part of the island. 'There is no question of the statue having been "concocted" in the style of the Parthenon sculpture, the fragments were

* In a note M. Alfassa refers to a discussion of the statue by M. Michon in the 'Revue des Etudes Grecques,' t. XIII (1900), pp. 302, 370, and t. XV (1902), pp. 11-31.

complete enough to avoid any important mistake.' The Victory of Samothrace is obviously Hellenistic work, and whether it is made up of 118 or any other number of pieces, it is one of the most magnificent things of its kind in the whole range of sculpture. Yet Mr Wilenski insists, again and again, that what we have hitherto regarded as very beautiful sculpture is, in fact, only "the concoction" of restorers to suit the taste of the time, carefully nursed by dealers, and assiduously advertised by professors and archæologists, the propagandists of Greek Prejudice.' These statements are followed by a useful digression on the pernicious habit of classifying some phases of Art as decadent in relation to other, a habit that he describes as 'the Rise and Fall formula.' This is not the way to study the Arts, and here I agree with Mr Wilenski and find that twenty-five years ago I was saying the same thing. 'The talk of decadence is misleading, because it blinds the eye to the development of art, to the growth of new qualities and altered ideals, such as were not possible or even imaginable under earlier conditions. . . . It is more profitable, even if much more difficult, to search out the message that each generation has to offer in its turn, even though the language is strange, and its accent terms unmusical.* Bearing this in mind, we should not confine our enthusiasm to the Art of Greece, or Rome, or the Middle Ages. We might even be able to extend it to the Art of the Gold Coast and the Bight of Benin, but we need not accept that art as a standard of beauty.

By these ingenious arguments Mr Wilenski has now cleared the ground and provided a 'tabula rasa' on which he can inscribe any old formula that he likes, and this he proceeds to do, under the heading of 'The Modern Sculptor's Creed.' (1) Sculpture is defined as 'the conversion of any mass of matter without formal meaning into a mass that has been given formal meaning.' (2)

* 'The Mistress Art,' p. 223. In a recent criticism of my 'Memoirs' in the Literary Supplement of 'The Times' the writer said that I identify architecture with one period and even with 'the orders,' but I do nothing of the kind. The great qualities of architecture are not the monopoly of any one manner or period, 'the orders' are only one among the countless resources of the art.

'and God reveals himself in many ways
lest one good custom should corrupt the world.'

'This meaning must be a sculptural meaning.' (3) 'Essential sculpture is the sculpture which has the same kind of meaning as the sphere, the cube, and the cylinder.' This is reinforced by a quotation from the 'Philebus' of Plato, in which Socrates says that 'the only real beauty of form consists of straight lines and circles,' geometrical forms in fact, anything else being mere guess-work; and also by a reference to Ruskin, who in a lecture at Oxford in 1870 showed 'a crystal sphere as the essential type of sculptural form.' Nobody had the least idea what Ruskin meant, but it sounded very fine, and it enables Mr Wilenski to rope in Ruskin in support of his theory. (4) In architectural carving great importance is attached to direct carving on the site, presumably without any preliminary studies by means of models. Carving is no longer a matter of collaboration with the architect who has designed the building; the architect can go and hang himself, because the sculptor is going into 'direct collaboration between the sculptor and the substance'; the substance—stone, marble, wood, or brick—is given a spiritual activity of its own and, as in our Neo-German architecture, the materials of the building or the carving are no longer to be regarded as so much inert matter, but are to inspire and even govern the finished work. I note in passing that we are never given any explanation of what 'sculptural meaning' really is.

In Part IV of Mr Wilenski's essay the education of the modern sculptor is described. He has, we are told, studied the art 'over the whole field of extant sculpture' with an open mind. He is not 'out to concoct a finality form,' but to see what he can extract from the sculpture of the past, with a view to enlarge the range of his experience. His aim is to reach 'the universal and permanent,' and for this purpose Romantic sculpture is useless, because it was modelled not carved, picturesque, emotional, interested in details. It prefers, for example, a face to a foot; and Renaissance sculpture comes under the same condemnation, with the added vice of being influenced by the antique. Greek sculpture Mr Wilenski has already shown to be quite hopeless, but he gives it a parting kick with reference to the pediment of the Parthenon, the Elgin marbles, the Nereids, and

the charioteer of Delphi, declaring the latter to be nothing more than a fashionable portrait. M. Auguste Maillol, on the other hand, who began as a carpet designer and took to sculpture in middle life, is highly commended as having sought 'unification of form and a plenitude of forms swelling outward from within,' which suggest to me some serious abdominal ailment.

At length we reach the modern sculptor's ideal. The technique of sculpture, to which from time immemorial down to the rise of our 'modern sculpture' all artists have devoted years of constant labour, now appears to be regarded as immaterial. Anybody can take up sculpture at any age and produce the remarkable results that we see. Even Mr Epstein, who can undoubtedly model when he takes the trouble, is reproached with having some lingering attachment to the verisimilitude of the Romantics. All imitative work—work, that is, which bears any resemblance to the object which it is supposed to represent—is eliminated, and sculpture is only of value if it expresses 'the formal idea of a cube, a sphere, or a cylinder.' Thus the statue Chephren (2800 B.C.) 'was terrible and impressive because it was an animated cube.' The geometrisation of all forms is regarded as vitally important. An illustration is given of an eccentric-looking object by Gaudier, which is said to represent the figure of a man in a lounge suit. To me it looks like some new form of American latchkey, but Mr Wilenski is so enthusiastic about this figure that he imagines it enlarged from its actual size of six inches to, say, forty feet, and dreams of a 'culture' in which a whole people is so impressed by it that 'they might tremble before this huge and sinister form and worship it as a god,' a sort of 'Benamuckee' in fact. Thus we are getting back to those essential permanent principles which lie at the back of all life and defy that civilisation which it is the business of all good modern sculptors to defy. Negro sculpture is to be the true fount and inspiration of modern art. From it our sculptors are to learn the elimination of the unessential, they must 'throw all the knowledge (acquired elsewhere) in the dustbin, and learn to forget.' Thus they will learn, for example, the true meaning of the naked body. Mr Wilenski gives an illustration of a figure (not by Mr

Epstein) which he greatly admires as 'a symbol of the Genesis idea.' It is said to be inspired by a negro carving in the Ethnographical Museum at Leipzig, which Mr Wilenski finds himself unable to illustrate, on account, I presume, of its indecency.

Here I think we may leave the exposition of the meaning of 'modern sculpture.' I have endeavoured to state Mr Wilenski's position fairly. In an epilogue he says that if he has not convinced his readers of the merits of 'Girl,' 'a composition,' and 'Mountains' by Mr Henry Moore, if he has not persuaded us that 'Zadkine is the most agile-minded figure in the whole field of modern European sculpture,' and that Mr Moore and Mr Bedford are 'poet sculptors of a new kind,' he has failed of his purpose. I fear I must say that so far as I am concerned he has failed completely. I offer my congratulations to Mr Wilenski on a clever, and apart from certain tricks of style, well-written exercise in dialectic; but as constructive criticism it seems to me to be merely playing with words. And what are we to make of such a sentence as this? (p. 162): 'The sculptor's function is the organisation of microcosmic symbols by means of formal imagination, which is apprehension of the principles of formal analogy in the universe.' I give it up. It reminds me of that memorable dictum of the landscape gardener, 'a beyond implies discovery.'

Certain reflections occur to me on this remarkable essay in criticism. Mr Wilenski makes the most devastating assertions on the validity of Greek sculpture as we know it. I would ask him, are we to ignore it altogether, because many of its most important works have not reached us, and others have done so in a more or less fragmentary condition? Do we ignore the architecture of Egypt, or Greece, or Rome, or of the Middle Ages because in nearly every case it has been so altered and restored that it is very different from what it was in its original state? What has Mr Wilenski to say about the 'Throne of Venus,' for example, or that exquisitely beautiful figure of the Venus of Cyrene, which, so far from having been restored or polished up, still retains pieces perhaps left on the marble by the pointer and not cleaned off? Mr Wilenski's attack on Greek sculpture, as to all intents non-existent, reminds me

of a favourite thesis at Oxford in my day, that there was no proof that Napoleon had ever existed, because nobody had ever seen him, and for all we knew all that had been written about him might have been an agreed fiction! The Aunt Sallies at which Mr Wilenski hurls his gibes have been set up by himself. I have a good deal of sympathy with him in his criticism of experts and archaeologists, who on very slight evidence pronounce dogmatic judgments, and set up marvellous restorations, so complete that the student in search of authentic information has no idea which is old and which is new and what it really means. Thorwaldsen's restoration of the Ægina pediment in the Glyptothek at Munich is a case in point. In this the experts repeat the vicious practices of our church architects of the last century, and of the French restorers, who in their anxiety to satisfy their 'finality complex' (to use Mr Wilenski's term) made their restorations so complete that the buildings themselves lose their last vestige of historical interest. This is true enough, but it is only fair to point out that the more shrewd archaeologists have long admitted that the evidence on which their pronouncements are made is in fact very scanty, that the Greek sculpture that has reached us is a mere fraction of what once existed, that it is fragmentary, that in most cases it is probably a copy of the original, and in some a copy of bronze made in marble, all the points made in Mr Wilenski's indictment; and yet the fact of Greek sculpture remains, the fact that though it may have been mutilated, restored, injured in hundreds of ways, enough of it is left to show that Greek sculpture did exist, and that though it had its failures, like every other art, it did in fact create works of art of infinite beauty that have gladdened the heart of man ever since they have been seen. Mr Wilenski says that the works of Myron, Pheidias, and Polycleitus have not been seen for over a thousand years. I don't know who is supposed to have seen them then—say, Edward the Confessor, or the Venerable Bede, or Anna Comnena, or John Paleologus? I take the names at random as the point has no bearing on the value of Greek sculpture. It is quite immaterial whether they have not been seen for five hundred or one thousand or any other number of years. The point is that we have them now, that many

of them are very beautiful (though Mr Wilenski and his friends do not think so), and that they are undoubtedly the work of Greeks. In order to prove his case against Greek sculpture, and to show that we have all along been suffering from a delusion in regard to it, he ought to prove either that what we call Greek sculpture was not the work of the Greeks at all, or that it is so intolerably bad that it does not matter who did it. The most vigorous denunciation will not prove either the one or the other, and ably as he has put his case, I do not think that any one familiar with Greek sculpture will accept his special pleading. Mr Wilenski omits all reference to coins in his summary of what the Greeks produced, and jeers at the professors for relying on the evidence of coins; yet some Greek coins of undeniable authenticity, the Syracusan coins of the fifth century B.C. for example, are of the rarest beauty. They alone would be enough to show the extraordinary feeling for beautiful form possessed by the Greeks.

Mr Wilenski contends that it is the business of the modern sculptor to defy 'the civilisation made empirically by man' and to return to 'springs and forms of life which civilisation has rejected.' In order to do this we must return to the state of mind of the negroid races, untainted, I presume, by what we call civilisation, and recover the spirit which obsessed their Art. And at all cost we must geometrize our work, reduce it to the form of the sphere, the cylinder, or the cube, or, as it seems, all three mixed together. The return to 'the springs and forms of life' has an uncomfortable suggestion of that return to a state of nature invented by Rousseau, with such disastrous results, and now developed by our 'modern and original sculpture' to a point at which it seems almost necessary for the Censor to intervene. To describe civilisation as 'empirically made by man' really won't do. The history of civilisation is the history of man's effort to advance step by step to higher things in every part of life. It is true that he sometimes makes a bad shot, overshoots the mark in one direction or another; for instance, many of us will sympathise with Mr Wilenski's protest against the increasing mechanisation of existence, which sometimes seems to threaten a collapse of civilisation itself; but the remedy is not to return to barbarism,

not to appeal to instincts which wise men of all ages have sought to repress, not to give expression to these instincts in forms as repulsive as the instincts themselves, forms which are unintelligible without elaborate explanation of their purpose, and which leave us in regard to the 'springs and forms of life' exactly where we were before.

As to geometrisation, Mr Wilenski leads up to that formula to which I have already referred as hopeless, by a passage in which, taking a hedgerow as his subject, he insists that the man who makes a geometrical diagram of the hedge is getting nearer the meaning of the hedge, closer into touch with the 'springs of life,' than the misguided person who tries to set it down as he sees it, and as he himself reacts to its colour, its flickering light and shade, its tremulous movement, all those incidents which delight the innocent hearts of those of us who are not 'modern and original' artists. I would suggest to Mr Wilenski that though certain flowers have geometrical shapes, bushes and trees are almost the last things in the world that admit of geometrising, without losing all that is essential in their character. How is the artist to geometrize a willow with the constant subtle movements of its boughs and foliage? So many of Mr Wilenski's sentences beg the question. When he speaks of the man who is 'content to copy the appearance of the hedgerow in a particular form of light' he is assuming that the artist merely sits down in front of the hedge and copies it as he would copy somebody else's drawing of it. But the man who paints a hedge as a hedge and not as a geometrical diagram cannot present his version of the hedge without letting his mind play on it first. Mr Wilenski calls attention to the geometrical forms of certain flowers. He suggests their relationship to certain figures, and tells us that the formal meaning of a Buddhist figure in a Japanese temple is the same as that of a plant named 'the swallow wort.' Fortunately, he presents the two side by side on the same plate, and, not having Mr Wilenski's remarkable vision, I am unable to find the slightest resemblance between the figure and the plant.

Then again, there is this matter of enlarging our range of experience. According to Mr Wilenski, this is what our modern sculptors will do for us, and they certainly do produce the most strange and monstrous forms: that

head by Modigliani, for instance, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, of all unsuitable places! In this head the chin ends in a sharp edge at right angles to the neck, in silhouette like the bottom of a spade, the nose is a thin slip without nostrils, more than half as long as the total height of the head, the forehead scarcely exists, and the total height of the head is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ times the width, as against a usual proportion of, say, 4 to 3. How does this, or how do other works of modern sculpture illustrated in Mr Wilenski's book, enlarge our experience? It is the business of the critic, he says, to correct our sense of values, or, as it is given in the familiar phrase, to enable us to acquire 'a right judgment in all things.' Now, the business of this right judgment is to discriminate, to select what is good and to reject what is bad. And however much we may desire to extend our experiences, no sensible and sensitive person desires them to include unpleasant smells and sights and sounds. We deliberately reject those experiences, so far as is possible, as useless and injurious. Mr Wilenski, in his picturesque way, describes the modern sculptor as an irresistible gate-crasher, who has forced his way in and means to stay there; but he forgets that we are still able to eject the gate-crasher, with other things that annoy us, and I do not think that the gate-crasher will retain his place, however much the critics endeavour to persuade the master of the house that he is really a most desirable person. Mr Wilenski contends that modern sculpture is the true symbol of the culture of the time. If so, our culture must be in a very bad way, as chaotic and shapeless as the productions of 'modern sculpture.' He is contemptuous of the Athenians, and ridicules the idea that they were super-men (not that any one who knows his Aristophanes ever supposed that they were), but if we apply Mr. Wilenski's own test, that 'original sculpture is the true image of the culture of the time,' to Greek architecture and sculpture on the one hand, and to modern Art as exemplified in the work of 'modern' architects, painters, and sculptors on the other, I think we should find that the scales would go heavily in favour of the Greeks, if we did not reflect that the 'culture' which our moderns represent is a mere corner of contemporary culture, if it can be called culture at all. Mr Wilenski is

constantly attacking 'the boosting,' as he calls it, of the past. How about the 'the boosting' of the present? How about the assiduous industry of our critics and our dealers in advertising the latest fad in painting, sculpture, or architecture, on no ground that I can find, except that nobody has ever seen anything like it before?

As to Plato's position in regard to Art and beauty, the 'Philebus' is one of the latest and most obscure of Plato's dialogues, and deals with the relative value of pleasure and knowledge. Mr Wilenski has printed in one paragraph and as a continuous pronouncement of Plato two passages from Jowett's translation which are separated in the text by some six or seven pages of dialogue. In the first passage Socrates, classifying pleasures, affirms that straight lines and circles and plane and solid figures alone have absolute beauty, and as such provide the highest form of pleasure. In the second passage Socrates is classifying knowledge, and says that pure mathematics are the highest form of knowledge, and that of the crafts (*τέχνην*) the craft of the builder is the highest because it involves knowledge and measures, and is not a matter of conjecture. Treating these two entirely distinct passages as one consecutive pronouncement, Mr Wilenski says that what Plato really meant was that the only beauty in sculpture is that of 'geometrical form,' 'and that anything else is the production of our imitative eyes, and a hand trained in an art school'—with the corollary, I suppose, that the human form should only be presented in terms of bricks or sausages. Plato, of course, meant nothing of the sort. In point of fact in the 'Philebus' he was not referring to Art at all.

We suffer at present both in the Arts and Letters from people trying to do the impossible in their anxiety to create a sensation by doing something which nobody else has done. They forget, or are ignorant of the fact, that each art has its own limitations and its own specific appeal, and that what can be done in one art may not be possible in another. Our modern sculptors and painters are incessantly trying to express in terms of modelling, carving, or painting, ideas which can only be dealt with in terms of letters. If one makes one's appeal through the eye, the result must be intelligible to the eye, it must preserve some sort of resemblance to the object, however

much one may abstract and eliminate. But many of these modern works are wholly unintelligible without a fully written explanation—a mere title is insufficient. Who, for instance, could imagine Gaudier's 'Toy' was intended to symbolise a young man in a lounge suit? Or that the extraordinary contraption recently exhibited in a gallery in King Street was meant for the flight of a sea-gull? Mr Wilenski refers with enthusiasm to Zadkine's group of three Bacchanals. I saw this group in the Internal Exhibition at Venice last September, and found that it has three heads, with the features scratched on a concave surface, three arms and five legs. But why do these things, why in another group of three figures present a head with no face but four cross pieces with hollow spaces, like a fencing mask with the wire netting omitted? Mr Wilenski seems to have some idea that he can find a reinforcement for his theory of modern sculpture in the Platonic Idea. He could have no more formidable adversary than Plato, that consummate artist in words, who had little or no use for graphic or plastic art, as being hopelessly removed from reality—and what he would have thought of the specimens of 'modern sculpture' illustrated in Mr Wilenski's book, I hesitate to say. They are not two degrees removed from reality, but simply nowhere near it. Mr Wilenski appears to have read widely, if not very profoundly, and he is an amusing and very readable controversialist, but may I suggest to him that, before he sets out on another critical excursion and storms the embattled heights of history, he should turn again to the study of Aristotle's 'Poetics' and Lessing's 'Laocoon.'

Mr Wilenski's essay raises issues which have held the field for over two thousand years, which never have been determined, and never can be, and must remain more or less a matter of faith, one way or the other. When Art ceased to be hieratic, and turned back on itself, it was faced with obstinate questionings: What is beauty? Is it absolute or relative? How is it to be captured and what is the purpose and justification of the artist? Aristotle assumed that beauty existed, but being a wise man he made no attempt to define it, but showed how it might be sought by reference to the methods of the great masters of the past, and he laid down one rule of guidance

of vital importance, a rule that is wholly ignored by our 'modern' painters and sculptors, many of our musical composers, and some of our literary persons, that each art has its own limits and technique, and that you cannot express in terms of one art matter that strictly belongs to another. Plato, an idealist, believed in an abstract beauty, which he called 'the Idea of beauty.' It has always seemed to me extremely difficult to formulate this in any adequate terms, but Plato conceived of the Idea of beauty as some infinite abstraction, purged of all material grossness and human infirmity, a bright, particular star high in the spiritual firmament, absolutely remote from those primitive animal instincts to the expression of which such Art as that of negroes sullenly gropes its way. In Plato's mind this spiritual ideal had little or no relation to graphic and plastic art; indeed, it turned its back on them. Two thousand years later the old French Academy spent years of tedious discussion on the subject of taste, 'le bon goust,' and they got no further than Aristotle, who had said that the arbitrament in these matters must rest with the man of knowledge and understanding, *ὡς ἂν ὁ φρόνιμος ὀρίσταιν*. For myself, it all turns on the point: is there such a thing as absolute beauty, so that we accept some things as beautiful and reject others as ugly? Or are beauty and ugliness only relative? That is, are objects beautiful and ugly only in relation to one's personal temperament and particular condition? If the latter view is right it obviously introduces chaos into the arts. Standards of excellence and of technique will cease to exist, because everybody will do what he likes and justify the result, by saying that is how he sees it, and it is beautiful to him. For myself, I hold to the Platonic Idea of beauty, as the best working hypothesis, both for the practice and the criticism of art: that is to say that beauty is absolute, in the sense that what is once beautiful is always beautiful, given the necessary intelligence to see it; and that the history of the development of Art is the history of the efforts of those individual men of genius, who from time to time have caught rare glimpses of that eternal beauty, and have been able to reveal it, to that extent, to the rest of mankind—for example, the last movement of the Choral Symphony. The 'Collectivist' ideal, which the modern

sculptors regard as an essential of their art, seems to me to cut at the very root of Art, leading to that very mechanisation against which Mr Wilenski protests. Literature and the Arts are our last refuge from the standardisation and mechanising of life, and if Art is not the expression of individual vision and imagination it is no longer worth considering. As for the artist, whereas Mr Wilenski wishes him to merge himself in a group searching to symbolise 'the formal principles of life,' by forms which nobody can understand and which most of us loathe, I regard the artist as the priest and prophet who may, by his spiritual insight and imagination, bring people into touch with an ideal beauty which nobody has ever seen and nobody will ever realise in its entirety. This beauty will be found under many different forms, in the Art of Assyria and Egypt as well as in the Art of Greece or Rome or Byzantium, in the Art of the Middle Ages, of the Renaissance, and of the eighteenth century, in unexpected places, on different levels, it may be, and with unequal appeal, yet all, in their various ways, giving some revelation of the absolute Idea of beauty.

Eighty years ago Heine wrote in his 'Confessions': 'That which disquiets me is the secret dread of the artist and scholar, who sees our whole modern civilisation, the laboriously achieved product of so many centuries of effort, and the fruit of the noblest work of our ancestors, jeopardised by the triumph of Communism.' It is this 'fruit of the noblest work of our ancestors' that Mr Wilenski and his modern sculptors would sweep into the dustbin; but I doubt if they will have their way. I do not think that they will succeed in converting serious opinion to a theory that finds its ultimate justification in the dull obscenities of negroid Art.

REGINALD BLOMFIELD.

Art. 4.—THE REVOLT AGAINST TITHE.

NOTHING seems more likely at the moment than that sooner or later the whole question of the payment of tithes in this country will demand the serious attention of Parliament. The present agitation of which we have been hearing a good deal lately is spreading rapidly. More and more tithe-payers' associations are being formed up and down the country, some having over a thousand members already. The sides are ranged up and facing each other. On the one hand the tithe-paying agriculturists, whose recent 'goings on' have provided 'stories' for the Press; on the other the Church, as the principal tithe-owner, unable to stand by and lose its tithe, being reluctantly compelled to enforce its rights. Representative bodies from each are working desperately to reach a working basis that will entail the minimum of hardship on both parties. But even if they succeed it can at best mean but a temporary arrangement to tide over a period of acute depression. The real root of the trouble will remain ready to spring up again at some future date unless the necessary radical changes receive legal sanction.

Let us glance at the question for a moment from both sides of the hedge and try to get a broader view than is perhaps possible from the standpoint of either tithe-owner or tithe-payer. At the present day there exists in England some three and a half millions of tithe rent-charge, in round figures. Of this considerable sum roughly two and a quarter millions is owned by some seven or eight thousand of our beneficed clergy, whose trustees, collectors, and 'men of business' in this matter are now the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty. Over half a million belongs to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England, while various colleges, charities, and lay persons own between them about three-quarters of a million. The payers of this tithe are chiefly our land-owning agriculturists, on whose lands the bulk of it is assessed under the Tithe Commutation Act of 1836, the effect of which important measure was not only to commute the old tithes in kind into money payments, but also at the same time virtually to mortgage the titheable lands of England to the extent of the new rentcharge. More, it

left such payments what, in effect, the old tithes had been, namely, a first charge on the land itself.

That our early Victorian legislators who were responsible for the Commutation Act could have foreseen the great changes which a century was to bring is too much to expect. But that it was the most undesirable moment in which to launch any measure of this permanent nature is undeniable. That first decade of Queen Victoria's reign found England entering into a period of rapidly changing social and industrial conditions. To have made fixed and permanent assessments such as the Tithe Act introduced in 1836 seems to us now simply to have been asking for trouble in the future. It can never be a matter of surprise that friction over tithe has invariably cropped up during periods of economic stress. Yet Sir Robert Peel, one of the chief sponsors of the Act, quite genuinely believed that it would lay the foundations 'for the settlement of a question which had been the theme of discussion for ages, which had been productive of great expense in the shape of litigation, and had, he was afraid, been the cause of much local irritation.' No less optimistic were the views of others who took part in the debate upon the Bill. Unhappily all those fond hopes are still far from being fulfilled. The nice problem they have left us, stripped of all its accretions, resolves itself to this: How can we, in a fiercely competitive age of changing values, best apply the provisions of a century-old measure which, in spite of all the tinkering to which it has been subject since its enactment, remains basically unaltered?

The whole series of Acts which followed the initial measure of 1836 have contributed nothing to the solution of our problem. On the contrary, they have left the relationship between tithe-owner and tithe-payer so impersonal and hampered by complicated legislation as to make the whole subject widely misunderstood and misrepresented in the minds of those on whom the obligation to pay tithes falls. It is scarcely surprising that harassed tithe-payers regard the Church as a sort of 'Shylock demanding and exacting its full pound of flesh.' Or that others cry no less vehemently for those 'give and take' relations which in lean seasons generally prevail between landlord and tenant. Some even say that the present state

of the law relating to tithe actually incites decent, law-abiding men to break or circumvent it. This and much more is being said on this thorny question, which unhappily still remains surrounded by an obscurity difficult for the layman to penetrate. One vital fact seems always to be overlooked by those who, rightly or wrongly, fulminate against the incidence of tithe. It is that both tithe-owners and tithe-payers are, of course, equally bound by the existing legislation, and that until this is altered by Parliament all this bitter recrimination between the parties is worse than useless.

It is difficult to believe, in spite of their hard sayings, that tithe-payers really consider tithe-owners to be the rapacious monsters they are so glibly likened to. So far as clerical tithe-owners are concerned, it is obvious that they cannot be compared with private individuals who are owners of lay tithe in the matter of remitting any part of their income from this source. Enjoying the emoluments of their benefices only while they hold their livings, they are but beneficial owners, as it were, of the tithes and other property with which such livings are endowed. They are thus in no position to remit any portion of them even if they wanted to do so. Moreover, now that the business of collection and administration of their tithes is no longer in their own hands they have no say in the matter at all. The whole of the two and a quarter millions of ecclesiastical tithe rentcharge has, since 1925, been legally vested in the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty as *trustees* for the various tithe-owning benefices. Many of our clergy are thus, for the first time in history, almost salaried ministers of the State. It is pointed out, and not unfairly, that the parson's tithe is actually payment for services rendered. It is to be considered as much a part of their earned income as the weekly wage of the labourer who tills the land of the tithe-paying farmer. 'All remissions of benefice tithe rentcharge,' Queen Anne's Bounty have reminded us, in a recent report, 'fall personally on the incumbents concerned and entail a loss to them of earned income.'

It must be remembered also that as the law stands at present a tithe-owner cannot recover more than two years' arrears of his tithe. Any sums, therefore, that

are allowed to remain unpaid for a longer period than the statutory two years mean so much complete loss of income. Further, once let tithe go unpaid beyond twelve years and it becomes automatically statute-barred—lost for all time. Thus a suggestion of a 'moratorium' such as was recently mooted at the annual meeting of the National Farmers Union would scarcely commend itself to tithe-owners in bare, unmodified form. Here, then, are perhaps reasons sufficient to explain much of what may appear on the surface as harsh and arbitrary action on the part of clerical tithe-owners, but which in reality is more than ever necessary in these days to keep the tithe 'alive.' There is, of course, the added reason that, as every one knows, the rank and file of our clergy are seldom so well paid that they can lightly afford to lose any portion of their income.

As a matter of fact, clerical tithe-owners have not come off any too well as the result of post-war legislation on the subject. Twice already Parliament, as we know, has stepped in and, after abolishing the old method of calculating the annual value of tithe on the average of the preceding seven years' prices of corn in force up to then, has effectually stopped the rise which would have ensued owing to the soaring prices during the war years. The first time was in 1918, when the Tithe Act passed in that year stabilised the value of 100*l.* 'par' tithe at 109*l.* 3*s.* 11*d.* Tithe-owners came out bad losers over this. It is estimated that under the provisions of that measure tithe-payers were saved something like four millions sterling. The following figures show the effect of the stabilisation :

Value of 100 <i>l.</i> of T.R.C. which would have been payable had the basis of septennial averages in force up to 1918 continued.				Amount payable in each year as stabilised by the 1918 Act.	
		£	s.	d.	
1919	123	19	2½	
1920	140	12	7½	
1921	162	8	4½	
1922	172	2	5½	
1923	171	16	6	
1924	165	15	0½	
1925	155	19	9½	
					£109 3 <i>s.</i> 11 <i>d.</i>

This Act remained in force until Christmas 1925, when a further measure known as the Tithe Act, 1925,

was passed. Those who introduced it, it is curious to note, were apparently as sanguine over it as were their Victorian predecessors in 1836. They even used almost the same optimistic language. The Minister of Agriculture said of this 1925 Act that it sought to 'frame a permanent and final settlement . . . in terms which are just to tithe-payers and tithe-owners alike.' Equally sanguine, another Minister referred to it as a 'permanent settlement of a question which has been tinkered with from time to time and which ought to be put on a permanent footing.' That these expectations of permanency are likely to be fulfilled seems at the moment extremely doubtful, even taking into account the considerable saving to the pockets of the tithe-payer which has been effected. How great this saving is was revealed by Mr Baldwin recently in answer to a question in the House of Commons. 'The legislation of 1918 and 1925 particularly,' he said, 'has saved the tithe-payers since it was put into law . . . no less than fourteen millions.'

Whatever else the Act of 1925 has done it certainly contains two innovations of importance. One is, as already mentioned, the vesting of the whole of the ecclesiastical tithe rentcharge in the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty as trustees for the various incumbents who had hitherto been collecting their tithe themselves. The other is the addition to the figure of 105*l.*, at which the Act stabilises the tithe payable, of the sum of 4*l.* 10*s.* in the case of all ecclesiastical tithe rentcharge. This additional sum is being put to a sinking fund towards the redemption of such tithe in some eighty odd years. In other words, the 1925 Act inaugurates the compulsory gradual redemption of all ecclesiastical tithe in the country. The other, or 'lay' tithe, as it is called, is not so far included in this scheme and is payable at the stabilised figure of 105*l.* per 100*l.* par tithe. Thus as matters stand at the moment it seems likely that our descendants will witness the extinction of some of the most ancient endowments of the Church of England.

Now for a short view from the other side of the fence—the tithe-payer's. Here the aspect is a very different one. No one with a knowledge of present conditions will deny that our tithe-paying agriculturists have a really genuine grievance. Unfortunately, the wild talk and

behaviour that is being indulged in by many of those on whom the incidence of the charge bears heaviest will not strengthen their case either with the tithe-owners or with the hard-worked judges who hear their cases. All the loose talk about the Church being an 'oppressor' that deliberately refuses to 'help the farmer' by forgoing its 'unjust tax,' of the 'legalised robbery' practised by tithe-owners, and much else in the same strain, is not only inaccurate and futile, but it betrays an ignorance of the whole question which in the present state of things is pathetic. The tithe-paying agriculturist undoubtedly has a great deal to contend against. In the hundred years which have nearly elapsed since the Tithe Commutation Act made the present money-payments a first charge upon the land itself, great changes in the cultivation, ownership, and character of those titheable lands have taken place. To such an extent, indeed, that in countless cases present conditions have long since ceased to have any relation to those existing in 1836.

A century ago, for instance, a mill was officially assessed to a high rentcharge owing to its considerable profits. To-day that same property may be a private dwelling-house with a bit of garden, yet its owner has to pay exactly the same tithe as the miller did in the eighteen-thirties. Again, the area of land let down to grass since those days has been enormous. In one generation alone—from 1871 to 1901—the increase was no less than four million acres. Yet as arable at the time of the Commutation all that land is still liable for the same high tithe to which it was assessed in 1836, when it was producing heavy corn-crops. There is another way in which land has changed in character. In these times of rapid building development around our rural towns it frequently happens that considerable tracts which were formerly part of an agricultural area become transformed into purely urban districts covered with buildings. Here again, in spite of so radical a change, the tithe upon such lands remains unvaried. But what are we to think when we find those old 1836 Commissioners agreeing among themselves that unless there was 'an obvious and high degree of probability of change . . . the presumption must be that the present state of the land represents its future state' ? As it seems to us

now, it is an amazing point of view when confronted with a difficulty.

The yeoman class to-day finds itself almost in a cleft stick. Forced or tempted as many of them were to purchase, mostly on mortgage, the lands from which alone they depend for a livelihood, they find themselves with a disproportionately high tithe to pay in addition to a multiplicity of liabilities. So high is the tithe in some cases as frequently to constitute almost a rent upon their freeholds. There are numerous districts up and down the country in which the tithe is as heavy as 12s., 16s., and even 18s. an acre. From some parishes lay and clerical tithe-owners may take as much as 2000*l.* or more per annum, while the modern farmer finds it more and more difficult to see precisely what they put in in return. Much of the tithe which is being paid to-day comes out of money borrowed from the banks. It would be almost staggering to know the amount of money which has been advanced by the banks on the security of land during the last ten years. But in view of the growing difficulty in disposing of landed property it is not easy for a land-owner to obtain an overdraft on such security, and thus another door is closing to the tithe-paying farmer.

It is, of course, true that these men doubtless paid less for their farms than they would have done had the lands been tithe-free. On the other hand, tithe being now a fixed cash payment manifestly allows for none of the problems with which agriculture is grappling just now. Of all times it is the worst possible moment in which to have the tithe as a fixed instead of a fluctuating payment. It is, therefore, naturally to the yeoman class that the revolt against the payment of this unpopular charge is chiefly confined. They it is who mostly form those associations of village Hampdens up and down the country, and who fulminate so loudly against the so-called 'oppression' by the Church as the principal tithe-owner. As those men see it to-day, they are producing something for the Church without the latter incurring any of the risks of production. 'The Church,' say many of them bluntly, 'is getting something for nothing out of us,' and so long as this irritating aspect is constantly before them it is not easy to get such men to take the broader view. It is possible to understand,

even if we cannot agree with, their point of view. For there is no doubt that whatever may have been the position of 'Holy Church' in bygone times, it is to-day a sort of sleeping partner in the profits of the land. And it is upon this aspect that the harassed tithe-payer invariably fastens.

The better informed, more influential members of the tithe-payers' associations are not, however, clamouring for the impossible, i.e. for the immediate abolition of the tithe. But they do press strongly for at least a modification of the existing charges, supporting their claims with a reasoned and, on the whole, temperate statement of their views. These men are not so much in revolt against tithe itself as against the exaction of what they consider excessive tithe. Rightly they recognise that the rent-charge is not a tax, but property, just as much as their own freeholds are property. They realise, too, that their demands are tantamount to asking from the tithe-owners a considerable sacrifice of their incomes from this source. But inevitably they point to their own greatly diminished profits to-day and urge that the sacrifice should be mutual. Apart from the farmer-owner there is that other class of tithe-payer, the absentee landlords, whose position is hardly any better. Obviously, in their case, unless they are to pay the tithe wholly out of capital (and more are already doing this than is generally known), they must first receive their rents. But rents, as we know, were never so slow in coming in, in spite of liberal allowances by landlords who have no wish to find their lands thrown on their hands. From these, too, the tithe-owner finds it increasingly difficult to get his tithe. So the vicious circle goes on, and in spite of meetings between the parties, of questions asked in Parliament, and, unfortunately, of congested county courts nothing so far has been done to ease the situation. The Government have, indeed, reiterated their intention not to introduce any further legislation on the subject. In their view the present situation is one to be dealt with by administration rather than by legislation. As to this, it is becoming increasingly evident that some modification will sooner or later be necessary.

The persistent reluctance of recent Governments to tackle this problem at its roots is not hard to understand

by those who know the sea of troubles into which they would immediately be plunged. But matters have arrived at a deadlock and a way out must be found. It is useless to tinker about the superstructure that has grown from the initial Act of 1836. That can give no real and permanent respite. The same problems will crop up as soon as the agricultural industry finds itself in the trough of the wave again. Meanwhile, just as tithe-owners cannot afford to sit still and watch arrears mounting up, with the prospect of a greatly diminished income, so farmers are obviously unable to make their lands yield anything like sufficient to discharge all the burdens which in spite of recent relief legislation our farming industry still bears. And so the problem resolves itself into finding a scheme which will not, in the end, result in 'robbing Peter to pay Paul.' Difficult as it admittedly is, a solution of the problem can and ultimately will have to be found. But a far closer co-ordination between the parties and a greater readiness on the part of Government to play its part will be necessary before anything really remedial can result.

R. F. NAFTEL.

Art. 5.—THE GOVERNESS.

The Governess, or the Little Female Academy. Wellington, Salop, 1820.

I HAVE before me a much-thumbed little book entitled 'The Governess,' dated 1820, but originating in a story written by no less than the great Fielding's sister about seventy years before. It was one of the first books of the kind prepared purposely for children, so says Mrs Sherwood in her preface, and it gives to the children of a century ago an 'exact and lively picture of their grandmothers and great-grandmothers and was probably the favourite company of their youthful days.'

It all seems strange to us—not least that Mrs Sherwood of the immortal 'Fairchild Family' should even as 'the task allotted to her by the dear Parent now no more' have taken the trouble to re-edit it. She qualified herself by explaining that some fairy tales introduced to the original work (at the instance of Henry Fielding one wonders) were suppressed, since 'fanciful productions of this sort can never be rendered generally useful,' so that with one exception there was substituted appropriate relations such as 'seemed more likely to conduce to juvenile edification.' Hence the infant mind was given fare of a highly moral but not very stimulating kind. The Governess in point was, as usual, a lady whose means required her to take certain 'Misses' into her charge, and who was a model instructress. In this case she was a widow whose family had been swept away by the small-pox. But she had a difficult task in starting her tiny school, for her charges, well born as they were, were all incredibly fierce: the eight of them began their school life quarrelling over who was to have an apple, and Mrs Teachum found the room strewn with rags, tatters, and locks of hair! The little 'Misses' were of course dealt with 'in such a way as they would not easily forget' and so taught the doctrine of human depravity and the fall of man. It is seldom that governesses in the present day would have such opportunities of instilling these lessons!

That was a long time ago, and it may be true that governesses had an easier task later on and that children

were more amenable to discipline. But the fate of the governess was still sufficiently hard. She was, as ever, the young woman of small means who, born a lady, had no opportunity of keeping up her status beyond that of governing. And no one really considered that as a profession deserving of respect, or if they did, they did not see that the respect which was its due was really given. After all it was a forlorn hope. One of the most tragic instances of the misery of the governess is found in the Letters of the Brontës just published by the Shakespeare Head Press in their complete form. The sisters were doubtless not suited to fill the rôle. They were hyper-sensitive, delicate girls who longed for nothing so much as their own bleak home and liberty; they did not understand the 'rude familiarities' of children and they were kept in the background, stitching away in the evenings at interminable seams with no time to themselves, when they might have been writing immortal tales. And when Charlotte did succeed in gaining the affection of her little charges so that they declared that they loved her, she was met by the mother's remark, 'What, love the governess!' So the iron sank into their souls, as it did into those of so many others of their day. But they had their revenge, as others did not.

There is again a touching account of what the economic position of a governess was later than the Brontës' time in a little book written in 1865 by Bessie Parkes, Madame Belloc, herself a woman of distinction and the mother of distinguished children. She writes of the sufferings of governesses in later life when their time of work ceases—what she calls their educated destitution. It was estimated that there were 15,000 governesses, she tells us, and 'the story of a destitute lady is almost synonymous with that of a destitute teacher.' It was really an unregulated and overcrowded profession, for it was the only one open to middle-class girls. Yet of those who applied for assistance to an institution in which Madame Belloc was interested, she found that many had supported aged mothers and invalid sisters and many had literally come upon the workhouse. It was indeed a heart-rending tale which she had to tell.

The cure was not exactly what Madame Belloc thought, but a more stringent one, for the profession is dying out:

it is nowadays thought that no family of children can be taught by one individual any more than can one mistress teach a whole school of varied ages. And doubtless there is truth in this belief, and it is better for children to study together in groups and have different teachers for different subjects as well as to have the other lessons that only fellow-scholars can instil. It was found that the secondary school girl was better instructed than the home student hitherto of a different class. But before the private 'finishing governess' in home or school is quite forgotten let us have a few flowers to strew upon her tomb, for she had qualities that made her a valuable element in the civilised world. The governesses in more recent days formed for themselves a place that the earlier ones did not have, because more was expected of them and their remuneration was on a very different scale from the 18*l.* or 20*l.* a year of olden times. Altogether there was much to be said for the position and work of a well-educated governess in the later Victorian era, although the occupation was never really popular, and after other professions opened themselves up for women it became even less so. For many long years there had been no choice, and hence there was no 'bargaining power.'

It is rather interesting to compare the kinds of education that were aimed at in the past and in the heyday of the governess with that obtaining in the present time; also to speculate on the measure of success that was obtained then and on that which is being obtained now, though the last, of course, is as difficult to estimate as the former. We can but have impressions, and impressions are vague. I have tried, however, in days gone by to get from some of the representative women of the old and truly 'governess' days some conception of what were the books which were read in the schoolroom and of how much that reading meant to the pupils. For though the generality of women are better educated now than nearly a century or a century ago I am not certain that this was so with the élite. It is not certain that even in a General Knowledge paper the grandmothers might not have scored, and in other matters more purely 'educational' I think they probably would. The difficulty is that one is apt to choose out the specially qualified and not to take an average, but I have tried to

get into touch with those who could speak for their generation and in a sense represent it. I should like at least to mention four who appear to exemplify my meaning. The bundles of their letters which I possess seem to tell a tale of interest.

The first was *par excellence* a woman of the world. She had seen Society in the old sense of the word, and loved to tell of her youthful attempts to escape from its narrow limits. In later days she thirsted after every experience of a new and interesting sort, and got into touch with men and women of outlook as diverse as could be from the older standards. Lady Dorothy Nevill (for it is of her I speak) had a wonderful, delicate, sprite-like charm all her own and granted her by nature; but she had also, in her unconventional way, a wide interest in life. She loved museums and exhibitions of Art and Science and always deplored the lack of interest in them displayed by the so-called higher classes—the Barbarian classes as Matthew Arnold would have termed them. The Upper Class, she wrote to me, 'seem to take no interest in anything but golfing, etc.—it makes me quite sad. When I go to any of the museums I see not a soul hardly there—those that are only giggling, etc. What softened the sight to my eyes were two little Japs poring over every article with a handbook, so eager to know everything—not a soul of the higher class visible. In fact I never heard of any one of them knowing the (Victoria and Albert) Museum, and for this we are spending millions; it is all too painful.' Lady Dorothy never pretended to be 'educated.' I think she would have despised education in the orthodox sense, and she never troubled to spell any more than did the ladies of the salons or those of the seventeenth century; she often said she had never inherited her Walpole ancestors' gifts, but she loved what she had read in youth. 'My father made me read "Les Oraisons funèbres" of Bossuet, and Fénelon, and I ever had a most fascinating recollection of these delightful men. I am quite astonished at my own stupidity, but,' she added with her bright sense of humour, 'how clever one must be even to own that!' No one who had the pleasure and honour of knowing Lady Dorothy ever thought her in the remotest degree stupid; but if not learned or intellectual, *intelligent* is the

expressive word that naturally comes to one's mouth in speaking of her.

Another highly born lady who charmed and delighted by her intellectual grasp as well as by her ready wit and humour all who were privileged to meet her, has often told me about her early days and the education which, however, in her case meant intercourse with the wisest and most interesting men of the day and free access to the best of its literature. Blanche, Countess of Airlie, gave me a list of the books she read in her childhood, and I find they include the writings of Harriet Martineau and Madame de Genlis, La Fontaine's and Æsop's Fables (always included in the old lists), La Motte Fouqué's 'Undine,' Macaulay's 'Lays,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' Miss Edgeworth, and various French books. But she again discredited the modern High School idea of education which she thought bound it by bands of red tape to certain hard and dry lines and made it something that could only be tested by examination. She dreaded sameness and bureaucracy in education: variety was to her essential, so that each should be able to follow his or her bent. The calling of a teacher, as she so often said, is a wonderful vocation which should be pursued as such and regarded as a privilege, and she herself had the power of instructing even while she merely seemed to charm. Her early advantages were great, but her natural surroundings only helped to draw forth her inborn imagination, and she could not be anywhere without making her influence felt. The schoolmasters around her Scottish home were her real friends and knew this well. This is a quotation from one of her letters:

'People should always read beyond themselves and if the drift is made plain to them they will gather something. Weak story books were quite eliminated from our reading, and very few books were added to our Schoolroom Library. My son fought with his governess because she would not let him and his sister read Gil Blas "Maman dit que du moment que c'est classique cela peut se lire!"'

The next Early Victorian lady comes from a different, though perhaps an equally stimulating milieu. She was the mother of one of the most distinguished of our modern 'Women of Action,' and was brought up in the midst

of a busy life with association with artists like John Leech, Mark Lemon, and Dicky Doyle, as well as novelists like Thackeray and Dickens. This lady, Rosa Paxton (Mrs Charles Markham), and her sister were sent to boarding schools, the young ladies' seminaries of the day, and had violent experiences there; for on one occasion the former came into conflict with authority in the person of the schoolmistress, and being shut up in a small dark room for some juvenile offence, promptly kicked the panel out of the door and then, alarmed at the success of her attack on the woodwork, jumped out of the window and fell into a water-butt, where her career nearly came to an abrupt end! At another school—for a change had clearly to be made—this same young lady, who had a great gift for reading aloud, was reading 'Oliver Twist' at a time when Dickens's novels were first appearing, and one excitable girl became hysterical over the scene where Nancy is killed by Bill Sikes. By means of the noise the little company, which was seated in the dormitory round the reader, who was in the middle of the room and furnished with a candle-end, was discovered by a governess and severely punished! One feels that these young people had special advantages in living through an era when masterpieces of fiction were appearing day by day. Her sister wrote:

'I recall as though it were yesterday the effect of the first novel, "Jane Eyre," I ever read. It was on the drawing-room table and I took it up casually, only to find I could not put it down again. Never was there such an enthralling book written, and the effect of it was so overpowering I could not paint or play games for a fortnight.'

She goes on:

'The next book that influenced me was Charles Lamb's Essays. I have the volume inscribed in a girl's handwriting by me to this hour, and I am seventy-six years of age. Oddly enough a queer little volume of very immature Science attracted me greatly. It was Dr Brewer's "Guide to Science." That book revealed in simple language the great mysteries of the Universe. I recall to this day the advice as to what to do in a bad thunderstorm: "Draw your bed into the middle of the room, lie on a feather bed, and then commend your soul to Almighty God."'

She then tells how her sister discovered with remarkable prescience the origin of 'Dr Gilfil's Love Story,' then appearing anonymously in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' This sister (my friend's mother) was devoted to poetry—specially to the poems of Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley, and in a lesser degree to those of Tennyson. Shakespeare made little appeal to her and the obscurities and roughness of Browning's style amazed her. But, as her daughter says,

'Education was to her almost the outstanding fact in life, the supreme gift to be bestowed on her children. She adventured eagerly into the scientific and ecclesiastical controversies which raged round Huxley and the Darwinian school, and at a moment when faith and orthodoxy were hopelessly confused her temperament threw her naturally into opposition to authority. Withal she was a wonderful housekeeper of the old-fashioned school, and also a keen liberal in politics.'

One other Early Victorian lady and I have done. Mary Elizabeth Burdon-Sanderson may be said to have been pre-Victorian, for she dates earlier still, but yet she was born six years later than the great Queen, and was a true Victorian at heart. Her surroundings were very different from the others. Her father was a man of education, but somewhat of a recluse, and she spent her early years in the depths of the country and was brought up on extreme evangelical lines by her parents and instructors. The reading that the young people got through in the schoolroom would have been hardly credible, but that they retained the most vivid recollection of it all into middle and old age. In French there was Voltaire's 'Louis XIV,' 'Peter the Great,' and 'Charles XII,' and a 'History of Frederick the Great.' In English, Hume's 'History of England,' Robertson's 'America,' Buchanan's 'History of Scotland,' Mitford's 'History of Greece,' Russell's 'Modern Europe,' Rollin's 'History of Rome' with continuations, and his thirteen-volumed 'Ancient History,' Blackstone's 'Commentaries on the Laws of England' (save the mark!), and D'Aubigné's 'History of the Reformation in Germany' as it came out. Besides these there were in her list Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' Dryden's 'Virgil,' Cowper's 'Task,' and Pope's 'Homer,' and in Italian Tasso and Metastasio. Italian was the fashionable language then as Spanish had been

still earlier. The prejudice against French literature which followed on the French Wars had hardly died out.

All this was done before the age of sixteen, and a great deal of it through reading aloud in the evenings with governess or parents accompanied by questionings on what had been read. The consequence was that the young people were in the best sense highly educated women. No time was wasted on textbooks or summaries, but a taste for good literature was developed which was never lost. The lighter literature like the histories of Motley and others were the more enjoyed later on by reason of this solid foundation, and the works of Thackeray and Dickens, Jane Austen and the Brontës were then a real joy.

It may be said that these four women had exceptional surroundings, but though it is true that they lived in an exceptional age so far as literature was concerned, I hardly think that their surroundings were such as to prevent them being regarded as types. They are taken from different walks of life, though all from the educated classes, and were none of them given more than what now would be called nondescript education. The last mentioned had governesses who were in the best sense ladies, but who became governesses because of family misfortune and not because they were trained to teach. And that was the usual way. Even the governesses in the 'ladies' seminaries' probably never dreamt of having any specialised instruction so far as teaching went. And doubtless there were, more especially then, wonderful 'misfits,' and much time wasted. But my point is that the 'atmosphere' of education is more important than the technical side when you want to produce an educated being and not one who is simply qualified to undertake some definite task, such as passing through certain ordeals which will lead on to an occupation or profession. The young educated women of the old days (I do not talk of the multitude who were not brought up in educated circles), it appear to me, may have had a wider view of life than some of the young persons who emerge from the High School at the same age, too often 'fed up' with 'tons of Shakespeare and Milton' as one remarked to me, and bent on avoiding these worthy but uninteresting authors for the rest of their lives. Of course it is difficult

to generalise, and one has all sorts of types in one's mind, but splendid as are our present-day girls (and they are hard to beat) one sometimes feels that too often there is 'one thing lacking,' and that is Education!

Now, if there is even a measure of truth in this statement we must feel that something should be done to improve the tone of education for our girls. There are many teachers to whom letters mean everything that is worth while in life, who really love their subject and make their pupils love it too. But there are very many who have one eye on the subject and another, and much more intent one, on how it will 'count' in the next 'School' or 'Matriculation' examination—on how the School, which is sometimes made into a fetish, will be glorified by a large number of Honours girls. How often has one asked a girl why she has given up some subject that specially interested her and been told that she has to concentrate on something else because it will help her in her examination. Examinations are a necessary evil, but they should be regarded as recognised dangers to education and treated as such. They have been responsible for taking from us much love of learning.

Of course one must remember that games take up time and attention in these days which they never had in the past. And I do not think that without them we should, for instance, have had the splendid work that was done years ago by our girls during the War. They have given initiative and purpose, physical endurance, and a quantity of qualities which in war-time were required by the V.A.D., the motor driver, the munition worker at home and abroad, and are now required for other purposes more testing still. It is too great a stretch of the imagination to conceive our grandmothers doing these things. And again I believe the power of cramming up a subject is not to be despised, unorthodox as this sounds. Not only in professions like the Bar have we to get up facts quickly and certainly which may be forgotten next day, but also in many other lines of life it is a valuable accomplishment not without use. But there is more than alertness, resource, and endurance or the mechanical power of remembering facts required to produce an educated woman. Verbal memory is too often taken as real understanding, and it will be so as

long as examinations are simply memory tests. We must have examinations or one may sink into slackness, but it is surely possible to make them better criterions than they too often have been in the past, even though we have heard this question discussed *ad nauseam* without much practical result.

The whole question is very difficult, and we realise how difficult it is when we talk with those of the older generation who never dreamt of 'tests' and who read and learned because they loved to do so. Is it possible to keep the delicate aroma of the old-world culture in this utilitarian age? When we have been in the company of some of those of whom we have spoken we are tempted to feel it is impossible—that the schools of the present day cannot give it and the teachers of the old stamp are non-existent. But we know that we are misjudging. We must, however, impress upon the teachers, who are the real source of influence in this matter, that they have tremendous power and responsibility in their hands. If we get women of broad outlook and love of knowledge for itself to teach, the pupils will follow suit. So that it is here that our efforts must be concentrated. Are our training colleges what they ought to be? Are they per chance too much concerned to train in 'systems' and 'methods' to teach 'subjects' rather than to develop mind? I do not know. But the teaching profession, which was once the Cinderella of professions, is changed for the better in that it has now a great position of its own, and has commensurate responsibilities.

It is, I suppose, the truth that a person may be a highly educated and intelligent man or woman and yet be unable to spell or even place a well-known city! These matters of 'fact' have to be learned, and must be tested, because, in modern days especially, we must go 'through the mill' or else we shall rightly enough never get a job or rise in the world. But let us remember that all such things are accomplishments and not education. We may be good linguists and know nothing educationally of the language we talk so well; we may be perfect mines of information about kings and queens, capes and rivers, and yet never have learned what history and geography mean.

What, then, is our conclusion? How do the Early

Victorian women, the products of the governesses, compare with the Georgian? We think of the former as having more *esprit*, as being better to talk to, more human and intelligent, but perhaps unconsciously we select our specimens and forget the many who were dull, partly because their lives were dull, and who, if we knew them, did not make any impression upon us. In these days we have to remember that freedom which ought to give width of outlook has brought responsibilities that prevent concentration and dissipate energies, and also that instead of the long evenings of quiet reading there are a hundred diversions to take up the attention. In school or college there are all sorts of societies, some literary no doubt, but many not. It may even be that the wonderful movement in the direction of social reform that characterises the period through which we are passing has diverted our minds into somewhat narrow channels. It is not fashionable to say so, but we know that those who concentrate on one line of philanthropic work are apt to become limited in outlook, also many of the 'jobs' sought after by young woman are somewhat restricted in their sphere. It is difficult to become engrossed in such work and keep one's vision wide.

This above all is a time for introspection and for trying to see where we fail and how we can turn our attention to what will profit us most. For the older generation the task is hard, but for the younger the possibilities are immense. Only let us not despise the past in pressing on to the future.

ELIZABETH HALDANE.

Art. 6.—THE MANDATES IN SYRIA AND PALESTINE

THERE is a persistent, and probably correct, rumour that France intends shortly to surrender her Mandate in the states of Syria, and to grant that country a measure of autonomy similar to that recently accorded to Iraq by Great Britain. If this project is executed it is certain that France will retain her hold of the Lebanon province, where the inhabitants are, overwhelmingly, Maronite Christian, and have, for many generations, regarded France as their protector and spiritual mother. In fact, that they might more closely ally themselves to their adopted parent, and to prove that their outlook was more Western than Eastern, the Maronite Church submitted to Rome, becoming one of the greatest of the Uniate bodies, and, whilst retaining their peculiar rites and liturgy, admitting, and submitting to the Petrine supremacy.

Ever since the Crusading days of Louis IX, the sainted French monarch, France has taken a sympathetic interest in her Lebanese protégés, an interest that reached its height when the Emperor Napoleon the Third, landed an army in Syria, in 1861, to protect the Maronites who were being slaughtered by the Druzes. So far did she press her protection, that she insisted on, and obtained, the execution of the *Wali* of Damascus, the responsible Turkish official, as a punishment for the supine part he had played. Until her actual occupation of Syria after the War, France was recognised by the Sublime Porte, as the protector of the Lebanese, and undoubtedly saved them from violent persecution, when a wave of anti-Christian hatred was sweeping over the Ottoman Empire to culminate in the Armenian massacres. So close is the connection, that the Lebanese look on themselves as Frenchmen, and are intensely loyal to their benefactors and protectors. They speak French in preference to their native Arabic, which has become the language for their domestic servants. Even the poorer classes, thanks to the excellent Mission schools, which have been centres for disseminating Gallic culture and propaganda for many years, lisp French, in imitation of their betters, whenever opportunity offers. The dress, habits, houses, even the appearance of the Lebanese, have become essentially

French. In complexion they are no darker than a Provençal, and only in their innate Oriental love of brilliant colouring and pungent perfumes do they betray their origin.

France has been put to great expense, both in blood and gold, to hold the remainder of Syria. Since her acceptance of the Mandate she has had to fight two campaigns there; the first against the Emir Feisal ibn Hussein, the present King of Iraq, who was then the Sherifian King of Damascus and ill-advised enough to declare war on the Republic. He was expelled from his capital, which France promptly annexed. The second was the protracted and bloody suppression of the Druze and the Syrian rebels. The conquest of the Paramount Chieftain of the Druze, Sultan Pasha el Atrash, cost France more, in casualties and expense, than did our own Boer War of the early years of this century. Besides these two major operations, continual guerilla warfare with large bands of brigands and raiders is always proceeding on the northern frontier; trouble is of constant occurrence in the eastern deserts between French patrols and the Bedouins of the Ruwalla Confederacy and other tribes; whilst a large army has to be maintained to deal with any probable internal political disturbances. Dissatisfaction with the Mandatory is rife in the country, and only the presence of large, armed forces ensures peace.

This continued embarrassment and expense can be easily avoided by the step that France seems about to be taking; withdrawal to the Lebanon, and its annexation as a French Colony. The Lebanese would heartily welcome such a step, for, above all else, they dread the termination of the Mandate and their surrender to an autonomous Arab state; their past experience does not dispose them to have any trust in their Moslem neighbours. France would find a loyal, peaceful, and grateful population in her new Colony, one that would be intensely proud of the French citizenship they would acquire by such a step. There also would be many material advantages, Beirut, with its harbour, would be the capital of the new territory. The pipe-line branch from Mosul could be easily taken into its fine harbour, the trade of the hinterland would naturally gravitate to the port, and

France would have a foothold in the Levant superior to the British Colony of Cyprus and the Italian possession of Rhodes. The harbour would make a fine base and refuelling station in the Eastern Mediterranean for her fleet and submarine flotillas, as well as an ideal halting-place for aircraft proceeding to her Far Eastern possessions. All this can be achieved with a hundredth part of the expense that she at present incurs in maintaining her Mandate. Strategically, as well, the new Colony, with its almost impassable mountain barriers, would be easy to defend from any likely attackers from the interior; whilst internal security would be assured by an intensely loyal, grateful, and pro-French population. But France is not likely to consider such a step as the surrender of her Syrian Mandate without insisting on similar action by ourselves in Palestine. She knows that, apart from the strategical and commercial advantages it would give us to be in a position to dominate the vast hinterland of the Lebanon, the moral prestige gained by Britain through making no change in her Mandatory policy at such a time, would react disastrously on the immediate future of the new French colony. A measure, similar to her own evacuation, must be insisted on from Britain.

To understand thoroughly what such a step would mean it is, first of all, necessary to consider what our position in Palestine actually is. It is useless to deny, despite their lip-service protestations of loyalty, that the Palestinians bear us no good-will and have not the faintest tinge of gratitude or appreciation for the vast trouble and expense that we have undertaken in their country. This state of affairs arises from a variety of causes, the greatest being the peculiar nature of the Palestinians. It is a misnomer to call them Arabs, except for a small admixture of that blood and the fact that they speak a dialect of Arabic, they are not Arabs at all. Rather are they the result of the constant regrafting of the parent Canaanite stem by shoots of the successive Hebrew, Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, Roman, Byzantine, Tartar, Arab, Crusader, and Turkish conquerors, which collectively have grown into that exotic growth fitly described as Levantine. They are as incapable of loyalty to their benefactors as they are of mutual trust in each other, and can be

considered as ready to bite our hands, if we but give them the opportunity, as they were those of their former masters, when they were driven from the Holy Land. Most of the Turkish casualties, in their great retreat, were caused by the *fellahin* butchering the routed army, as, weary, dejected, and broken, they sought to evade the advance of the victorious Allies. On to this strange, twisted mentality, native agitators and place-seekers, each with an axe to grind, have foisted an artificial hatred of Britain based on their misrepresentations of our policy in establishing the Jewish National Home in the country. We have been held up to the illiterate, fanatical peasants as Infidels, tyrannical oppressors of Islam, who wish to expel the Moslems from their land and homes in order to supplant them with the new Zionist settlers. By fomenting discord, which, time and again, has boiled up into ferocious pogroms, these agitators have hoped so to disgust Great Britain with the apparent futility of remaining in Palestine, that in consequence we shall withdraw and leave the field open to them, allowing them to snatch whatever plums of office they have a mind for in the National Government they would install.

To consider the Palestinians a nation is a grievous mistake. Only in post-War official documents are they considered so; but neither racially, geographically, nor historically are the present inhabitants a nation. Until the end of the Great War, they were the people of a part of the *vilayet* of Beirut, the citizens of Jerusalem belonged to an independent *Muttasafarat*, on account of its political-religious significance, and knew no distinct difference between themselves and other Ottoman subjects. There were no pro-Arab sympathies as were in parts of Arabia and elsewhere in Syria, and the question of a Palestinian nationality had never entered their heads. The artificial frontiers set up under the Sykes-Picot and other agreements will never serve to weld them into a separate people, and if complete autonomy were granted them, there would never be that feeling to hold them together and prevent them becoming the plaything of any conqueror who might loom out of the whirling sandstorms of the eastern deserts. The great princely families, the Nashashibis, headed by Ragheb Bey el Nashashibi, the Mayor of Jerusalem, and the Husseinis

under Haj Amin el Husseini, the Grand Mufti and spiritual head of the Palestine Moslems, are at deadly variance, and if all shadow of our domination were withdrawn, it is certain that both parties would so strive for power that the country would rapidly be reduced to anarchy through a civil war. That this is no exaggerated estimate is proved by the way in which, when the Turkish power wilted in the first half of the nineteenth century, before the incursions of the Egyptian invaders under Mohammed Ali and Ibrahim Pasha, the powerful clans of the Abdul Hadis and the Jarrars, deluged what is now Northern Palestine in blood during their struggle for the mastery.

The main reason for the hatred in which we are held is, as I have said, the misrepresentations of our Jewish National Home Policy. While it is, no doubt, true that this policy will always serve as an excuse for our continued presence in the Holy Land, averting any chance of other nations demanding that, as the purpose of the Mandate had been completed, we should withdraw from the country, the actual working out of this plan has been grossly distorted by agitators. Undoubtedly it is to our advantage always to be present in the rôle of protectors to the Zionists, as, in the present state of affairs in Egypt, it is essential that we should possess an alternative, and equally effective, shield for the Suez Canal, in the event of Nationalistic prejudices becoming too strong for us to maintain a garrison in that country. A certain amount of non-co-operation between Moslems and Zionists might be considered advisable, enough to ensure that the protection of the settlers would demonstrate the necessity, at least, of our maintaining control of Palestine. This delicate policy could only have been carried out by a picked body of trained administrators and officials with years of experience; but, unfortunately, the situation has been allowed to develop beyond control and has become a very real danger to the Empire. The motley horde of ex-Indian Preventive Service N.C.O.'s, ex-Artillery corporals, shopwalkers, small-part actors, and schoolmasters, the fortunate possessors of temporary commissions in regiments of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, who, at the institution of Civil Government, were given the most senior administrative positions in such vital posts, as those of District Administration, Revenue, and

high Police officers, quite submerged the small number of capable men that were there. These men, probably excellent persons in their own way, were emphatically not those who should have been allowed to come into direct contact with the Palestinian people. No one realises this more clearly than the natives themselves; one is always finding attacks on this type of official in the vernacular Press, for there is no worse snob on earth, or one more conscious of social position than the hybrid Palestinian.

Despite misrepresentation, however, it is almost impossible, with the exception of the Afuleh colony, to find any instance where the Zionist settlers have actually dispossessed Arabs of their lands and homes, and even in this one case everything possible was done for the dispossessed tenants of the Sursok family of absentee landlords, who, at an extortionate figure, sold the land to the Jews. The great orange-groves and plantations on the Plain of Sharon have all been formed on land left practically derelict by its Moslem cultivators; no one was dispossessed except a few Bedouins who promptly moved on, and grazed their small flocks elsewhere. The Jewish city of Tel Aviv was built on land that was considered to be without monetary value, being merely sand-dunes. The northern colonies in Galilee were started on land around the Sea of Galilee and the Lake of Huleh, where, owing to the pestilential diseases, foul water and malarial swamps, no life had been possible since the end of the Roman occupation caused the drainage works to fall to ruin.

One case can be taken to illustrate this point of the land settlement of the Jews. In Tulkarm sub-district, roughly half-way up the Plain of Sharon, lies a large marshy and sandy area, near the mouth of the River Iskanderuna, four miles south of the ruins of Cæsarea. A few semi-negroid nomads lived there, earning a precarious livelihood growing water-melons and grazing the flocks of their landlords, townsmen in Tulkarm. Part of the worst land was bought by a small group of Zionists at an exorbitant cost. The new colonists set to work, losing many of their number in the process, drained their ground, tilled it, and now raise paying crops and have started orange groves. The herdsmen still live there,

but have been so corrupted by the Tulkarm group, from one cause and another, mainly those of hoping to sell their share of the land to the settlers or to draw an annual fee to keep the peace, that they are an active menace to the lives and property of the colonists. Cases of arson, shooting, and criminal trespass have become so common that a strong post of British police has to be stationed in the colony to maintain peace, whilst the supposed plight of the herdsmen has been so broadcast amongst the Moslems of the other parts of the country, to whom they are represented as starving and at death's door, that this particular area is now as a flaming match, that might, at any moment, be brought into touch with the barrel of explosives that is the present situation in Palestine. So well do the Administration recognise this that they pay a weekly dole to the herdsmen, continuing it even after a lucrative offer of Public Work on a new road was refused by them. Good pay, food, accommodation, and medical assistance were promised them, but, led on by the self-seeking agitators in Tulkarm, they refused, to the point of active resistance, to quit land that was admittedly not theirs, being mainly State-owned property. This case is merely quoted as being representative of most others; every fresh acre of land won, by hard work and intelligent canalisation from desert and marsh, is immediately proclaimed as further evidence of Jewish aggression.

So much for the situation as it is. Now let us consider what a complete evacuation of the Mandated territory would entail. As soon as the Palestinian leaders understood that Great Britain had really left them to their own devices, trusting to the signed guarantees that she had received from them, and realised that, no matter how those guarantees were infringed, the worst that would happen was likely to be nothing more frightening than a few protests, or, maybe, a Commission of Inquiry, a general massacre of the Jews and the destruction of their colonies would occur. No matter how the more temperate leaders tried to prevent this the tide of artificially-engendered hatred would prove too strong, and burst through any bounds. I have often been assured by Moslems of every class that, if Britain withdraws, not a single Jew will be left alive in the country. The

truth of this is obvious when one recalls the bloody massacres of August 1929, when over one hundred and twenty Jews were slaughtered at a time when, unfortunately, the Palestinians suddenly realised that our forces in the country had been allowed to sink below the safety-margin. Then would follow, logically enough, oppression of the despised Christian minority. There is, at present, a so-called Moslem-Christian Unity, an offensive and defensive alliance against the Jews; but just how hollow the good intentions of the intolerant Moslem majority are, can be gauged from the Haifa Cemetery incident of 1930, when a leading Christian, the editor of one of the more influential newspapers, was shot dead by a Moslem. This occurrence was merely another link in a long chain of incidents which go to prove the unreality of such friendship between two religions, the one oppressed and persecuted for centuries by the dominant, fanatical majority of the other; one burning with a sense of a thousand unredressed wrongs at the hands of the second.

With the suppression of the minorities the way would be clear for the two leading families to attempt dictatorship. Justice would be at a discount, bribery, oppression, and treachery would return in full measure to a people fostered on such traditions. The jealousies between the families would rapidly lead to civil war and anarchy, the disappearance of any form of government. The Bedouins of the Transjordan territory, always accustomed to look on the more prosperous *fellahin* of Palestine as a source of revenue, and only restrained by many salutary lessons in the heyday of our occupation, would make continual raids on the villages west of the river. The inability, unhelpt by British aid, to control these Bedouins, would lead to the downfall of the Emir Abdullah ibn Hussein, the Sherifian ruler at Amman. This would be taken full advantage of by the Wahabites of the Nejdian Desert, whose ruler, Abdul Aziz ibn Saoud, King of the Hedjaz and the Nejd, has been for many years at blood-feud with the Sherifian family. So successful has he been in the prosecution of this feud that already he has dispossessed the old King, Hussein, who died in exile in Cyprus, and his son Ali, who succeeded him on the Meccan throne.

Transjordanian would be swamped by these fierce Puritans who have reverted to the primitive observance of the Moslem Faith. The traditional alternative, conversion to their tenets or death, would be offered the over-awed tribes, and, swollen by the vast number of converts from the Beni Sakhr, Redwani, Beni Hassan, Beni Hamidi and other septs, the victorious horde would pour across the Jordan to the conquest of Palestine, adding further countries to the great Pan-Arab dream of Empire, and forming a stepping-stone to the later conquests of Syria and Iraq, a dream which, carried to fulfilment, will only be comparable to that of the days when Islam, new-born, poured out of its native deserts to the subjugation of the greater part of the known world. It must also be remembered that the Wahabites look on any built place of worship as being perilously close to idolatry. Only with difficulty were they restrained from destroying, in their fervent zeal, the Moslem Holy Places in Mecca and Medina. The fate of the Christian Shrines in the Holy Land does not need any comment. The fate that threatened them in the early part of the eleventh century, when the mad Caliph Hakim, founder of the Druze religion and ruler of Egypt, attempted their complete destruction, would, at long last, overtake their venerable fanes.

So much for the probable consequences of a complete evacuation—consequences which would make us appear foresworn and shamed in the face of the nations, cause us infinite loss of prestige, and have grave repercussions throughout the world, as well as going far to make concrete the menace of a Pan-Arab Empire, ready to pounce on a distracted Europe. Let us set against these perils the fact that our continued occupation of the Mandated territory is useless to us, will expose us to the ceaseless risk of war with the strong Desert tribes and is extremely expensive, while internal disturbances between Arabs and Jews have grave international complications, added to the accepted fact that we reap no commensurate advantages, other than strategical, the land being derelict, practically without mineral resources or the hope of founding any big industries, and that we shall never get back the money we are pouring, and ever since the War have poured, into it. The case

appears clear that we are on the horns of a dangerous dilemma. It is inadvisable to remain and yet impossible to evacuate. Must we then remain there indefinitely until a major disaster overtakes us?

Luckily there is a solution to the problem, and France's evacuation of Syria appears to be the right time for its application. It will safeguard our Imperial interests, satisfy France, guarantee the safety of the Jewish settlers, who have a just claim on us for protection, ensure the lives and properties of the Christian minorities, lift the peril from the Holy Places, put an effective stop to the execution of this part of the Pan-Arab dream, and while allowing us to retire with safety and honour from the heaviest commitments we have incurred in Palestine, will permit us to form a new, prosperous, and most useful Colony in the Eastern Mediterranean, away from the anomalies and irritations of a Mandatory form of Government. If we but follow France's example, and, when she sets up her colony in the Lebanon, do the same in the Haifa district, making it the Crown Colony of Phoenicia and, after exacting adequate guarantees, evacuate the remainder of Palestine, we shall have gone far towards solving the impasse in which we appear to stand.

The cost of running this little Colony would be small, far less than that we incur in administering Palestine, or than we are likely to have to bear in the event of trouble occurring. There is little doubt that the Colony, with the fine new harbour that we have recently, at huge expense, completed, will become an Eastern Mediterranean Hong-Kong. The trade of the vast hinterland, which, with the completion of the proposed Haifa-Bagdad railroad, will reach to the Persian border, will find its natural outlet here, where there is no great mountain-barrier, barring the sea-coast against the interior, as there is at Beirut. European and American goods will find this the easiest port of entry to the Arab lands. The repair of the Hedjaz railway will open up the interior of Arabia to trade. The Mosul pipe-line is already under construction, with its mouth at Haifa. The harbour itself is big enough to act as a secondary naval base, thereby offering protection to the Suez Canal, whilst the position of the Colony, on the flank of any

army desiring to attack the Canal, would ensure its safety on the landward side. The distances for the warships and oil-carrying vessels will be materially shortened both in time and distance, while costly Canal dues will be obviated. An ideal halting-place for aircraft on the Indian and Australian routes will be provided by the Colony. As these craft improve, it will be the only intermediate stop and refuelling station they will need.

The new Colony will have the benefit of a large and effective buffer state between it and the wild desert tribes, who, awed by the nearness of the British power, would hesitate to attack its frontiers. At the same time the difficult, and expensive, political situation caused by the Jewish National Home project would disappear. The best safeguard that the Zionists could be offered would be the creation, in the conditions of the evacuation guarantees, of two Jewish cantons. One stretching from the Mediterranean to the foothills, with Zichron Jacob as its northern, and Askelun as its southern, extremities; the other a five-mile wide strip along the Jordan river and the western shores of the Sea of Galilee and Lake Huleh, stretching from the Jordan inlet to Lake Huleh as far as Jisr Majameh, would cause little hardship to the Arabs, especially if the lands of Ramleh, Lydda, and Jaffa, with their attendant hamlets, were excepted from the southerly canton. Most of the Emek Settlements would be either within the frontiers of Phonoecia or else so close to it, that their safety could be guaranteed. The frontiers of the cantons could be assured by us. Any settlers who found themselves in Arab territory, and wished to leave, could be granted land on the extensive Plain of Acre, as compensation for what they had had to leave.

We should be in a position, in Phonoecia, to enforce the guarantees that we had obtained from the Palestinians. Whilst not interfering in any way with the normal life of their land, we could guarantee the safety of their frontiers, from Bedouin raids, by aircraft from the Colony, whilst any serious breach of the guarantees could be met, in the first instance, by the closing of the ports, the imposition of a tariff on all imports and exports, the proceeds of which would be used to pay our expenses and to compensate sufferers, and by the refusal to allow

tourists to visit the country. This last measure would so cripple them, as they are practically entirely dependent on the money brought into the country by visitors, that its threat should prove sufficient. If this were not so, and further punitive measures were necessary, bombing aircraft could supply the requisite lesson. It is extremely unlikely that this latter step would be necessary, but aircraft could be usefully employed in patrolling the railway and pipe-lines across the Desert, at least through the dangerous Ruwalla territory, part of their expense being borne by the companies concerned. Christian interests would also be protected as long as we were in a position to enforce effectively the sanctions of the guarantees, whilst the question of the Holy Places would automatically solve itself—in fact, there would be no such problem whilst Palestine's frontiers were safe. There is a great historical precedent for such a step. Confronted with equal difficulties, the Crusading Latin Kingdom moved its capital from Jerusalem to St. John of Acre, seven miles from Haifa, and it is certain that the move greatly lengthened the precarious life of the kingdom that crashed to irretrievable ruin on the Field of the Horns of Hattin on July 4, 1187.

Phonoecia would be small in extent; the conformation of the country lends itself to easy defence, both from land and sea attacks. The great ridge of Mount Carmel, towering over Haifa, could be strongly fortified to defend the city from naval attack and could dominate the landward frontiers with its guns. The frontier might run, in a northerly direction from Athlit salt-pans, along the Roman road through the Pass, past Ain Haud, Um el Zeinat to Tel Keimun, thence across the Plain at a point three miles east of Tel es Shemmam station to the hill-tops above Nahalal, from there in a line passing one mile east of the German colonies at Beit Lahm to Mejd el Kerum saddle-back; from there it should lead along the mountain ridge above Tershiha to Kala'at Kurein, whence it would turn towards the Mediterranean, which it would join three miles north of Ras-el-Nakura, on the Ladder of Tyre. Its area would be enclosed by a border line forty-eight miles in length, and it would be twenty-seven miles long from north to south, and twelve wide, except near Nahalal, where it would be slightly greater,

an easily held frontier in which nature does its best to assist the defender.

As will be seen we stand to gain in Phonoecia all the advantages that we have at present in Palestine, with a tithe of the expense and a hundredth part of the anxiety and responsibility. Although at first agitators might attempt to cause trouble in the new Colony and force themselves into the autonomous Jewish cantons of the Palestinian State, firm action by ourselves in the first place, followed by the realisation of the growing prosperity of the Colony, would soon allay any feelings of affections by the natives of Phonoecia for the ringleaders in Jerusalem, who tried to convince them of the existence of a Palestinian nation. Then, after some years, Palestine might be united to Transjordan, under the rule of the Emir, and, forming one country, at last start to lay the foundations of a new nationality, whilst Syria in the north, more definitely national in the first instance, might either retain her independence, or be annexed to Iraq, whichever the Syrians happened to choose for themselves. The creation of strong, independent Arab states will go far towards checkmating the schemes of the Pan-Arab enthusiasts, whose machinations might easily prove the greatest menace Europe has known since the days of Jenghiz Khan.

DOUGLAS V. DUFF.

Art. 7.—ROSSETTI'S MARRIAGE.

1. *The Wife of Rossetti*. By Violet Hunt. Lane, 1932.
2. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: His Family Letters. With a Memoir*. By William Michael Rossetti. Ellis and Elvey, 1895.

BIOGRAPHY, like history, may be an art in which truth submits to discretion and partisanship, but nothing alters the fact that the particular use of both history and biography is to illustrate the science of life. It is very hard to be a saint—very hard, even for a person with no artistic genius, to realise by action on the mundane plane the ideal of his altruism. But it is specially hard for an artist because the happiness of the typical artist is not dependent upon the satisfaction of a moral sense. His sensitiveness is acute, but it does not necessarily connote what moralists call 'a tender conscience.' The result is that the spectacle is far from unique of a charming artist whose private life occasions inartistic feats of voluble reticence on the part of a biographer careful of family feelings. But an essayist or biographer who says, 'I have a secret' is not keeping a secret; to smell a rat is to be aware of the rodent's existence, and it was certain that sooner or later the friends of Dante Gabriel Rossetti would do greater damage to his reputation as a mere man than ever Robert Buchanan did by his review of 'The Fleshly School.'

Miss Violet Hunt, who more than fifteen years ago showed her rare skill in satirising egoism (in her novel 'The House of Many Mirrors'), has found in the ghastly pathos and catastrophe of Rossetti's marriage an opportunity for a psychological masterpiece. Her monograph, 'The Wife of Rossetti,' despite one distinctly unjust confusion of conjecture with fact and petty errors which need not here be stated, is a triumph of elaborate characterisation. She has a large intimacy with Rossetti's period; she goes in and out of the homes of him and his friends with a power of observation suggestive of a female Balzac. Malign as she is to the poet, he seems to resume mundane presence by the potency of a word-painting which incessantly guards him from the disproportioning effect of isolation; and there is irony in the thought

that, by the web so ingeniously artistic in which she has caught the tragic butterfly of the Preraphaelite movement, Miss Hunt stands by the side of the American novelist who in 'Macmillan's Magazine' for September 1869, by a piece of mere journalism, vivified by scandal, disgusted and even infuriated admirers of Byron. The real Byron survives as does the real Rossetti, for in each case the reality is the artist and not that instrument of emotion which he misused.

Nevertheless if Rossetti, alive in Chelsea, had read such a book as Miss Hunt's, it would have killed him. He had a real psychic connection with moral goodness. The bride of his imagining sang :

' Sin hath no second christening,
And shame is all that shame can bring ; '

and she sang it to him as well as to Amelotte. He had an itch for confession, and did confess—to Hall Caine of all people. He composed, but he had not learnt how to compose himself. To the philosophic eye Benvenuto Cellini makes a worse assault on his own reputation as man and lover than Rossetti endures at the hands of Miss Hunt ; but a man who goes to the chemist for mental repose is pathetically vulnerable to opinion.

Here let me briefly indicate the problem inherent in Rossetti's marriage. Not later than 1850 he appreciated the value as a model of Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, or Siddall (the latter is the spelling preferred by her namesake and sister's granddaughter, Miss E. E. Higgins), Mr W. M. Rossetti describes her as looking thus when she was an assistant in Mrs Tozer's bonnet shop : ' She was a most beautiful creature, with an air between dignity and sweetness . . . , tall, finely formed, with a lofty neck . . . , greenish-blue unsparkling eyes, large perfect eyelids, brilliant complexion, and a lavish heavy wealth of coppery-golden hair . . . , what many people call red hair.' Although it would seem that Mrs Tozer's female assistants were somewhat exposed to amorous advances by susceptible young men, Miss Siddall, both there and as a model employed by members of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood, was inflexibly chaste. As for Rossetti he was in early manhood unusually interested in the reform of prowling young women ; and one must

suppose that his love for Miss Siddall began with a genuine fervour of the heart. Unfortunately she had a consumptive tendency: this opulence of good looks was a mask on a terrible weakness, and long hours of posing with risk of catching cold were perhaps more harmful than those spent in Mrs Tozer's 'small and darkish' workroom. Here it is fair to Rossetti to remind the reader that Miss Siddall's worst experience as a model was when she posed as Ophelia for Millais in a bath of water which grew insidiously colder as time went on. Painters generally are handicapped by a pitiable lack of co-ordination between hand and eye. The bungling hand protracts the model's uneasy inertia till photography seems as great a mercy to them as motoring is to horses. In 1852, Miss Siddall's value to Rossetti was very evident, for she was Beatrice in his water-colour, 'Beatrice at a Marriage Feast Denies Dante her Salutation.' After an engagement of about nine years, artist and model were married on May 23, 1860.

A worse preparation for a happy marriage could hardly be imagined. In nine years engagement outlasted matrimonial inclination on the part of Rossetti. He had in Fanny Hughes a 'splendid secret mistress,' none the less delightful for the illiteracy which named him 'Mr Rizzetty.' The gift which his proud chaste fiancée hoarded till marriage should sanctify the giving was no longer coveted by him. She had mentally grown; Ruskin acclaimed her as a genius in drawing, and would have given her an income sufficient to support her in return for whatever pictures she might produce while enjoying it. She had, too, a mordant lyrical gift, and one is sure that Rossetti retained affection for her as a friend; he could have been hers platonically for ever, may be. But there is fate in waking up the passion of a chaste person. It recognises but one outlet, and its frustration may mean dying of love; and that was literally happening when Rossetti was interrupted in painting a triptych by the message that Miss Siddall wished to bid him good-bye before she died.

And so an ardent Bohemian, whose amorous nature should have aspired to no anchorage in a faithful heart, was frightened into legal union with a phthysical young woman, whose future was thick in evil portent. They

had so little money between them that, fresh from their honeymoon, she had to sell her necklaces to relieve an impecunious widow (Mrs Robert Brough). Their home was the suite in Chatham Place, Blackfriars, overlooking a malodorous part of the river, where she died. Their conjugal love dismally declared itself in miscarriages, but there was some reality in it despite their quarrelling. In Chatham Place, Swinburne figures as the 'harmless necessary cicisbeo' who read aloud to her 'in that soothing Northumbrian voice from her pet Tennyson, with whom she shared a love of white lilac, white peacocks,' liking 'to be called Ida after his Princess.' Swinburne described her as 'a wonderful as well as a most lovable creature, so brilliant and appreciative a woman—quick to hear and keen to enjoy.' 'She was his *Félice*—without the cattishness and with the eyes,' says Miss Hunt. We know from a privately circulated opusculé, 'A Record of Friendship,' by A. C. Swinburne (London, 1910), that Rossetti told Swinburne that Lizzie Rossetti had a regard for him (Swinburne), such as 'she had felt for no other of his [Rossetti's] friends.' Perhaps if Swinburne had regarded her with equal vividness of appreciation he might have soothed her tormented pride and prevented her woes from culminating in despair. But one frankly cannot agree with Miss Hunt when she says that Lizzie 'was the only woman in his life—ever,' admitting as she justly does that his friendship with her was strictly honourable. Mrs Rossetti was not in any sense necessary to the brilliant young aristocrat who, by the way, could not possibly have worked himself into a rage over her husband's libertinism.

Some years ago in Old Jewry, I saw and read, baffled by occasional illegibility, the coroner's notes on the inquest which was held at Bridewell Hospital 'on Wednesday the twelfth day of February one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1 of the clock in the afternoon, precise time,' touching the death of Elizabeth Eleanor Rossetti, and read in her husband's evidence that 'she hadn't spoken of wishing to die. She had contemplated going out of town in a day or two and had bought a new mantle the day before . . . My impression is that she didn't do it [i.e. take the fatal dose] to injure herself but to quiet her nerves. She couldn't have lived

without laudanum.' Catherine Birrill, or Birrell, niece of the housekeeper at 14 Chatham Place, who waited on the deceased, deponed that the Rossettis 'lived very happily together,' and all through Coroner Payne's scrawl one senses the feeling of a busy man that this documentation is rather a bore—the case being very simple and non-sinister, the widower's solicitude to save his wife's life tremendously obvious, and all the evidence harmoniously pointing to 'accidental death.' Of course, when husband and wife doff their stately names and are 'Gug' and 'Guggums' to one another, happiness is easily inferred. It was impossible for the wife who could companion him intelligently in art and literature to become, while still in her twenties, and still responsive to such sparks as survived of his sunken flame, to be quite dispossessed of his heart. His friend Ford Madox Brown and his second wife Emma knew, however, that one of the couple who 'lived very happily together' came, not once only (if Miss Hunt is well-informed), into their home demented by her 'happiness.' 'The Browns' hearth-rug received her convulsed form, flung down, twisting, heaving, shaken in gusts of passion that nothing in the way of comfort and kind words could allay. They just threw a rug over her and crept to bed. . . . Next morning they would give her her breakfast, and she would go home weak as water.'

We now come to the most hotly discussed statement in Miss Hunt's book. She avers that Madox Brown who, as it were, oiled what he could of the machinery of the inquest to avoid collision between the coroner and fact provocative of censure, knew something which she in public print divulges for the first time—blatantly divulges, for in italics it stands on her title page eloquent of her intention to disgrace Rossetti. That something is his wife's alleged valedictory: 'My life is so miserable I wish no more of it.' Written, we are informed, on a paper pinned to her nightgown on the fatal night when she vainly begged Rossetti not to go out again after their return from a restaurant dinner as Swinburne's guests, it witnessed to the truth of the dictum, 'Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned.'

I am aware that Rossetti's niece, the widow of Signor Gastone Angeli—a lady whose birth occurred seventeen

years after Lizzie Rossetti's death—flatly denies in 'The Times Literary Supplement' for Oct. 27, 1932, that 'Lizzie's last message' was written, and conceives that she has a right to assume its non-existence from the fact that Dr Francis Hutchinson, who strove to revive the moribund lady, ignored it in his evidence before Coroner Payne. Nevertheless to an impartial critic the evidence is against those who would silence Lizzie before she drank the elixir of death. The doctor may have seen it and instantly determined to behave as if he had not seen it. Professional propriety was utterly opposed to his allowing anybody to know that his sympathy with a harrowed widower, his reluctance to invoke the severity of the Church towards his patient's 'remains,' decided him to confine his evidence to unincriminating details. With this hypothesis we greatly diminish the improbability of Madox Brown's discovery of the message on the nightgown after Dr Hutchinson's departure. Miss Hunt, however, insisted in conversation with me that the typical lady's nightgown of the early 'sixties was voluminous enough not to betray what was pinned on to it to a man intensely concentrating on the task of saving a life. The better part of her proof rests on her own memory. She informed me that when she was a child not yet in her teens, Madox Brown called at her home, 1 Tor Villas, Campden Hill, Kensington, and in her presence showed the valedictory to her mother saying that he had found it and that it had been pinned to Mrs Rossetti's nightgown. Miss Hunt also showed me an oblong book of unused pay-notes on which Mrs Hunt had written her chronicle of things she wished to remember.

Under the date 1889, she records, 'Had a long talk with Holman Hunt at Lady Seton's.' The virtuous painter in this talk affirmed that he had been obliged to withdraw from Rossetti's company, 'for his life was so bad.' One reads that (apparently in the same drawing-room) Mrs V. Tebbs (née Seddon) informed Mrs Hunt that Lizzie, in a quarrel with her husband when she was pregnant for the second time, 'felt what was coming then' [i.e. she felt the symptom of a miscarriage] and said, 'There! you have killed this baby too!' This savage missile of rhetoric having again been thrown at Rossetti, Holman Hunt said that when Rossetti returned

home on the last night of Lizzie's life 'he found her lying on the bed dead with a paper on her breast to say that her life was so miserable that she wished for no more of it.' This account differs somewhat from what Miss Hunt remembers to have overheard when Madox Brown gossiped with her mother, and certainly one would naturally suppose that Rossetti was the first to see the message; while one can easily imagine that in a flurry of remorse, anxiety, hatred and reverence for the very substance of it, he surrendered it to the strong-minded friend whose solicitude for his reputation ceased after he was dead. One's common sense then accepts the message as fact. And one remembers that Rossetti's great friend from 1872 to 1882, Theodore Watts-Dunton, said he knew 'too much' to write a life of the painter-poet whom he nevertheless intensely admired.

No gesture of remorse is more famous than Rossetti's interment of his green book of poems in MS. in the coffin containing the dead body of his wife. Miss Hunt tells us that, before laying the book between her hair and her cheek, he remarked, 'I have often been working at these poems while she was ill and suffering, and I might have been attending to her, and now they shall go!' And Algernon Charles Swinburne saw them 'go.' What is one to think of this? Did Rossetti really believe that the time he spent in writing poetry was an offence against his wife? Surely his poetry was not a symbol of his offence and an appropriate sacrifice to her ghost. Did Swinburne, who in the 'sixties was admirably lucid in his virtuosity, say to himself as he saw the volume deposited, 'It is well. They are not quite first-rate, but lying there they will become masterpieces'? One does not know, but one perceives that a destructive movement should not originate from sentimentality but from rational condemnation. The elements accounting for Mrs Rossetti's suicide were adultery (all the worse as the conflicting pair were married in a church), illness and the physical distaste caused by it, and the superior conscientiousness of the wife in money matters. If Rossetti had kept his poems but had ceased to consort amorously with Fanny, there would have been no picturesque story concerning his remorse, no story of a virago throwing his blue Delft at his head, but thousands

of his pious admirers would have been pleased to observe that his wife's lamentable death had alienated him from her rival.

Irrational acts of renunciation are followed by repentance unless the power or wealth which they have nullified is negligible in the renouncer's subsequent prosperity. But Rossetti could not, by any literary efforts, exclude the nagging thought that his buried poems were too good to lose if legally recoverable. Hence on Oct. 10, 1869, the gift to the manes of his dead wife was taken back by the agents of the giver, the chief of whom, Charles Augustus Howell, is oddly stigmatised by Miss Hunt as 'the caitiff.' The question arises, Was not Rossetti in 1869 conscious, occultly perhaps, that no 'gesture' compatible with his philosophy of life, could re-establish sympathy between him and his discarnate Lizzie? It was only by the extremity of the prosaic that he could regain his poems, but there would be in his mind the idea that the original sacrificial gesture which was giving him so much trouble was not the gesture of an inspired penitent but of an actor extemporising drama. Howell & Co. might be more participant than he in the eerie and odious task of exhuming the dead to deprive her of a gift too precious for her. Rossetti might sit alone, thinking how awful it was to expose even to firelight the ruined features of his beautiful Guggums for the sake of a collection of poems deficient in that higher magic which brings music and meaning simultaneously into the mind of the hearer; but when one reads his brother's diary for Oct. 11, 1869 (the day after the exhumation), one cannot doubt that his business sense triumphed over his squeamishness.

'Gabriel called, and talked about his intended publication of poems in the Spring. He thinks it desirable to make sure of the reviewers as far as possible, and thinks he can count upon handsome notices in various reviews. His plan, therefore, would be to send the book first to two or three papers that he can count on . . . ; wait for the appearance of the critiques in these; and only then send the book to other papers. . . . This is 'skilful scheming.' (Only it was not scheming which brother William liked.)

When we consider the deeply, darkly meditative side of Rossetti, the danger of his see-saw between the

vulgar world of money and kudos and the planes of his inspirations and delusions is apparent. Every author likes to have good reviews, but very few authors would evolve a scheme for getting good reviews before a line of their work was in type. Behind this breezy talk with William, one senses a morbid anxiety that the ugly prosaicness of the exhumation shall be justified by literary glory, and that, basking in that glory, he shall feel virtuous in having taken back his poems. And here I may remark that the sacrifice to the dead wife was not to be annulled by merely dipping a hand into her coffin. Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Higgins, the granddaughter of Lydia Wheeler (née Siddall), sister of Mrs Rossetti, writes to me, in courteous response to my inquiry :

' I do not know who cut the hair from Mrs Rossetti's head after her exhumation. My grandmother used to show me a long strip of copper-coloured hair which she told me had been cut from her sister's head. She said it had grown round the poems, and that it had to be cut before they could open them.'

The potentiality of agents becomes obvious. One would expect a poet to hold a degree in physiology to be able to use the scissors in such circumstances. Unscientific romanticists all over the world would have said, ' Your sacrifice was accepted ; is tied to the altar where you laid it. Beware of sacrilege ! ' As with imagination's eye we see her pillaged coffin return to earth we hear the lyrical cry of one who lies

' empty of all love
Like beaten corn of grain.'

Since such was the manner in which the poems in Rossetti's volume, published in 1870, were made available for publication, the peculiar disturbance caused in him by Robert Buchanan's puritanical attack on his verses is perfectly comprehensible. It is no wonder that he felt mentally ill when he saw another poet comparing with an exhibition in the streets of the ' nuptial couch ' a sonnet idealising sexual union and expressing in a crescendo of rhetoric that highest form of it, where ecstasy is the sign and token of a divine event. On the lower plane of consciousness where he played about, women

were 'stunners' and phases of animalism amusing; but I agree with the late A. C. Benson when he says: 'It is difficult for English minds adequately to conceive the remote and dimly apprehended possibilities which for Rossetti lay behind material forms of beauty, and to gauge the depth of the secret of which hints were written in the precise forms of hands and lips and eyes.' That the face of his famous 'Beata Beatrix' is that of his wife seems to show that her significance and value were greater than she knew. As, after her death, we see the charm, the fun, the *bonhomie* of the man sinking under psychic persecution, see remorse biting him, eyesight failing him, but intellectuals still loving him, we feel that his tragedy is not eclipsed by his wife's. A black shadow rests against a blacker one—shapes and hues of woe, but not their shapes and hues in the Elysian fields of artists and lovers.

W. H. CHESSON.

Art. 8.—A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BARRISTER.

RECENTLY, by the generosity of the Pilgrim Trust, the mass of family manuscripts known as the North Papers has been secured to Oxford University and the nation, and will remain for all time in the safekeeping of the Bodleian ; an heirloom of great material and sentimental value, albeit the public has long been familiar with much of its contents. For these papers afford a more or less continuous record of the public and private life of a notable English family, covering not a generation or two but centuries of our history, and written for the most part by men of high character and education who, while playing their parts in public life and adorning the higher professions, did not disdain to chronicle small beer, nor fail to do so with humanity and humour. Records of the manners and usages of past times are, to many minds at least, as interesting as those of great historical events and have, moreover, this advantage, that they rest on surer ground, since they are not subject to the risks of distortion or colouring through the prejudices of the narrator, whether political or religious. From the fifteenth century onwards the Norths (of Kirtling, of Guilford, and of Wroxton) produced a notable number of men of light and leading. Among them have been more than one Roger ; of whom the Roger of the Restoration may not have been the most eminent of his name, but none of his name or family has shed more light on the social history of a generation. The present revival of interest in these family papers may induce readers to turn once more with zest to the most readable of the Norths.

No one would commend Roger North's writings as models of style or composition ; on the contrary, his meaning is often far from clear. There is, however, a fascination about them for which it is not easy to account in words, but which is in part due to the modesty which he shows when speaking about his own merits ; to his deep affection for the brothers whose memory his biography has done so much to perpetuate, and to his evident sincerity and freedom from exaggeration. It is mainly for these reasons that his autobiography and the biographies of Francis, Lord Guilford, and Sir Dudley North

will always be read with pleasure. The 'Examen,' although possibly containing material more valuable to a student of history, has much less charm and is, indeed, often tedious. It is beside the purpose of the present article to attempt a fresh review of these works as a whole. My object is the humbler one of recalling attention to the light they throw upon the manners and habits of Bench and Bar life of the period.

Roger North was one of fourteen children of Dudley, afterwards Lord, North by Anne, daughter of Sir Charles Montagu. He and his brothers and sisters appear to have been strictly brought up by the most admirable of mothers. Roger records as an exceptional circumstance worthy of note that as children they were not allowed strong drink. He adds, however, that they might drink small beer *ad libitum*, as often as they had a mind, to which end there was always a stone bottle kept for every one to resort to, into which the careful mother would, if occasion required, slip in slices of rhubarb and other medicinal herbs—no doubt by way of antidote. He was sent at an early age to an old clergyman in the neighbourhood, and he gives an amusing account of the life at this parsonage. The parson and his wife kept a maid, a ploughman and one team, the parish clerk and the parson himself working hard at the harvest and other farm labour. They and Roger lived simply, principally on bread and cheese. The work on the farm was mostly completed by noon, and then, he tells us, it was the custom of the parishioners to meet on the green until milking-time, the women and children to play at stool-ball and such running games as they knew, and the men at football. From there he went to Thetford Grammar School, at which place his passion for fruit led him to get into debt, so he informs us, to the not altogether formidable amount of 2s. 6d., which he cleared off 'by the expedient of old clothes,' and thereupon resolved never to get into debt again, a resolution which he seems to have kept. After an interval of year at home, during which time he read Molineux's 'Logic' with his father, he went to Cambridge for a year. His brother John was at that time a tutor there, but apparently gave him little assistance, and he laboured under the double disadvantage of having entered as a 'nobleman,' and getting from his parents

an inadequate allowance. He says that he often envied the common scholars for the joy they had at football, and lamented his own condition 'that was tied up by quality from mixing with them.' Apparently it would have been a degradation for the son of a peer to join in the games of the common scholars.

After an interval at home, he was admitted to the Middle Temple in 1669, at the age of sixteen. The probationary period necessary before a student acquired the right of practising at the Bar was much longer in those days than at present; seven years of exercises in some Inn of Court were required as a preliminary to being called, and then three additional years before the Barrister was allowed to practise in open Court. Indeed, the course of study which in those days was considered to be a necessary qualification for the right to practise at the Bar, would astonish the student of these days. Roger tells us that his brother Francis used to spend his mornings in the study of the Year Books, the greater part of which, from Henry VII downwards, he had read through; with which reading he used to intermix the current text books, 'taking a repast,' as Roger calls it, in Lyttelton, Stamford, Crompton, Coke's 'Pleas of the Crown,' 'Manwood on the Forest Law,' Fitzherbert's 'De Naturâ Brevium,' Breton, Bradon, Fleta, Fortescue and Heugham, transcribing important passages in commonplace books. Coke's 'Commentary upon Lyttelton' Francis thought unfavourably of, as tending to distract the student. After spending his day in thus acquiring knowledge he used in the evening, we are told, to discharge the day's acquirements upon his friends over a chop, dilating upon what he had read. He was renowned as a 'put case,' i.e. in putting legal problems to his acquaintances, and discussing with them the appropriate answers. Generally, it would seem that students for the Bar were more tolerant of legal 'shop' in those days than they are at present. After the great fire in the Temple we are told that Mr Attorney-General Finch was horrified at the proposal that the Temple Cloisters should be converted into Chambers, saying that it would deprive students of the place where they walked in the evening, and put cases.

In addition to the above voluntary course of study, students during their seven years' probation were required

to take frequent part in moots or mock actions and arguments upon legal points. These moots took place before readers selected by the Inns of Court, the students reciting the pleadings, and the case being then formally argued by the Barristers and Benchers, after which 'all parties return to the cupboard, where the moot-men present the Benchers with a cup of beer and a slice of bread.' Roger tells us that he duly performed all the exercises, although he admits that his course of study was not so laborious as that of his brother, and by favour he was called to the Bar in 1675, before the prescribed seven years had expired. All through these years (he tells us) he was hampered by an insufficient allowance from his father, who was in very straitened circumstances, but he eked out his income by 'court keeping'—i.e. presiding at the Manor Courts of his father and others, and he was assisted by the generosity of Francis, at that time a King's Counsel in large practice, and afterwards, in succession, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and, as Lord Guilford, Keeper of the Great Seal.

Until the Life of this eminent man appeared in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' the reading public had been accustomed to form their view of Lord Guilford's character from the description given of him by Macaulay, and from the life, or rather the libel, written about him by Lord Campbell. It would be difficult to find in any other works of grave historians more unjust treatment meted out to a public man. This treatment is the less excusable because practically all that is known about Lord Guilford's private character, and, with some few exceptions, of his public acts, is derived, as Lord Campbell acknowledges, from Roger's 'Biography,' and little was required from the historian but a fair treatment of that work. Of Campbell's 'Life' it is not unfairly stated by the writer in the 'D.N.B.' that 'there is not a more venomous piece of writing in all our literature.' It is not, however, possible within the compass of this article to discuss at any length the merits of the case; it suffices to repeat that this writer, whose impartiality and competence to deal with the subject is altogether beyond dispute, has done justice to the subject by fairly stating the facts connected with Lord Guilford's life; and

when they are rightly appreciated, it becomes clear that, while his public career was by no means deserving of censure, there are few, if any, public men of the period whose private character was more worthy of praise.

Roger is very modest concerning his own merits as a Barrister, and attributes his success to the assistance which he derived from his brother's reputation and position. He describes somewhat crudely the agony of nervousness which he felt when for the first time he was called upon to open pleadings. To hide his diffidence he says he put on a pert and confident forwardness, and, apparently to the end of his career, he declined business in the House of Lords as being too 'nice and exquisite' for him to meddle much with, and he even avoided solemn argument in the King's Bench, and discussion generally upon points of law, not thinking himself competent for such work. Whether he is right or wrong as to his abilities, there seems to be no doubt that his success if measured in money was considerable. At a time when, according to Macaulay, two thousand a year could hardly be made by private practice in the Court of King's Bench, Roger says that his practice—mostly in the Court of Chancery, during the time when his brother was Lord Keeper—brought him in during two successive years about 4000*l.* per annum. The greatest fee he ever had was twenty guineas, and he had scruples about taking anything so large, fearing that it might be construed to be a bribe to use his influence with his brother. Ten guineas with a big brief says, was extraordinary; five guineas in 'better sort of causes,' but two or three guineas in ordinary ones, and one guinea for motions and defences. At the time he is speaking of, he was a King's Counsel. There seems no doubt, in fact he admits, that Attorneys briefed him because of his relationship to, and intimacy with, Francis; but he asserts (and there seems no reason to doubt) that that intimacy was never unduly exercised in favour of his clients. With the exception of the law officers, the best paid advocate of the day appears to have been Sir John King, whose fees are stated to have amounted to 4700*l.* per annum, or, according to Echard, to 40*l.* or 50*l.* per term day. When the value of money in the time of Charles II is taken into account, and the shortness of the sittings

remembered, it is obvious that this must have represented a very large business. Roger states that, as Attorney-General, Guilford made 7000*l.* in one year. The fees were, of course, paid in cash, cheques not existing until long afterwards, and Guilford used to collect them in three skull-caps 'which he wore when he had leisure to observe his constitution'; one for the gold, another for crowns and half-crowns, and another for the smaller money. When the caps were full Roger tells us that he sorted them out for his brother, put them into bags and paid them in at his brother's bankers, Blanchard and Child, goldsmiths at Temple Bar, the predecessors of the well-known banking firm. The salary of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was 4000*l.* per annum.

Of the great fire which occurred in the Temple in 1678, of the difficulties which arose in reference to rebuilding the Chambers, and of how those difficulties were ultimately surmounted, Roger gives an amusing description. The fire was caused by a burning piece of 'sea coal' falling upon the floor in the Chambers of one Thornbury, of Pump Court, whence it caught the deal partitions between the rooms and the wainscoting. As a matter of course, however, in those days, it was generally attributed to the Jesuits. Owing to a hard frost no water was available, and the greater part of the Middle Temple, namely the part north of the Hall to the Strand, was consumed. Of the Inner Temple the Cloisters and part of Hare Court were burnt, and the Hall was blown up to prevent the fire spreading south. Then, and until much later, most Barristers lived in their Chambers, and consequently a great part of the Bar was rendered houseless. The question immediately arose as to how and by whom provision was to be made for rebuilding. According to Roger, relations at that time between Benchers and Bar were by no means harmonious. Down to the time of James I, it appears, the title of the Temple Inns of Court to the various Chambers in the Temple rested upon sufferance only, the land being vested in the Crown. Upon the accession of that monarch we are told that the greediness of the Scotsmen was so notorious that the lawyers feared they might procure a conveyance of the property to themselves, and the Benchers, therefore, as a precaution, obtained a legal

grant from the King to trustees for the use of the Societies. Not entirely to the content of the junior Barristers, then and afterwards, the Benchers assumed the entire control of the property and profits of their respective Inns, appropriating to themselves certain Chambers which the Benchers who owned them let at a profit, and claiming, as they still do, a right of perpetual succession by nominating the Benchers. But to this day it is not clear whether their title rested on any foundation but custom.

The more daring spirits among the junior Bar were in the habit of showing their discontent by forming a parliament among themselves, and opposing the rights assumed by the Benchers. Occasionally their opposition took the form of breaking windows and threatening to turn the pump on the Benchers. After the fire a great dispute arose between the latter and the owners of Chambers as to how and by whom the rebuilding was to be effected. Occupiers of Chambers then and up to our own day held them under no legal document, but simply by an 'admissus est' signed by the Treasurer. On payment of a fine this gave them formerly a right of occupation for life with, on further payment, a right to nominate a successor for another life, which Roger calls an assignment. After a great deal of squabbling and dissatisfaction on both sides it was agreed that each person who rebuilt his Chambers should in return have a life interest without fine, and two assignments upon paying a sum not exceeding 6*l*. This being settled the next question was as to how the rebuilding was to be effected. After an interval during which nothing could be agreed upon, the Treasurer of the Inn attempted to cut the Gordian knot by making a contract with a builder, his kinsman, who undertook to rebuild the ordinary Barristers' Chambers at an agreed rate per Chamber to be paid by the individual Barrister, and to rebuild those that were the perquisites of the Benchers without payment, in return for which he was to be entitled to build for his own profit upon the gardens and waste grounds of the Society. Foreseeing the outcry that such an arrangement would cause, the Treasurer then prudently left London, leaving instructions with his kinsman to begin operations, which he did accordingly, cutting down some of the trees. The Bar were, however, equal to the occasion, and a party, headed by owners of

unburnt Chambers whose ancient lights were affected, threatened to pump water on the workmen unless they immediately discontinued operations, which they did forthwith. In this way the Treasurer's scheme fell to the ground.

Finally, the difficulty was got over by the introduction upon the scene—self-introduction, so Roger says—of an extraordinary character named Barbon. This man was the son of Praise-God Barebones, of Rump Parliament renown. According to Roger, Praise-God was christened by the name of 'Unless-Jesus-Christ-had-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned,' which patronymic was abbreviated by the profane into 'damned Barbone.' The biographer of the 'D.N.B.,' however, is probably right in saying that it was Praise-God's brother who was so christened. Praise-God's son began life as a Doctor of Medicine, but subsequently turned his abilities to more profitable uses as a builder. Scorning to build upon a small scale, and finding that borrowing capital at 10 per cent. interest was expensive, he conducted his operations upon what Rogers calls credit, i.e. by taking large contracts and then habitually and deliberately refusing to meet his obligations or to carry out inconvenient agreements. When finally his creditors had recourse to the law, he delayed the proceedings as long as possible by applying to the Court of Chancery for injunctions, and finally made what terms he could with his creditors, who were by that time wearied out with the delays. Later on we come across him as a critic of Francis North when presiding in Chancery as Keeper of the Great Seal. Barbon complained that 'his Lordship had not sat long enough to be a good Chancery man,' because he declined in these circumstances to grant injunctions in his favour. Although such tactics may well be regarded as precarious, we are told that Barbon died a rich man. He succeeded in making terms for rebuilding the whole of the burnt Chambers, which satisfied both Benchers and occupiers, and proceeded some way with the contract, after which, true to his principles, he threw up the work, having no doubt received the contract price in advance, and the work was finally completed at the expense of the Inn. Roger amusingly relates how, as the material for rebuilding was brought upon the ground, each owner of burnt

premises clamoured to have them conveyed to his particular Chambers—quarrelling with the rest about it, and endeavouring to coerce the workmen. In the Autobiography is a print of the Entrance to Pump Court, from a sketch made by Roger, who was a competent draughtsman, which shows it exactly as it is at present.

Through the influence of his brother, Roger was appointed a King's Counsel in 1682, and shortly afterwards a Benchers. We do not learn that any difficulty was made in electing him a Benchers, although his standing at the Bar was unusually low; in the case of his brother, who was supposed to have obtained his silk by favour, he tells us that the Benchers of his Inn at first declined to admit him, until they were forced to do so by the Judges, who adopted the summary method of reproofing them whenever they appeared in Court, and finally declining to hear them as Counsel until they did so. Upon being made a Benchers, Roger set up his chariot. The Sergeants, who then and until long afterwards enjoyed the right of exclusive audience in the Court of Common Pleas, were aroused to indignation by a practice, which it appears Chief Justice North established (as they suggested, in Roger's interest), of hearing small interlocutory matters in the Treasury before proceeding into Court, and giving hearing to all Barristers as well as to Attorneys. There, Rogers tells us, he occasionally held a brief. The Sergeants showed their displeasure on a celebrated occasion by declining one and all to move in Court, in spite of the audible remonstrances of the Attorneys instructing them. When the Chief Justice learnt the cause of this, he became very angry and protested that unless they apologised and moved on the following day, he would throw the Court open to all Barristers and Attorneys. They were accordingly forced to make a humble apology in Court, upon which the Chief, after rating them soundly, called on the Senior Sergeant to move. This he did, but in a dolorous and lachrymose tone which he thought appropriate to express his repentance, upon which there was a general laugh in Court, in which one hopes the Judges joined, and the incident closed.

According to Roger, the lot of junior Barristers in Court was not a happy one. They had no seats provided for them, and were forced to conduct their business

standing upon the floor of Westminster Hall and among the crowd. During the time that Saunders, the learned author of Saunders' Reports, afterwards Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, practised at the Bar, their position was rendered even more unpleasant by his near neighbourhood, whom Roger describes as 'a fetid mass that offended his neighbours at the Bar in the sharpest degree.' This was due to continual sottishness, 'for to say nothing of brandy he was seldom without a pot of ale before his nose or near him.' On one occasion, upon the trial of an Excise cause, specimens of several kinds of spirits were handed round the Court as exhibits, but failed to pass Saunders, who drank them up, upon which there was a laugh in Court, and Chief Justice Hale called on Jeffreys, one of the Counsel, to go on with the evidence. 'My Lord, we are at a full-stop and can go no further.' 'What is the matter?' said the Chief. Jeffreys replied: 'Mr Saunders has drunk up all our evidence.' This jest, we are told, 'made no little diversion at the time.'

At the Bar, the spirit of practical joking seems to have been rife then as always. On one occasion an unfortunate junior Barrister was persuaded by his fellow Barristers that he had a right of pre-audience over the Attorney-General, and that if he would only insist upon it, it would bring him in 'God knows what.' This he accordingly did, desiring the Attorney-General in open Court to sit down and speak in his turn, to the amazement of everybody and the great anger of the Court. A joke on the same lines was, in the eighteenth century, played upon Boswell on Circuit when he joined the English Bar. He was found one night lying drunk in the street, and the next day his fellow Barristers gave him a mock brief with a fee marked, with instructions to move for the writ '*quare adhæsit pavimento*,' which he did. The Judge was all amazement, and protested, as well he might, that he had never heard of such a writ. The Court was in confusion until one of the jokers explained that it was poor Boswell who '*adhæsit pavimento*.' One doubts if nowadays a Judge would stand such practical joking in the face of the Court. From Roger's memoirs it would appear that to be drunk on occasion was the common condition of both Judges and leading Lawyers. Francis himself, who, his brother protests, was 'the most sober that ever

marched through the world,' once got drunk with the rest of the Counsel after dining at Colchester with the Recorder, Sir John Shaw, and fell off his horse into a pond and had to be put to bed. Roger confesses to having been drunk on two occasions: once when King's Counsel, after dining at Windsor Castle with the celebrated Chiffinch, Clerk of the Closet. He declares that Chiffinch dosed the wine, and that finding a difficulty in passing along the Castle terrace by the cliff, as a precaution he turned into the bushes by the side of the cliff and lay on the ground for six hours. At the time when this happened he held the post of Attorney-General to the Queen. Jeffreys, as is well known, was habitually drunk, and often used to come into Court in the morning without having slept off the effects.

Roger does not appear to have regularly joined any Circuit, but accompanied his brother when he was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas upon any Circuit which the latter went. This was usually the Western, but they went the Norfolk Circuit on one occasion, and on another the Northern. Once, when going the Western Circuit, they were entertained by the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton. Roger's description of the visit certainly justifies his assertion that the Duke lived in a princely manner, 'above any other in Europe except crowned heads.' His 'family,' including, of course, retainers, consisted of about two hundred persons and he kept nine tables every day; one for the chief steward with the gentlemen and pages, and one for the Duchess's chief woman with the gentlewomen, one for the master of the horse with the coachmen and liveries, one for the clerk of the kitchen with the bakers, brewers, etc., and so forth. Every morning the Duchess made an inspection of each office about the house to see that all was right, no fault of order being passed by. No servant in livery, we are told, waited at the Duke's table, but 'those called gentlemen' only. Soap and candles were made in the house, as well as all the beer, the malt being sun-dried upon the leads of the house. These were of great extent, with a lanthorn in the centre, from which there were fine views through an 'asterick of glades' cut in the Duke's and his neighbours' plantations. The amusements, we are told, were hunting deer in the park and inspecting the improvements and also

the gallery in which gentlewomen, employed by the Duchess, were at work upon embroidery and fringe-making for the beds of State. All the guests who chose to ride were mounted out of the Duke's stables. At 11.30, and again at 6, the bell rang to prayers, the company going into an aisle in the church, the Duke and Duchess being placed so that they could see if all the 'family' were there. Nothing could have been more princely, nor, one would think, more dull.

Roger gives a special account of his brother's progress upon the Northern Circuit, beginning at York and ending at Lancaster, and including the counties of Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland. In these latter counties there were then no winter Circuits, owing doubtless to the dangers which attended travelling. At Durham the Judge was splendidly entertained by the Bishop Palatine, in which county the legal writs then ran in the name of 'Our Sovereign Lord the Bishop.' The route from Newcastle to Carlisle was so endangered by the presence of lawless persons that on setting out the sheriff provided the cavalcade—which, according to Macaulay, besides the Judges and their retinue, included the Barristers and Attorneys—with a dagger, knife, pen-knife and fork 'all together.' The picturesque incident, described by Macaulay, of the whole body stopping to dine together under the shade of an immense oak tree, is not mentioned by Roger. In the circumstances it is not surprising to hear that the country was 'very sharp upon thieves, a violent suspicion there being next to conviction.' Once when North directed the acquittal of a man charged with horse-stealing, against whom the only evidence was that a horse was seen feeding upon the heath near his cottage, we are told that divers gentlemen much regretted it, saying that the man deserved to be hanged, and a Scots border-commissioner, sitting upon the Bench, made a long neck towards the Judge and said: 'My Laird, send him to huzz and yees neer see him meer.' The route from Newcastle to Carlisle was by way of Hexham, and because of 'the hideous road along by the Tyne, for the many and sharp turnings and perpetual precipices,' was passable only on horseback. The tenants of the several manors along the route were bound to guard the Judges through their precincts, but entirely

declined to go an inch beyond them. Beyond Hexham the road was better, but Roger makes it a grievance that there was no drink to be obtained en route 'beyond what the bounty of the skies afforded.' He was consoled, however, by the good ale and small beer at Carlisle. In Cumberland we hear that the tenants joined in a sort of confederacy to undermine the estates of the gentry by setting up a claim to tenant right in their holdings, and for a time juries always found in their favour, until the gentry determined to put a stop to it by themselves serving on common juries. The great feud between the Lowthers and Musgraves, whose domains nearly divided the county, was in full force when North went the Circuit, the point immediately in dispute being in whose domain Quarter Sessions should be held. North solved the difficulty by suggesting that the Sessions should be held by adjournment in a town within the domain of each.

When Francis North obtained the custody of the Seals, Roger confined his practice mainly to the Court of Chancery, and it was then that his fees assumed the large dimensions already described. He gives as one reason for the great number of Chancery causes, that upon a change in the custody of the Seals, multitudes of old and opulent causes came to be reheard 'for denier experiment,' the parties hoping to obtain better decrees than before, a circumstance which throws an unpleasant light upon the want of finality in the law at that date. For the same reason the number of causes, and consequently the amount of Roger's fees, soon decreased, and his great prosperity came to an end when Guilford died three years after his appointment as Lord Keeper. In the short period during which the latter held the Seals in the reign of James II, he entirely lost favour at Court, being supplanted by Jeffreys, who succeeded him.

Roger continued to practise until 1688, when he retired and lived at his country seat at Rougham in Norfolk until 1734, when he died. Neither the 'Examen,' the Autobiography, nor the Lives of the Norths were published in his lifetime. In 1696, at the age of forty-three, he had married the daughter of Sir Robert Sayer, by whom he had several children. He had entered Parliament as member for Dunwich in 1685. Although a strong Tory, he voted

against the dispensing power. He was commissioned by the House of Commons to draw a Bill for registering the titles to land throughout England, and a Memorandum setting forth the advantages of registration. He seems to have taken immense pains in the matter, getting reports of existing systems of registration from Holland, France, and Scotland. Having prepared his Bill and Memorandum he attended a Committee appointed by the House, all able men and 'very affectionate,' as he thought, to the cause. But he found, to his surprise, that they would not even hear the Bill read or look at his report, the reason (as he afterwards discovered) being that they were afraid that the King would name as registration officers persons popishly affected, and so that the papists would come to the knowledge of the titles by which all the lands in England were held. So he put his papers in his pocket, drank his glass, and left them. It would be interesting to know how much money, since wasted in investigating titles and in litigation, would have been saved if a scheme of registration had then been adopted.

Upon the whole, the general course of law proceedings and of the lives of the Judges and Barristers seems to have differed little in essentials from that of more modern times. It is true we hear of proceedings with which we are happily no longer familiar, but upon the whole the administration of justice between private suitors appears to have been impartial and in accordance with law.

Throughout the narrative, the strong attachment and affection which subsisted between Roger and his four brothers, Francis, Dudley, Montagu, and John, stands out in strong relief. Francis, says Roger, was 'the bond to the faggot, who kept them together and was the common father to them.' In another place he sums up their relations thus :

'I have here showed how a half-decayed family with a numerous brood and a worn-out estate, by the auspicious character of one child in ten [i.e. Francis] was re-edified, and all the rest lifted into the world with wonderful success ; and no one of the whole pack miscarried, or were not in all respects, the eldest excepted [i.e. Charles, who succeeded his father as Lord North], mutually helpful and assistant to each other ; and none of them tainted with any vice or dishonour, nor the

least form of difference, or feud found among them, but from the first to the last they maintained their fraternal amity and correspondence inviolable. I say (not derogating from the influence of a virtuous parentele) most of all these felicities were derived upon the patronage of his Lordship [i.e. Francis], who may justly be styled the "*Columen familiæ et fastigium domûs.*"

It is certain that during the whole of Roger's Bar life until his brother's death, he and Francis lived together and most harmoniously. Roger says that his meals, company, and pleasure, as well as his business, were at his brother's house; he was a witness of all his brother's removes and pastimes and never left him but in bed. When retiring to rest, 'commonly he would unbend himself with a song to my thorough-bass' (both brothers were enthusiastic and competent musicians). When Sir Dudley, the Turkey merchant, returned home he, for a time, took up his abode as a matter of course at his brother's house, and similarly Montagu, whom Dudley had taken into partnership, did so upon his return from a two years' imprisonment in France. John, the Cambridge don, suffering from a disease of the throat and tortured by Doctors who failed to understand his complaint, was equally at home there. Finally, when Francis retired to Wroxton, his country seat, to die, the brothers attended him, and cheerfully put up with his fancies and ill-humour, which then for the first time developed.

FRANCIS C. GORE.

Art. 9.—CHAMPAGNE.

1. *Au Pays de Champagne*. By C. Moreau-Berillon. L. Michaud, 1925.
2. *Wine and the Wine Lands of the World*. By Frank Hedges Butler. Fisher Unwin, 1926.
3. *Les Vins de France*. By Paul de Cassagnac. Hachette, 1927.

‘Drink thy wine with a merry heart.’—ECCLESIASTES ix. 7.

Two hundred and fifty years ago there lived and died, under the glorious reign of King Louis XIV, a certain Dom Perignon, cellarer in the Benedictine Monastery of Haut-Villers. And what of him? Little that I know of, except this one historic and immortal fact: that he invented the wine which we now call champagne from a blend of the grapes that are cultivated on the vine-clad hills beside the cities of Rheims and Epernay and the valley of the Marne. And that great gladdening event was celebrated on the morrow of St John’s day in June 1932, when a company of champagne growers and sellers and consumers from all parts of the world was invited to meet and do honour to the memory of one of whom certainly it can never be said that the good he did was interred with his bones.

It is true, of course, that wine from the Champagne district had been drunk *in situ* and appreciated from the earliest days of the Roman invasion. Bishop Rémy himself mentioned it in his will; and Pope Urbain, a native of Champagne, swore (if Popes do ever swear) by his Vin d’Aÿ. Had wine-merchants’ catalogues existed in those far-off days, they would certainly have mentioned that Pliny (Book VI) recommended champagne, and that among their more celebrated customers were the Emperor Charles V, King Henry VIII of England, Henri IV of France, and Sully. But Dom Perignon was the hero who discovered the secret of the best blends and the methods of fermentation whereby the sparkle and colour of champagne could be imprisoned in bottles that would thereafter be transported by the million to all quarters of the globe, instead of being reserved (in the words of Virgil) ‘for the tables of the great and the altars of the gods.’ It but adds to the human interest of this great monk-

cellarer to know that in his later years, though stricken with blindness, there was no palate like his, so discerning and so acute, to appraise the grapes from the different vineyards at the time of harvest and thus to decide the quality and the blend for a good champagne.

Wine, good wine, is drunk seriously in France. Even children are taught from their earliest youth to treat it, and the drinking of it, with respect. Not long ago I came across a book, published at the end of the seventeenth century, the only existing copy of which (so far as I know) is kept in the National Library in Paris. It is called 'Rôti-Cochon,' a school-book, a veritable ABC to the art of eating and drinking. From this little work children were taught, as regards wine :

'The grape has always been consecrated to God. Black and white grapes are used for the service of the Altar. They make glad the heart of man; they are the milk of his old age. They are the nectar of the dinner-table. Wine, when properly drunk, produces good health and good temper. But it destroys both when used to excess.'

And adults were enjoined, in the same spirit: 'Ne bois pas inutilement.' That precept, said an old connoisseur, should be engraved on every glass—to inculcate that we should not mix our wines unintelligently and confuse our palates, nor drink the wrong wine with the right dish, nor continue to drink when we have already imbibed as much as we can taste. For, he continues, 'to taste a wine properly, you should feel the sensation of the beauty of a peacock's tail expanding in the mouth, and that wonder cannot be indefinitely prolonged.' I am inclined to believe that such excellent advice, given to young and old for more than ten generations, explains why there is so little drunkenness in any grade of society in France, and especially in the wine-growing districts. So much for the respect due to wine in general.

As for champagne, 'le vin chantant,' I cannot discover that—apart from its general use as the wine of the district—there is any particular obligation or respect to be paid to it. It is one of those prophets that is given more homage outside than within the confines of its own country. Yet its place in the diner's protocol is definitely assigned to it. In 1804, and for many years afterwards,

the 'Almanach des Gourmands' was annually compiled by one Grimaud de la Reynière, who (in the 1825 edition), after enumerating all possible wines to be drunk in rigid rotation at a banquet, says of champagne: 'Then at last, *pour couronner l'œuvre*, comes champagne, sparkling in its goblet; to induce the guests, who by this time are full of good cheer, to indulge in brilliant sallies and the merriest of jests.' So light-hearted a function, so casually disposed of, is not the portion of any other important French vintage. I find that even a mellow bottle of Sauterne is described in more measured terms by a brocaded and ruffled amateur of the eighteenth century who, in an ecstasy of appreciation, exclaimed: 'C'est le bon Dieu qui descend en culotte de velours.' Why discrimination between champagne and other wines should exist (if indeed it does exist) I do not pretend to know; it may be because these old gourmets had great respect for the age of wine which, as one of them said, should be 'old but not senile'; whereas champagne, of course with exceptions, should be drunk when it is between eight and eighteen years in bottle—a mere child compared with the great Bordeaux—and cannot, therefore, be described in the high-sounding language in which the praises of claret and Burgundy have always been sung. As to establishing the actual date of seniority as between these great wines and champagne, there may never be any agreement as to that. The protagonists of the latter are content to rest upon the archives of the abbots of Epernay in the eleventh century who describe it as a wine 'purum, clarum et fromentatum,' made from the pure juice of a white and fruity grape. It was not until long afterwards that the Benedictines discovered the secret of making a white wine from a black grape, by pressing out the juice and immediately discarding the outer skin. That is now, as everybody knows, the ordinary process: champagne is made from a blend of four distinct kinds of grape: three of these are black and are grown between Rheims and Epernay, the fourth is white (Pinot blanc, or Pinot Chardonnay) and is found on the hill-sides of the forest of Epernay, facing east. According to the science and skill of the blend, so is the aspect of the wine. The colour is largely a matter of fashion and, therefore, changes from time to time, like

other fashions that we wot of. At present Epernay prides itself on the yellow-golden hue of its wine, a sort of clear amber colour. Rheims prefers a paler nuance: 'green-gold' may be the proper name for it. There has also been a passing craze for a pink champagne, of which a very little is made about once in every ten years by one or two firms to be sold in expensive restaurants or to fastidious amateurs. But the truth is that the colour has nothing to do with the bouquet of the wine; it represents no more than an optical preference which, where it exists, has to be recognised by the trade. For, indeed, to a certain extent colour does count for something in our enjoyment of whatever wine we may be drinking at the moment, be it a ruby Burgundy, a golden champagne, or a nut-brown sherry. And there is no æsthetic reason why our individual tints should not be considered as much as our tastes. But there is one thing that the true amateur cannot abide, a fashion born in Bohemia which spells anathema to his soul. It is the practice, so prevalent in Germany, of drinking wine out of coloured glasses; and I subscribe to the French dictum that 'Le verre de couleur est né dans les pays où le goût n'est pas don du ciel.' It had been well if such tinted cups had never been born and if, even now, they could all be collected and broken on the wheel. In my experience they procure two fatal mischiefs: they deaden the taste, like pewter; and they rob one's emotions of the 'caresse du regard'—an added pleasure to the enjoyment of wine. There is, I think, only one sound rule in respect of wine-glasses, whether to hold brandy, Burgundy, or champagne. It is that 'on boit les bons vins dans les grands verres,' and we must relegate to the limbo of forgotten things those shallow saucer-like champagne glasses, balanced on their hollow stems (*flûtes*), which prevent the aroma from reaching the palate and which, worse still, never hold enough. They may have been all very well, though I doubt it, in the days of our French and English great-grandfathers, when champagne was a new and rather curious beverage to be sipped at dessert; but, now that it is customary to drink it from the beginning of dinner to the end, let us see to it that the glasses are worthy of it, and of the toast, 'May we never want wine nor a friend to share it.' To this another toast might be

added: the toast of Rheims and Epernay, the home of the 'vin chantant,' so cruelly devastated during the war when 40 per cent. of the vineyards were destroyed:

'Buvez! dans le vin d'or où passe un reflet rose
Laissez plus longuement vos lèvres se poser
En pensant qu'ils sont morts où la grappe est éclosé,
Et ce sera pour eux comme un pieux baiser.'

(Seeger—Rivoire.)

It speaks worlds for the energy and determination of the Champennois that no sooner was the Armistice declared at the end of 1918 than all classes set to work with an indomitable will to put their houses in order; with the result that in 1920 a harvest of no less than seven million gallons was garnered; a marvellous effort if we remember that between 1900 and 1913 the average annual output was not more than ten million gallons in that era of prosperity and peace.

Those days of war were vividly recalled to my memory when I revisited Rheims last June, for the first time since I had left it, during the bombardment, mutilated and in flames. And these memories were heightened by the fact that I enjoyed the hospitality on this later occasion of friends living in a charming house whose interior had been ruined and whose façade was still heavily shell-pocked from attic to basement. Bismarck had lived in it in 1870, and the German General Staff made it headquarters in September 1914; but it was none the less vulnerable in the subsequent years on that account. It will readily be imagined that our conversation on that calm summer evening was largely devoted to reminiscences of those bad old days when Rheims and its great houses and its beautiful Cathedral lay dying of the wounds received during a four years' assault from land and air, and to somewhat nervous forecasts of the future. In the night a storm blew up and, as the thunder broke over the house and forked lightning flashed through my curtained windows, I dreamed, half-waking, that I was in the midst of war turmoil once again. Not a very propitious opening for the great day of festival to which I made reference at the beginning of this paper; the day when a great con-course of wine-lovers from far and near were invited by the Mayors of Rheims, Epernay, and Haut-Villers 'to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the discovery of the

Wine of Champagne.' The storm lasted until nearly midday, and everybody was wondering whether the seven aeroplanes with seventy passengers from England would arrive in time. However, all doubt was happily set at rest when this aerial fleet appeared in the sky, having circumvented the storm; and its occupants presented themselves in an incredibly short time afterwards to take part in the 'Vin d'Honneur' at the City Hall, the opening function of the day. It was a gay sight: the central hall crowded with high ecclesiastics in their robes, generals and prefects in uniform, the 'Queens' of the different champagne districts in national dress, and selected employés of the principal houses in long overalls of a homely blue. Speeches followed and toasts were drunk in the wine of the country, after which we all dispersed in charabancs and motors to the hamlet of Haut-Villers, the scene and centre of the celebration. By this time the storm had passed and the sun shone brightly on our pilgrimage, over hill and dale beautifully wooded, to our destination—a little village on an eminence overlooking the river Marne. At the gates of the Abbey we found the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims and two other Bishops in purple and scarlet at the head of a collection of twenty men, each carrying an effigy of the patron saint of the vineyards on the top of a long pole called the 'bâton de St Vincent.' These statuettes of the Saint, carved in wood, and some of them of great beauty, dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were framed in open lanterns of delicate design and were borne in procession as wands of office before the high dignitaries of the Church into the Abbey grounds. A luncheon followed—a feast at which some six hundred guests were seated at long tables each holding eleven persons and ranged the whole length of a grassy terrace and shaded by an avenue of beech trees which met above our heads. No setting could have been more sumptuous or more comfortable; and the banquet was worthy of the setting. The menu was a comparatively short one, composed of local delicacies marvellously cooked; but the succession of brands of champagne presented to us was bewildering in its variety. At the risk of wearying an ascetic reader, I must catalogue them at length; for never again shall I find myself in such distinguished company. I should mention that each

guest was provided with three small tumblers which had to do duty for all the wines. After a sip or two of one brand, the remainder of the contents was emptied on to the grass beneath our feet, and the glass was speedily refilled from a bottle of a different growth. The wines were given to us in the following order : Pommery, 1923 ; Clicquot, 1923 ; St Marceau, 1921 ; Moët, 1923 ; Perrier Jouët, 1921 ; Delbeck, 1923 ; Billecard Salmon, 1926 ; Napoleon Vertus, 1926 ; Pol Roger, 1921 ; Ch. Heidseck, 1921 ; Roederer, 1923 ; Cordon Rouge, 1921 ; Ruinart, 1923.

I shall not be far wrong if I guess that, with very few exceptions, every guest tasted of all these delicious vintages ; nor if I assert that no one rose from those tables a less sober man than when he sat down. There were some extremely good speeches from hosts and guests alike, all praising the wine of Champagne in general and Dom Perignon in particular, amid a scene of such friendly gaiety and enthusiasm that we all felt able, for the moment at least, to subscribe to the concluding words of the last speech : ' Sir, we feel, in parting with you, that you have dissolved the financial crisis in this great wine of France.' Alas, for the proverb 'In vino veritas' ! Then, to the strains of a military band and of a fanfare from the *cors-de-chasse*, cunningly hidden in the woods at a discreet distance, we adjourned to pay our corporate homage to Dom Perignon. The Archbishop led the way to the outer wall of the ancient Abbey church and there unveiled, amid great cheering, a charming marble plaque showing the famous cellarer in a characteristic attitude. He then invited the Marchioness of Londonderry to christen it (though that was not the word he used) by throwing a full bottle of wine at this memorial. Her task duly accomplished, the wine flowed round the feet of its inventor, and three notable chips in the marble were left to mark the aim, the occasion, and the man. A *fête champêtre* followed this little ceremony, and we were regaled with performances of old-fashioned music and delightful country dances in costume, executed upon a platform erected before a background of hill and trees and crystal brooks that reminded one of the pictures of Perugino.

One duty, however, remained and was incumbent

upon those of us who wanted to know more of Dom Perignon and to pay a further tribute of respect to his memory ; it was to visit his tomb within the old church of the Abbey, which was founded in A.D. 650 by St Nivard, Archbishop of Rheims. Of the Abbey only the church now remains, and its fine restoration dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century. Since the Revolution in 1790 no monks have been allowed to reside there, but we were fortunate to find a clever and delightful curé in charge, who talked to us of Dom Perignon as though he were still alive. We were to remember that he was exactly coeval with King Louis XIV—they were born and died in the same years. He told us that the priest whose memory and fame we were celebrating took orders at Verdun in 1658 and, ten years later, was transferred to this Abbey of Haut-Villers and given the title of 'Cellarer.' But the care of wine was by no means his only duty ; he was far too valuable a man for that : in due course he became financial adviser to the Abbot, a position which entailed the buying and selling of provisions, the supervision of his territorial possessions, the charge of his buildings and his principal Almoner. A great man, indeed, whose reputation does not entirely rest upon his genius for tasting grapes and blending them to make champagne. For close on fifty years he performed his various abbatial duties, and died, a blind old man beloved of all, at the ripe age of seventy-seven. In the crypt of the church that he served so well he lies buried, and a simple tablet is let into the floor of the nave before the high altar with an inscription bearing testimony to his many virtues. 'Requiescat in pace' : a good Catholic, no doubt ; a good administrator, and a fine judge of the juice of the grape. Strange, is it not, that, generally speaking, had it not been for the various Orders in the Catholic Church, the principal vineyards, in France at any rate, would never have been planted or tended or brought to fruition ? That is certainly true of the vineyards of Bordeaux and of Champagne, whose vines were imported from Rome in the third century A.D. to replace those destroyed by the edict of Domitian two hundred years earlier. These were placed in charge of the monasteries of the day, and under their care most of the vineyards rose to prosperity. Originally they were devoted,

I cannot ascertain why, to the protection of St John the Baptist, upon whose name-day (June 24) most of the vintners of France and some in Germany hold high festival. St Vincent is, as I have already said, the local patron saint of the vineyards, so they are well looked after. In this connection I sometimes wonder, when we ask for a glass of 'Chartreuse' or of 'Benedictine' after dinner, how often we think of the monastic Orders who have taken such care of our welfare both in this world and the next. Yet I doubt whether the fact of this highly respectable patronage counts for much in the minds of those sad persons who hold wine-drinking, however moderate, to be wrong; they are not in the least affected by the knowledge that in the Bible itself wine receives favourable mention as a beverage no less than one hundred and fifty-five times—a figure which I have not personally verified, but which is given with authority in the pages of Mr Hedges Butler's book. We happier souls do recognise, however, that wine makes glad the heart of man; and of many foreign governments too, which derive no little benefit from the import duties that they impose—thus creating a burden on the industry which (in the words of the famous Dunning resolution) 'has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.'

A wise man, whose name escapes me, is reported to have exclaimed at the appropriate moment: 'Happy is the nation that has no history.' That may or may not be true of nations: it is certainly not true of wine, whose past history and traditions are not the least fascinating features of its study. These I have already dwelt on sufficiently to indicate that for hundreds of years past the cultivation of the grape and the manufacture of wine have been staple industries in various regions of France, and have been part and parcel of the lives of succeeding generations who look for no other means of livelihood for their families or themselves. In the Champagne area they are, in the main, peasant proprietors, some 20,000 of them, who own the vineyards * between the mountain of Rheims and the valley of the Marne, and who tend them with infinite pride and labour from February to October in every year. In February they start work by pruning

* Seven or eight of the largest champagne manufacturers have important vineyards of their own, all situated in the best *crûs*.

the old wood in order to prepare the plant for the new sprout. This essential preliminary is generally performed by the women, who cut off the branches that carried the fruit in the previous year, leaving to each plant only one branch, and that is cut short. During the whole period of growth an anxious inspection of the plants is carried on, and a careful powdering with sulphur or spraying with a mixture containing sulphate of copper is applied to protect the vines against their chief enemies, oïdium, cochylis, pyrale, and mildew; whilst scientific methods of grafting French vines on to American stocks are now successfully adopted to combat the Phylloxera disease, whose ravages used to be feared quite as much as any other.

Spring and summer pass: if the vines have escaped disease and frost and drought and heavy rains the growers are well content. New shoots rear up around their props; broad vine leaves appear, and beneath them clusters of pale green grapes, which change in colour as the season advances, to pink and then to purple in the case of black grapes, or to a delicate golden hue on the white vines. Then, usually in the latter end of September, the fruit is ripened, the harvest is ready, and the whole population eagerly awaits the order that the in-gathering may proceed. This year the *vendange* was not ready until the second week in October, and I was privileged to be in the district at that time and so to see something of it. I followed the fortunes of one important firm, and will now try to give my impressions of its processes as being typical in general outline of all the others. In the first place, the actual grape-gathering is done for the most part by gangs of labourers imported from outside the district for the harvest season. Year after year the same gangs arrive to pick in the same vineyards. The numbers vary according to the work that there is to be done. This year, for example, for a variety of reasons, the firm whose processes I was watching only employed about 1200 extra hands; whereas in 1929, when there was less prohibition, lower duties, fewer luxury taxes, and very little disease, their harvesters numbered something like 3600. These people come from the Ardennes district and also from the mining centres between Metz and Verdun; on the whole a drab, dour, colourless lot, sadly

lacking in the gaiety of dress and demeanour which is such a pleasant feature at the *vendanges* in the vineyards of the Médoc country. But these latter cannot be compared for beauty with the vineyards of Champagne, which are not planted in the plains but decorate with an infinite variety of hues the slopes of the forest-crowned hills which adorn the landscape. It is among these many-tinted slopes that the harvesters work from sunrise till sunset for a fortnight or three weeks in the autumn. They are lodged and fed by their employers, and they receive a daily wage which varies from between seven francs for children over ten years old to fifteen francs for adults. Women and children form the main band that is cutting the grapes from the branches and placing them tenderly in the baskets with which they are each provided. Young, able-bodied men receive the contents of these when they are filled and pour them into much larger baskets, which it takes two to carry down to the road where a waggon or a tumbril, drawn by a team of magnificent horses from the Ardennes, is waiting to transport them to the house of the wine-presses where the juice is extracted from the grape. This establishment—there are many of them erected by the great proprietors to serve their far-flung vineyards—is a great structure built to receive the grapes and to hold a number of *pressoirs*, each of which can contain, in rough figures, four tons of grapes which, under hydraulic pressure, will produce two thousand bottles of wine. Here there is great activity: the waggons are unloaded, the baskets are carefully docketed and weighed, and the contents are flung into an enormous wooden *crêche* (called a *cage*), upon which descends the heavy lid which will squeeze the life-blood out of the grapes. We see it oozing out into the surrounding gutters which lead it into a vat on the floor below; thence it is taken in lorries to the great cellars in Rheims or Epernay to await fermentation, clarification, and other processes before it is bottled, to ferment once more and so achieve the sparkle that is inseparable from the name of champagne.

At this point, I confess that when I saw these long lines of *pressoirs*, like instruments of mediæval torture, waiting for their tender and unoffending victims, I felt (in the words of W. S. Gilbert) 'a sentimental passion of a

vegetable fashion' for the unfortunate grape-skin. Crushed in one of these powerful machines to produce the first-fruits (or *cuvée*), it is then subjected to a second and similar operation whose issue is the *première taille* of a juice only a little inferior to that of the *cuvée*; then follows a third application of the press upon the poor grape-skin, which, under such constraint, exudes the *deuxième taille*, of a distinctly inferior quality. But its sufferings are not yet at an end. What is left of the skins (now pressed into a hard cake) is thrown into another vat and there subjected to even higher pressure, to drain the last drop of fluid from the uncomplaining cuticle; the result is, as might be expected, a reluctant and turgid substance known as *la rebêche*, which is used by vine growers and their families as a coarse drink to be mixed with water. One might have hoped that the residuum of grape left after this final turn of the screw would have been put aside for decent burial. It stands out in the yard, mixed up with desiccated stalks and pips, etc., looking more like a tidy manure heap than anything else. But, not at all. This huge *gâteau* is sold, I imagine fairly cheaply, to various firms who have hearts hard enough to distil it and to make a potent but not very palatable liqueur called Marc from this unpromising-looking mass. That done, it reaches the last stage in its chequered existence—which is to be used as a fertiliser for the ground or as delicate food for farmyard poultry. 'Sic transit. . . .'

But enough of such sentimental and unprofitable reflections. Let us now follow the motor lorries, heavily laden with huge barrels containing the grape-juice, to the cellars at Rheims, perhaps thirty kilometres away from the vineyards. We drive over excellent country roads, amid delightful scenery, from Verzenay or Verzy—the homes *par excellence* of the best black grapes—or round by Bouzy, to see the modest dwelling of Veuve Clicquot * (the famous 'Widow,' as we used to call her in the merry and unregenerate days of our youth) through the Aÿ country and so, skirting Epernay, by way of the forest of Rheims back to the cathedral city. Or we may be coming from the South; from Cramant, Avize, Oger, or

* A popular music-hall song in the 'Eighties was 'Clic-quot, Clic-quot, that's the wine for me,' set to the tune of 'Funiculi, Funicula.'

Le Mesnil, where all the best white grapes flourish, and where the hills are clad in jade-green attire, instead of in the scarlet or purple or russet leaves which paint the slopes on the northern side of the Marne. In that case we shall pass through the flourishing town of Epernay, and reach our destination by another route. At our journey's end we find the lorries already arrived and discharging their precious cargo into vast warehouses known as '*celliers*,' built over the cellars, where the wine can be kept at a temperature high enough to favour the fermentation. Thence we descend by lifts into the cellars, ninety feet below ground, the most enormous catacombs that one can conceive. The '*caves*' which I visited gave me an impression of immensity and impregnability which will last for a lifetime.

This particular cellar or '*cave*' occupies twenty-eight acres of ground, about three times the size of Belgrave Square. It is capable of holding some twelve million bottles of wine at the same time, and is installed with twenty-five miles of wiring to provide electric light for the quite endless avenues and passages and bays by which it is honeycombed. My informant told me that, in the old days, all the lighting was done by candles, at a cost of 40,000 gold francs a year. It is not until one has seen with one's own eyes the diverse and delicate operations through which a barrel of grape juice must pass until it is transformed into a consignment of champagne that one realises why it is that this wine costs so much to produce and therefore figures so prominently in our dinner bill at a restaurant. Little or nothing can be done by machinery or labour-saving devices; everything depends upon the skill of the human hand and eye and taste. The processes of fermentation and clarification in their separate seasons must be carefully watched; the blending of the grapes to suit the palates of many different classes of customers is the work of individual experts whose responsibility is perhaps the heaviest of all. Bottling occupies a large number of men—and the makers of bottles have no small part to play in the business: their bottles must be strong enough to withstand the resistance of ordinary fermentation, and they must be of a transparency which will allow the expert eye to examine the contents with accuracy many a time before they are poured into our

glasses. It is a curious tradition, in this connection, that new bottles must never be exposed to the beams of the moon, which are believed to alter their colour and to increase their friability. Imagine the work involved in this one item of scrutinising the wine in each of three million bottles a year! Then the corking, with special corks grown in Spain, and the re-corking after the original cork is expelled from the bottle bearing the sediment with it; the stacking into gigantic bins that hold 250,000 bottles, and so on, *ad infinitum*. And all this is carried out down in the bowels of the earth, in caves hollowed out from the chalk originally by the ancient Romans and extended in recent times by more modern forms of excavation. It is estimated that at Rheims about five thousand persons are employed on this work, out of a total population of some 250,000 people in the Champagne region who are engaged, directly or indirectly, in the growing and production of wine.

So far as I could see in the course of a leisurely visit, there is a fine family spirit prevailing through all ranks and grades of this important industry. On the surface of the 'caves' to which I have just referred (and which were used as communication trenches to the front line during the War) there are good houses for the principal employés and a great number of vegetable plots for the ordinary 'hands,' whose health is carefully looked after by a matron in charge of the 'social services' of the firm. In the country districts the well-being of the harvesters is no less well superintended; they are served with hot coffee and bread before they leave the dormitories for their work at sunrise, and they take with them a ration of bread and sausage and cheese for breakfast at eight o'clock. Their dinner, a substantial meal of stew, is brought to them in the vineyard, and on their return they find a supper of steaming *pot-au-feu* to nourish them before they retire to bed. All said and done, it is not a bad or unprofitable holiday for these grape-getting gangs: reasonable wages, board and lodging found, and all travelling expenses into the bargain. And, to prove that they appreciate the treatment which they receive, there is evidence to show that, from generation to generation, the same families look forward from year to year to this agreeable employment during the autumn months.

Somewhere our poet W. E. Henley wrote of wine : ' I am Health, I am Heart, I am Life.' This is the real belief of the wine industry and keeps it keen and optimistic even through a series of depressing years. I cannot conclude this paper with better testimony to the faith that is in them than by repeating a story that was told me in one of the overseers' cottages where I happened to be having a midday meal during my visit to Champagne. I heard it from the lips of a lady to whom it was recounted by the principal actor in the proceedings. An old agent in the district died ; his funeral was to take place on the following day and, as usual, vigil was kept all night by his friends. He was laid out in his best upon the bier, two lighted tapers at his head and two at his feet. A couple of old cronies knelt beside him through the dead of night, saying their prayers. At last one said to the other : ' Ah, what good times we two have had together in this room drinking with our dear old friend. Do you think it would be a sin if we got a bottle from the cellar now and drank a glass to his memory ? ' ' No,' replied the other, ' I think it is only due to him.' So a bottle of champagne was found and uncorked. When, suddenly, something like the spirit of remorse descended upon them both, and the one said, ' But how can we drink together here without him ? Might we not persuade him even now to join us ? ' They agreed, and poured a little wine into the mouth of the deceased. In a few minutes the corpse stirred, the body revived, the spirit returned—and there was no funeral. Within a few months the sick man was entirely restored to health, married, and in due time was presented with a son. He lived for ten years afterwards and, as I say, told the story to the lady who repeated it to me.

Such, from first to last, is the story of champagne, a record which deserves well of the human race. Let us hope that ere long its merits may be universally recognised and rewarded ; that the many disabilities under which it now labours may be removed ; and that all who live by its production, who thrive on its prosperity, and who enjoy its vintages may soon be able to join in a song of praise and thanksgiving to Dom Perignon and the ' vin chantant ' of Champagne.

IAN MALCOLM.

Art. 10.—ARMAMENTS AND BRITISH PRESTIGE.

'I REMEMBER, during the late War, when the country was within a few weeks of starvation.' And who so competent to judge as Mr Lloyd George, who flung out the fact so casually to the House of Commons? He was urging the settlement on the land of half a million men as an economic coup. For was not our food-supply 'a branch of the National Defence'? Starvation? How unreal it looms now; a crisis of shameful surrender, with the break-up of Empire involved in it and the stark rise of a new Conqueror to speak laws unto all, and vindicate the Von Moltke creed: 'Der ewige Friede ist ein Traum—und nicht einmal ein schöner—und der Krieg ein Glied in Gottes Weltordnung.' That is Germany's creed to-day. And it does seem to embody an eternal truth about 'that fighting instinct' of human nature upon which Mr Baldwin preached a thrilling sermon in Parliament.

Yet how many of our people recall those April days of 1917? Even the Admiralty was at its wits' end to stave off Britain's impending doom. For 'unthinkable' enemy action had set aside the 'nice tourney rules' which a former League of Nations had framed at the Hague in 1899 and 1907. Our sea-borne commerce was being smashed at a rate that neared a million tons a month. Defeat and collapse were upon these islands as they never were in the Spanish menace of Tudor times. But '1917' is now only a date. Of late years we have frowned upon measures of security by sea and land and air—where we now take fifth place, although London could be destroyed in a night. They were thought indecorous in view of what Sir Herbert Samuel calls 'the public opinion of mankind': it might be President Wilson speaking—before that luckless visionary was broken in disgrace. 'The Times,' too, could rebuke our noble Ally for building the 'Dunkerque,' though it is twenty years since France laid down a capital ship. So has our own time of terror receded in editorial minds, even when the Italian student is by his Dictator bidden to balance a book in the one hand with a rifle in the other! How readily do we dry our tragedy tears, as sad poets remind us, from Théophile Gautier back to the heroic Pindar—

'But when the prosperous hour returns,
O'er woes long wept, Oblivion softly lays
Her shadowy veil !'

While Mr Lloyd George was pressing his case for more men on the land, instead of on the Dole (which he figured up to 400,000,000*l.*!), our clubs and salons fairly buzzed with the new Laws of Bridge. Had not 'The Times' itself sprung these upon us with much ostent, as the sum of a cardboard statecraft which had spent three anxious years in secret conclave over the dynamics of a Grand Slam, and the penalties of non-vulnerable players? And after all—as our responsive people seemed to yawn—the Goethe-rule of life was a sound one: to efface all traces of horror and pain, as Nature herself has done—even on Vimy Ridge, in the dread Triangle behind Arras, and along that evil trail from Thiépval to Beaumont Hamel? It was there in high summer that I saw fat cows munching lucerne in a shady place. Laughing children played hide-and-seek amid the rag-wort and ox-eye daisies; and hip-high corn swayed drowsily where our murderous line used to run. All was tranquil in those Fields of Blood where, in fierce yester-years, the course of human history swung and swayed like a roulette-ball above the pockets of an epic Wheel of Fate. 'I will never be able to understand,' mused the late Chief of our Imperial Staff, 'why Germany did not win the Great War. . . .' Prim and green also were those miles of our War Graves which I surveyed in France! Yet those endless crosses were to me loud with protest above the hot September hum. I seemed to hear lines from the 'Helen' of Euripides: the famous taunt, alike to Greeks and Phrygians, that all had died on Scamander's banks—'for a phantom!' And then again I could hear that same Lloyd George wailing amid the tramp and thunders of enormous tragedy: 'Too late in moving here! Too late in arriving there! Too late in coming to this decision! Too late in starting that enterprise! In this War, our footsteps have been dogged by the mocking spectre of "Too Late." And unless we quicken our movements, damnation will fall upon the sacred Cause for which so much gallant blood has flowed!' Is there no lesson here? Or are we to hold—like Henry Ford, of Detroit—that 'History is only bunk'?

We have made haste to lay down our arms, with a sort of mindless zest, and that in a world of new clamour and claims, from Ireland to India, and from Poland to Far Asia. Britain's Prime Minister sat on a log with America's President, up there in the Virginia hills by the Rapidan trout-pools. And the simple talk of two simple men was of the iniquity of naval tons and guns, of giant tanks and air-craft—in fine, of all the saving tools which in 1917 did indeed stave off 'damnation' and defeat, alike from this Kingdom and a helpless United States which, even after declaring War, could wage no War, but had to lapse as a passive 'reservoir' of supplies for the fighting Allies. The result of that parley in Mr Hoover's fishing-camp can be followed in the single record of our 'Queen Elizabeth.' Her keel was laid so far back as 1912. Under the Washington Treaty of 1921-22 (which the Senate that broke Wilson forced his successor, Warren Harding, to negotiate), we were to be 'allowed' two new capital ships. These were to be laid down last year, and one was to replace the 'Queen Elizabeth.' But owing to the London Treaty—an outcome of those Hoover-MacDonald talks—this replacement was cancelled, and our Navy's decline continued as a high example, to be duly noted by others—and by them all ignored!

The same foreign fetters clog our other naval units, from cruisers and aircraft carriers to submarines. Meanwhile, we have 85,000 miles of sea to police if the Empire is to survive at all; one-fourth of the earth's land surface and some 500,000,000 of its people, including every known colour and creed and degree of civilisation. How long is this sheepish meekness to endure in the face of all Cassandra-warnings? Already we have seen one 'renouncer of War' waging fierce war upon a helpless neighbour, and the League of Nations' moral sway scouted by the *Interessenpolitik* of a Japan that follows the old Bismarckian lines of 'self-defence' and sharply rejects the judgment of outsiders. In his recent work on 'Imperial Defence,' Admiral Sir W. B. Richmond utters the usual *caveat*. But none of our statesmen will heed him till the furnace of War blazes up again, and flesh and blood is flung into it in the usual panic of 'attrition,' so that human cannon-food pays the Judas-price of political betrayal, as in 1914-15.

All that is forgotten. So also is the frightful wastage of British lives due to our lack of munitions of war. Six months after the first German onset we find our pacifist Chancellor with an inkling of the truth about machine-guns, high-explosive shells, and the rest. To his own people in Bangor Mr Lloyd George revealed his discovery: 'We need arms more than men, and delay in producing them is full of peril for this country.' Our 'men' paid with their lives and limbs for neglect of a menace which had glared at us for years. On the other hand, our enemy left nothing to chance. He was geared for a war of conquest, with science and industry in grim union with his *Kriegs-Amt* in Berlin. What he did at sea (with mines as well as submarines) we know to our terror and cost. On land he sprung upon us the flame-thrower, and that lethal gas from which a lady-like British Cabinet had recoiled in horror when Lord Dundonald proposed it for use in the Siege of Sebastopol. If I harp upon those Four Years, it is because that War surpassed all others in man-killing and money-cost, as well as in geographical range. Moreover, it is credibly argued that the millions of dead, the tens of millions maimed in that World War, need not have suffered at all if Britain had been ready for the challenge of 1914, and had declared her policy before it came. Looking back, one finds shilly-shally in feeble libration, with he-man speech of to-day smothered by lady-like 'Fie's!' on a morrow of melting purpose. As Chancellor in 1909, Mr Lloyd George scouted the idea of any German danger. So why fritter money on 'gigantic flotillas to encounter mythical armadas'? Two years later he sang a different tune at the Mansion House over the pounce of the German 'Panther' on the Moorish port of Agadir:—

'I would make great sacrifices (he said) to preserve peace. . . . But if a situation were to be forced upon us in which peace could only be preserved by the surrender of the great and beneficent position which Britain has won by centuries of heroism and achievement—by allowing Britain to be treated, when her interests were vitally affected, as if she were of no account in the Cabinet of Nations—then I say emphatically that peace at that price would be a humiliation intolerable for a great country like ours to endure. . . .'

Here were brave words of the true Pitt and Castlereagh ring. But paltry shadows—even 'Votes for Women'!—soon blotted them out. For on Jan. 1, 1914, he can still decry the 'organised insanity' of armaments. Were not our relations with Germany 'infinitely' more friendly than before? That fateful year finds all our blind guides in cheery chorus. Lord Loreburn was sure that: 'Time would show the Germans had no aggressive intentions. . . . Then foolish people will cease to talk of a War between us, which will never take place. . . .'!

So went the lulling of our own 'foolish people' while a tornado of blood and havoc was piling up to overwhelm the world. Even our present Foreign Minister—and chief 'Disarming' emissary at Geneva—could purr of Peace in that ghastly year when the 'Unthinkable' War fell upon us—through a pistol-shot in Sarajevo! 'The fellow-countrymen of Shakespeare and Milton,' Sir John Simon insisted, 'could not look askance on the fellow-countrymen of Goethe and Schiller.' And again: 'Those who had the traditions of Wycliffe and Wesley had no grounds of quarrel with the descendants of Luther'! We hear the same smooth things to-day in a snarling and restless era, when man-killing devices and hidden ways of conquest are immeasurably more swift than they were. Sir Herbert Samuel protests against Mr Baldwin's sombre survey of the air-menace. If 'Treaties between nations are useless,' Sir Herbert felt, then 'the delegates at Geneva had better pack their suit-cases and come home.' He forgot how 'useless' the Irish Treaty has proved here at home. And ten thousand miles off he had seen the Nine-Power Treaty of Washington, as well as the Peace-Pact of Paris and the League Covenant, all torn up as scraps of paper by a martial race impelled with a sense of destiny. Not that Japan is to blame—as the first Professor of Geography at Oxford pointed out in his inaugural lecture. 'Her action in Manchuria,' this scientist says, 'was determined by her proximity to a mainland abounding in the fuel, raw material, and undeveloped arable land denied to the mountainous, over-populated islands.' So also does a new Italy look overseas in the spirit of Machiavelli's ideal polity: 'It is a strong country. . . . It does not seek wars—but has no fear of wars.'

For six years the League Council prepared for the arms-parley of 1932. To this sixty-four nations were called—only to be bogged and bored by a clash of views and vetoes, with the Committee of Experts putting spokes in each peace-maker's wheel: Hoover's, Tardieu's, Simon's, and Herriot's. It is surely the last Conference of its kind which the Powers will risk. Nobody but the *hoteliers* and tradesmen of Geneva have profited by its myriad memos and speeches without end. The U.S. delegates left home with the tidy sum of 90,000*l.* in their pockets, by way of 'exes.' They saw tons and guns and 'planes trundled out, with man-power and tanks, calibres and chemicals, arms that were vicious, and virtuous measures of 'defence.' So the months passed in silly mazes—until bloody war broke out on the League's threshold to shock Miss Mary Emma Woolley, the sixty-eight-year-old school-teacher whom President Hoover included among his Disarmers to shed sweetness and light upon our naughty world! '... The search for the wounded began on the bloodstained Square, which was covered with paving stones, broken rifles, hats, and batons used by the crowd. Two men were lying dead, one with the upper part of his skull missing, the other shot in the breast.' Here were Geneva signs of Josef Stalin's 'iron leadership,' symptoms of that 'universal war,' of whose incitement we read in the 'Pravda' and 'Izvestia,' organs of the Central Committee of Communism. That same war's ferment ranges freely from the I.R.A. lads in Dublin to America's negroes, from our own unemployed to the new Soviet of Hunan Province in China. Strange, that we see no sign of disarming this Russia by main force, as the avowed and unresting foe of our common civilisation!

After every great war a reaction is felt. In 1919 we saw our arsenals making milk-churns, the munition-hives humming with typewriters and sewing-machines. Ernst Lissauer, the poet of a 'Hymn of Hate,' was now writing psalms of love, and explaining his slaughter song as the echo of an evil dream—

' By shell from sea, by bomb from the air,
Our greeting shall be spread
To make each English homestead
A mansion of the dead ! '

Taking his new glow for a text, Lissauer preached to America in an 'exclusive statement to the United Press of New York.' 'Was it not grievous,' this pervert asked, 'that the nations should still be wasting a thousand millions a year in weapons, after waging a War that was to end *all* Wars and establish the Reign of Reason?' This thought woke echoes in the United States, especially amongst its farmers, whom the Big Gamble of 1929 had left \$9,500,000,000 in debt.

So Europe was at her old tricks—pleading poverty over the Debts, while she had money to burn for butchery in all the elements! It was the Soldier those people praised; the Salesman they rated as a useful serf, and shut him out of their flaming pantheons. Pondering this, American editors recalled the musing of Woodrow Wilson during his meteoric passage among us. 'Why is it'—he put to a Manchester audience—'that you hang a lad's Musket over the chimney-piece, and you do not hang his Yardstick?' As a disciple of Jefferson (who abolished his Navy as 'a ruinous folly'!) Mr Wilson extolled America's ideal: it was that 'Wealth set with Virtues' which the Greek lyrist held gave the fullest scope for the noblest human energies. But Mr Wilson forgot that it was to the Musket (and the armed ships and siege-train of France) that the United States owed its existence as a nation. At the same time that Yardstick has been busy since the Peace Conference of 1919. We may take it as America's symbol; the wand of her commerce, with special reference to the so-called 'Freedom of the Seas.' Ever since the Anglo-American War of 1812 the United States has resented interference with her maritime cargoes, even in a time of War. This claim led to serious friction with Great Britain in 1915-16 when America was making money in billions as a neutral.

There came a hitch in this traffic as our blockade tightened. Angry lords of steel and copper, oil and foodstuffs soon besieged the White House and the State Department over the way. They had 'any-price' orders for delivery to the Central Powers at back-door ports in Scandinavia, Holland, and Italy. Why were their ships held up by British cruisers? Far more fuss was made over this contraband stuff than over living Americans destroyed by the German submarines. First Bryan and

then Lansing scolded Sir Edward Grey in Notes of increasing heat. At last our Ambassador read one that left him aghast as a virtual declaration of War: not, be it noted, against the 'Mad Dog'—as President Wilson called the Germany of Von Tirpitz—but against Britain, the Motherland, who was then as surely defending America's own future as she did by sea and land in the Seven Years' War long ago.

During the Peace parleys in Paris Wilson used every means—even hints of future Wars—to carry his famous 'Point' on the 'Freedom of the Seas.' This might mean sustaining an enemy during a struggle in which our very existence was at stake. But our Naval chiefs, with Lloyd George at their head, broke the Wilson Yardstick. And that tactless man sailed home to meet a vengeful Senate that was to ruin him politically and bring about his physical collapse as well. That same Senate of 1921 passed on the Yardstick to Harding. That easy-going man was ordered to summon the Powers to Washington; and there they signed many Pacts, including a pledge to respect the integrity of China—to which Japan solemnly adhered! Now it was at that Conference that the crumbling of Britain's defences began. This process rose into a mania, a vice to be veneered in speeches as a virtue, until Lord Lloyd, of the Navy League, could say: 'Such a decline as ours has never been paralleled in history.'

Of the seventy-four major units of the Grand Fleet which took Germany's sea-surrender in 1918, at least forty-nine have been broken up. Our sea-mastery has passed, so that the hurry-call: 'Send a cruiser!' may now embarrass us. For besides their primary duty on the vital sea-ways, our naval forces have a tradition of emergency missions. Thus in a year and a half seventeen requests were flashed to Whitehall for cruiser-aid. These included a chaos of warfare in Shanghai, the hurricane-havoc in British Honduras, and serious earthquakes in New Zealand and in Greece. In like manner has our Army shrunk into the 'Imperial police-force' of Lord Hailsham's apologia. And we are helpless before an air-attack, for which the defence has as yet no saner reply than the great Perhaps of reprisals. And as Mr Baldwin tells us that: 'Disarmament will not stop War,' his

sombre sermon to the House of Commons may here be recalled.

Ten years on the Committee of Imperial Defence have given Mr Baldwin 'inside' knowledge; and his glimpse of 'the first five minutes' of aerial bombing in 'the next War' came as a real shock to the House. For this problem Mr Baldwin saw no solution. Twenty-eight nations signed the Geneva Gas Protocol in 1925; yet on the Continent citizens are being taught and drilled against lethal gases and other terrors which might fall from machines far above the clouds at 20,000 feet. How was the sixty-four voiced 'Talkie' at Geneva to settle this? Mr Baldwin found its efforts 'perfectly futile.' What was the use of framing laws for brute violence? 'Experience has shown us that the stern test of War will break down all conventions.' The stark realism of that speech was the knell of a Yardstick Conference which had circled in silliness for a whole year, until its delegates grew faint at the very word 'Disarmament.' Strife was seen as a law common to all things, from insects to Man, and from our little earth to the clash of monstrous stars and suns in the cosmic spaces. Many of those bored Disarmers, escaping at the week-end, found themselves courting Fear on the snow-peaks and thrilling to the creep of it as they dangled over an abyss by a silk rope, or cut steps up an ice-wall at 14,000 feet in a furious blizzard.

How delightful it was to live dangerously! How drear and flat were the ways of Peace . . . down there in overheated halls amid the clack of polyglot typewriters, and the drone of 'Plans' and 'Sanctions,' with a dripping sense of folly over it all, deepening to shame as one saw sixty-four Nations playing at 'No More War,' while the seeds of War sprouted rankly over the maps, from the Polish Corridor to Manchukuo in Farthest Asia! It is argued that armaments are a wicked waste of men, money, and material: America is insistent upon this. And unless heed be taken of her girdings, she vows that she herself will swamp us all with armadas, armies, and aircraft. How this is to be done with a Budget deficit of \$2,000,000,000 and the genius for War a nullity among those mixed masses, President Hoover did not say.

The Vinson Bill, based on the U.S. Navy Board's plan, provides for new construction \$600,000,000, but

the outlay over a six-year period may exceed a thousand millions. So elusive are the zigzags of our American mentor towards that *ὕψις ἑλβος*, or 'sane happiness,' which the Greek poet urged as an estate least likely to rouse the ire of jealous gods! The cash nexus of War Debts and pleas for revising those ruinous transfers of gold, have made America a keen censor of armaments in Europe, which are said to hinder recovery and burden the peoples with taxes. So for the past ten years America's President has been a prophet of judgment and monition: 'He shall rebuke strong nations afar off. And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks.'

It is only after War that men incline to such counsel, and the Utopians are gladly heard. Even Mr H. G. Wells, dismayed by the science which has done away with distance, poses our dilemma: 'Are the peoples to be foes or friends? Is it to be hideously immediate War, disaster and death? Or one world-State, one world-pax, with one money, one speech and one Brotherhood?' But Mr Wells ignores an emergent paradox: that if the new 'interdependence of nations' is a fact, so also is a fierce Sinn Feinism—an explosive race-zeal such as would amaze Burke himself, as the first statesman to mark the flame of this tribal or 'family' feeling. Have we not seen it rage from Valetta to Angora? It moves the Croats and the Catalans, as well as all the misplaced 'Minorities' which the Treaty of Versailles shuffled afresh over the European board for the endless human chances: 'Faites vos jeux, Messieurs!'

It is not Brotherhood we behold, but the sour xenophobia of feudal days. While 'The Times' babbles of Frank Kellogg's Pact, with its 'new-born hope' which is to replace 'the cruel and insensate arbitrament of Force,' we see Bolivia battling with Paraguay in the Gran Chaco, Colombia preparing to fight Peru over an Amazon port, and Japan's spokesman impressing 'realities' upon an embarrassed League Council. No wonder America is alarmed, and 'the boys' of her Press besought by the State Department to tone down their wisecracks and cartoons. 'One way to provide jobs for all our able-bodied men'—it is hinted darkly—'is to keep on nagging at Japan!' When will our Utopians learn that in the

mass-will and drift of nations, Self-seeking—the 'conatus sese conservandi' of Spinozan ethics—is ever the supreme principle? Surveying industry at home and tangles abroad, our Prime Minister sighs: 'There is far too much enmity in the world!' A dreamer himself and a meliorist, Mr MacDonald is all for good-will and the 'simple commonsense way' of reason and justice.

Some wit said of Gladstone that 'he was a good man—in the worst sense of the word!' Our 'good' men have been a source of weakness to us in great crises, from Asquith in 1916 back to Lord North during the American Revolution. How suavely Burke sums up the affable points of that peace-loving wager of a muddled war which broke up our Empire: 'He was a man of admirable parts, fitted for every sort of business: of infinite wit and pleasantry, and of a delightful temper. . . .' But mark the sting in the tail of that appraisal: 'It would be only to degrade myself to deny that he wanted something of the vigilance and spirit of command which the times required.' Our 'good' leaders have far more faith in human nature than 'Il Machia' had, or his friend and fellow-historian, Guicciardini. It is no use telling them that even the poppy-sellers on Armistice Day were robbed by clever tricksters in a smart car. Neither will our 'good' men heed Sir James Frazer when he points out that: 'Under the polished surface of civilised society there exists a deep stratum of savagery.' Our optimists repeat the Collect of Advent Sunday, urging us all to 'Cast away the works of Darkness and put upon us the armour of Light.'

As a man of War, the record of Mr Lloyd George is instructive as Wilson's own. The slogan of his 1909 Budget was: 'Warfare against poverty and wretchedness.' True, there *was* a German bogey, but this could be killed with ridicule. After all 'we started it' with our: 'Let there be Dreadnoughts!' The pacific agency was Free Trade—'slowly but surely cleaving its way through the dense and dark thickets of Armaments to the sunny lands of Brotherhood among the nations.' Like our 'good' men of to-day, the Lloyd George of 1910 was a rainbow-chaser: 'I want dreams, leading to a real earth in which men can fulfil their destiny. Suffering is too close to me. Misery is too near and insistent. Injustice

is too obvious and glaring. Danger is too present ! ' Let no one question this man's sincerity : ' *Sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.* ' But a danger of monstrous portent was even then thickening on us all. Some notion of it our dreamer had : for even during his tour of Germany in 1908, doubt and qualms melted into the opalescence of that quick and vivid mind. Was it to be Rome and Carthage over again ?

' There is '—Mr Lloyd George mused—' the same commercial rivalry, the same maritime jealousy, the same eternal quarrel between the soldier and the merchant, the warrior and the shopkeeper, the civilisation which has come and that which is still striving to come. . . . I wonder if we are not as ill-prepared as Carthage was ? I wonder if we are not equally distracted by factions ? '

As Minister of Munitions, he was to have a dreadful answer to these questions. And no doubt Lloyd George, like old Clemenceau in France, was at last haunted by legions of the dead and maimed. ' *De quoi penses-tu ?* ' asked M. Leygues of Père la Victoire after the Armistice. That saurian patriot was sunk in reverie. ' I am among our myriad graves,' Clemenceau wailed to him with bitter awe. ' Oh, my friend, if so much blood has flowed in vain, let us pour curses on all the world ! ' We know how France feels to-day as she surveys what Italy's Dictator calls ' this obscure, tormented, and vacillating world.' Security she puts above all else. Wars—as Clausewitz reminds her—do but continue the policy of States. After 1870 the German urge was economic, and a scramble for tropic colonies began. Hence also the Great War of 1914 ; for to extend the Clausewitz tenet further, trenches are but national tariffs in their last degree. Mr Churchill has laid stress upon the fact that no people but our own has willingly reduced its ratio of armed strength : ' Britain is weaker ; and Britain's period of weakness is Europe's season of danger.' Meanwhile, how profuse was the spate of noble phrases ! The Prime Minister's ' flocculent eloquence ' was recalled by Mr Churchill when a deputation of the Churches was received. ' I hope,' Mr MacDonald prayed (after being preached at), ' you will go on pressing and pressing. Do help us to do the broad, just, fundamental, eternal thing ! ' That appeal has a satiric clang, as though the

goaded statesman were pulling gaitered legs in a daring jest.

But how far are we fallen from the conscious strength of Castlereagh, when 'co-optimists' and mystics sought to lure his England (whose power and prestige that great Minister was) into the nets and gins of a 'Holy Alliance' of tyrannous trend! To the Russian Ambassador Castlereagh praised the ultra-American 'uplift' of Alexander's broody hatching:

'Nothing could be more pure than the ends he set before himself. But this system aims at a perfection which we do not believe applicable to this century, or to mankind. We cannot follow the Emperor along this path. It is a vain hope, a beautiful phantom which England cannot pursue. All speculative policy is outside her powers.'

England's sense of reality was at that time assured, her rôle as mediatrix unquestioned in both hemispheres. Hugging no illusions, she held with Hobbes that: 'Covenants without the Sword are but words.' It were better, of course, to keep the Sword out of sight—as Theodore Roosevelt used to keep his six-shooter when courting the Sovereign People's suffrage in lawless places. Psychologically it must be mischievous, as Mr Churchill maintains, to be 'haggling about cannons, tanks, aeroplanes, and submarines, or measuring swords with one another, among nations that are already eyeing each other with so much vigilance.' That same critic thought well of the new French balance of power, for it had military factors which assured stability for some years at least. Here the lesser States look to France, Mr Churchill thought, 'in much the same way as small nations looked to the British Navy in the days of its power.' But with our 'eunuch' weakness has come a moral loss which is everywhere viewed with dismay or compassion. Lamenting our 'squandered' supremacy at sea ('of which I know something'), Earl Beatty could note that: 'Never in the history of the British Empire has the nation fallen so low in the eyes of the world.'

In his Dominion tours, Mr J. H. Thomas found decrepitude and 'down-and-out-ness' associated with the Motherland. She was grown nerveless and poor, to be flouted with impunity even by her own children, from Ireland to the primitive millions of India who rated and

shrilled at her in 200 living vernaculars! Britain's status of a 'has-been,' darting daily to Geneva to report new decay of her armed might, has had disastrous reactions, even in our vital export trades. 'What did we learn from our visit to South America?' the Prince of Wales put to business men in Manchester, when he and his brother returned from Buenos Aires. 'The first thing we learned,' H.R.H. went on in candid vein, 'was that in South America the prestige of Great Britain, as a manufacturing country, is by no means what it was. And I regret to tell you that that feeling exists, not only among South Americans, but also among the British communities out there.' Mr Lloyd George, too, deploras this 'tragedy,' over which 'we are wringing our hands in helpless impotence. . . .' He contrasts our say and sway in 1919 with the post-War fading of our name in the world's esteem:

'We are not even consulted when questions are being settled which profoundly affect the whole future of Europe, and our own—questions for whose settlement the British Empire sacrificed a million lives and ten thousand millions of its gold. I cannot recall the time when Britain was in this position.'

Into our imperial ethic has crept the Christian virtue of 'Humility' which contrasts so sharply with the Greek 'Highmindedness' of our militant neighbours. Our governing classes, too, are grown 'green' and soft. They seem to run in blinkers on hard or 'holding' courses, where they fail in every race. Thus the late Prince Blücher and other observers of rank declared that if Sir Edward Grey had said boldly before the end of July 1914 that we should stand with France—there would have been no World-War at all!

If ever there was a time when 'polite' diplomacy was out of place, it was during those merciless years which brought these islands so near to 'starvation.' And *à propos*, here is 'a true story,' told by Sir James Barrie at a birthday luncheon to Lord Grey in those famous rooms in Adelphi Terrace: 'One day in Downing Street during the War, other Ministers asked Grey what he would do if the Germans won, and had said to him: "Unless you salute our Flag you shall die!" But Mr Lloyd George said: "The Germans would put a stiffer one to him than

that : they'd say : ' Unless you salute our Flag, we shall shoot your squirrels ! ' ' ' ' It is this ' squirrel ' mentality which accounts for all our timorous disarming, and for the lost glory of England's name—' sedate, serene, envied, and honoured by all,' as Mr Churchill mourned in a retrospective survey. If the decline and fall of the Roman Empire was due to malaria—he argued with certain historians—Britain's sickness is more enfeebling still, since it is her will-power that is sapped.

' Are we not just drifting along—slipping and sliding down the slope which it will be very hard to climb up again ? . . . Are we losing the art of Government in Oriental countries ? Are we losing confidence in ourselves and in our mission ? All these haunting questions force themselves upon us as we contemplate the present political situation, and our economic, trade, finance, and currency questions.'

Once more we see the *Wehrgeist* stirring abroad, as if to drive home Lord Rosebery's reminder that : ' There is never a calm on the political ocean.' Yet we can no longer hold our own course, as in bold Palmerston's day. ' England,' he could claim, ' is strong enough to brave consequences.' To-day we are so defamed that a New York newspaper—using faked photographs for that wicked purpose—can picture red riot and anarchy in London, with mobs besieging the Palace, and hungry workers begging alms of a heedless King who will not see the rising deluge ! So low is Britain's name brought that no libel is too fantastic to be believed of her. Therefore no one wonders that the great Cunard liner, which was to win back for us the blue riband of the sea, should moulder on the stocks at Clydebank while a proud and powerful France eclipses all her rivals with the 75,000 ton ' Normandie,' which took the water at Saint Nazaire amid the plaudits of the whole world's Press. But our people take slights more tamely than their fathers did. Even that tea-cup poet by the Ouse could be kindled to Miltonic glow over the chequered fortunes of his country. He could feel her follies too—

' And with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love :
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper when such things, as smooth

And tender as a girl, all essenc'd o'er
 With odours, and as profligate as sweet :
 Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath
 And love when they should fight ; when such as these
 Presume to lay their hands upon the ark
 Of her magnificent and awful cause ?'

A glance at the world's Press shows how Britain stands shivering on the chill road of unilateral disarmament. Our land strength has dwindled below the level which the Treaty of Versailles decreed to a Germany who was vanquished and 'disarmed'! No wonder murmurs of pity are heard in friendly quarters over that Mother of Nations whom Emerson hailed, when 'a secret vigour' seemed to renew her youth amid the storms of battle and calamity. And reviewing the Ottawa agreements, the 'Nichi Nichi' of Tokyo looks askance at the immense domains that fly our flag and hold resources of limitless range.

'The world,' says this great Japanese journal, 'has hitherto been silent about Great Britain's possession of areas so vast, simply because her policy has been that of the "Open Door," and her Dominions were in the main governed for the benefit of their inhabitants, rather than for the Empire's profit as a whole. But in view of recent events, tending to closest economic contacts, this matter of Britain's Empire becomes the grave concern of other Powers.'

Turning from Tokyo to Canberra, I find Colonel Harrison laying stress upon Australia's defenceless state, during a Budget debate in the Lower House. On 12,000 miles of sea-coast, he could only find two cruisers and one obsolete aircraft carrier. At Fremantle, where the first enemy stroke would fall, there were but a few short-range guns and a tiny garrison to resist a scientific mass—invasion of all arms. The Commonwealth Air Force was found to consist 'mainly of buildings.' And railways of varying gauge were, of course, a positive deterrent to Federal mobilisation. In sum, Colonel Harrison was sure that : 'Australia has leaned too long on the British Navy. . . . And in the next War it is doubtful whether Great Britain will be able to offer us much help.'

It is, indeed. Our craze for conferring and deferring

has left little but the echo of our once all-potent name. For years we have danced to anybody's piping, however absurd the source of it, or however damaging to ourselves might be the 'conforming' capers. Under the London Treaty of 1930 we agreed not to lay down any more 10,000-ton cruisers with the 8-in. gun. We must be content with a medium type, like the 'Leander' and 'Orion.' Our last 'Orion' was a Jutland flagship of 22,500 tons, and she was broken up (at America's bidding) under the Washington Treaty of 1922. So goes our 'squirrel' scuttling! And with it Britain's renown sinks to new 'lows' in the jostling marts and councils of rivals and compeers in both hemispheres. There is but one cure for this marasmus, and Kipling has prescribed it in his 'Song of the English':

'Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise, certain of Sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor Gods—but men in a world
of men!'

IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

Art. 11.—EXIT THE BODY-SNATCHERS.

1932 was a year of important centenaries, among them being the passing of the Anatomy Act which rendered unnecessary the loathsome activities of gangs of ruffians called 'resurrectionists' or 'body-snatchers' whose business it was to supply the anatomists with corpses dug up from graveyards for the purpose of dissection. Medical men for many years had inveighed against the anomalous position which demanded of them knowledge and skill in their art and left them unprovided with the essential means of acquiring this education. Their appeals went unheeded by the authorities, but the alarming disclosures of the murders by Burke and Hare in Edinburgh and the killing of an Italian boy by Bishop and Williams in London at last awakened the official conscience, and it was found expedient to provide for and to legalise the supply of 'subjects,' or bodies for dissection, in order that medical men might learn anatomy from the dead and so avoid mangling the living.

A reverence for the dead has always been characteristic of mankind and has prompted them to regard with repugnance that mutilation of the body involved in the process of dissection. It is well known that a medical student's introduction to the dissecting room is an ordeal from which he shrinks until he persuades himself that it is only from the dead that he can obtain knowledge to care for his future patients. In addition to this natural antipathy, the powerful influence of the Church was exerted against dissection, but fortunately for us there have been men in the past bold enough to thrust aside superstition and seek the truth for themselves. One such was the sixteenth-century anatomist Vesalius of Brussels, who, fired with the spirit of original research, was able to show that the teaching of Galen, whose word had been accepted without question for thirteen centuries, was full of errors. Vesalius and his fellow-students searched the cemeteries for human bones to help them in their studies; on one occasion when he and a friend were visiting Louvain they saw a complete skeleton dangling from the public gibbet, and at dusk allowed themselves to be locked out of the city so that under cover of darkness they could gain possession of the prize with less risk of detection and

imprisonment. But bones are only the framework of the body; something more was required to satisfy the thirst for the fresh knowledge which the fiery zeal of Vesalius was unfolding. Nothing but the body itself would suffice for these investigations, and as the only corpses allowed by law were those of executed criminals, it became necessary to rob the churchyards of newly-buried bodies in order to secure material for research in the new anatomy. This was also the position in England when private anatomical schools were instituted early in the eighteenth century. The difficulty of finding 'subjects' became acute, and for a period was met by bands of students, sometimes accompanied by the teachers themselves, undertaking the disinterment of bodies on their own account, but gradually this gruesome business fell into the hands of men who discovered that a considerable amount of money could be made by adopting the work as a 'profession.'

In 1812 the chief London gang of 'resurrectionists' was that including a Josh Naples, who kept a diary, now preserved in the Library of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, which is a record of the doings of the gang over a period of twelve months. Ben Crouch, the leader, was a well-known boxer who, unlike his seven drunken colleagues, kept a clear head, especially on settling-up nights, when he usually contrived to get more than his fair share of the proceeds. He was not averse from 'picking up' in other directions, for he was charged with Butler, another of the gang, with robbing the warehouse of a City clothier. They were acquitted, but shortly afterwards appeared in suits which they boldly declared to be made from the stolen material. The Diary reveals that the state of the moon was of considerable importance, as there are rules to calculate its age on any particular date. The method of working was to choose a dark night before a watch was set in the graveyard, and having stealthily arrived at the site of a fresh burial, the men set swiftly to work digging a hole down to the upper end of the coffin with a short trowel-shaped shovel made of wood, a special implement designed to prevent the noise of steel striking against stones. The excavating was performed as quickly as possible by a relief man jumping into the hole as soon as his comrade showed signs of fatigue, the

earth taken out being deposited on a canvas sheet to guard against scattering it abroad.

Having reached the head of the coffin, the grapple, an iron hook with flattened end, was let down by a rope, inserted under the lid, and sufficient board broken away by traction to allow the withdrawal of the body. A noose was then put round the neck and the corpse hoisted to the surface, there to remain exposed until a 'load' had been obtained, when the bodies were doubled up, put into sacks, and lifted on to a light cart for conveyance to the schools. The shrouds were carefully replaced in the coffins to avoid a liability of transportation to Botany Bay for seven years, but the taking of a corpse in the eyes of the law was merely a misdemeanour. The sexton was usually in league with the 'snatchers,' and to ensure privacy a house overlooking the cemetery was sometimes taken, through which the business could be carried on. The gravedigger could make things very easy for his confederates by a little manipulation when filling in the grave. As soon as the mourners had departed he would uncoffin the body and place it in a sack which he kept above the earth as the grave was filled in; thus a light covering only lay between the body and the 'snatchers' when they arrived to collect at nightfall.

Gravediggers were sometimes the principals themselves. In 1777 two sextons were found guilty of stealing a body and sentenced to six months imprisonment and to be publicly whipped on their bare backs in Holborn; the flogging was performed before a great crowd which loudly expressed its approval. In other cases, however, the gravediggers were incorruptible and the resurrectionists entered their cemeteries at so great a risk that they found it preferable to seek a district where bribes were not so steadfastly refused.

The resurrectionists were well known to the London police, who seem to have been instructed not to interfere with them. In Scotland, however, the law, on occasion, was administered with great severity, as in the case of Dr Pattison, whose dissecting-room was found to contain a toothless skull thought to belong to a disinterred body. Dr Pattison was dragged through the crowd by police, pelted with stones, and tried like a common criminal in Edinburgh, where he was placed between men with drawn

bayonets: an acquittal cost him 520*l*. The resurrectionists were naturally very unpopular with the public, by whom they were sometimes caught with bodies in their possession and roughly handled. Such trouble usually arose through carelessness on the part of the regular men or the nervousness of beginners who, being alarmed, dropped their gruesome burden in the street and tried to run away. Public attention was often drawn to them by dissension amongst the men themselves; there might be a fight at settling-up night, and the gang split as a result into two or three smaller parties who each set out to be the first in stealing from the burial-grounds. This was an unfortunate time for unfriendly gangs to meet; a quarrel would break out and a tug-of-war ensue for possession of the spoils; they were so lost to decency that they have been known to fight even in the graves. When one gang had sold a subject to a school a rival party informed the police, who claimed the body and reburied it, but as soon as the coast was clear the informers came along, 'lifted' the body, and sold it in their turn. If a party found themselves anticipated they had a pleasant habit of wantonly pulling up coffins and scattering grave-clothes about in order to 'spoil' the ground. There followed a great to-do in the neighbourhood and the installing of a watchman who, when the storm subsided, usually fell to the bait offered by the snatchers and justified his title by 'watching' that they should have a clear field to continue their vocation.

Another supposed but improbable method of excavating a grave was to remove a small square of turf a few feet away from the head to form the opening for a slanting tunnel dug down to the coffin, the end of which was torn free by hooks and the body secured by drawing it out with a cord. The relatives, seeing the surface of the grave undisturbed, felt assured that their deceased had escaped the attentions of the hated 'snatchers'; they would not notice the carefully replaced square of turf some little distance away. It often happened that bodies were to be had by a little clever acting instead of laboriously digging for them. On learning 'by information received' that a person had died in the workhouse a small party of the more presentable 'snatchers' with a few of their women folk would betake themselves,

copiously weeping, to the institution and pose as relatives of the departed one. The authorities, with funeral expenses to meet, were not over keen to make inquiries and usually surrendered the body, which was sold forthwith and every one was satisfied.

Dickens, in 'A Tale of Two Cities,' has a resurrectionist in Jerry Cruncher, and another who aspires to be a body-snatcher in Young Jerry, the grisly son. Cruncher attributes his bad luck to his wife's habit of 'flopping' (praying) for his safety. He wakes one morning to see the poor woman on her knees and promptly flings a boot at her head. 'What are you up to, Aggerawayter?' he shouts. 'I won't be prayed agin', I tell you; I can't afford it. And what do you suppose your prayers are worth, you conceited female? If I had a natural wife I might have made some money last week instead of being counterprayed and circumvented into the worst of luck.' At breakfast he resents with particular animosity his wife's attempt to say grace. 'Don't do it,' he storms, 'I ain't going to be blest out of house and home; I won't have my wittles blest off the table. Keep still!' At midnight Cruncher gathers a sack, crowbar, rope, and chain, and sets out, after threatening vengeance on his wife if his 'wentures' went awry. Young Jerry, who is supposed to be in bed, sneaks out after his father, who is joined by two other 'fishermen' on the way to the churchyard. Jerry follows the men and, peering through the gate, sees them hard at work digging with shovels, and then with much heaving appears on the surface a coffin which Cruncher prepares to break open; this is enough for Jerry who, with hair a-bristle, runs for his life. Next morning he wakes up to see Cruncher holding his mother by the ears and industriously banging her head against the bed-board. Something had evidently gone wrong with his 'wentures.'

A corpse, whether above or below ground, was never safe from the resurrectionists. Many a house of mourning was bereft of its dead if the body were left unguarded for a few moments. Glennon, an officer at Union Hall, recovered between fifty and one hundred bodies stolen in this way, and for his services was presented with a staff purchased by public subscription. If a dissecting-room

was near the place of exhumation the 'subject' was sometimes clothed, and with a supporting man on either side, taken along the street as a reveller overcome by his potations. The turnpike gates, however, were serious obstacles when a body was being transported from the suburbs into town. A gig with two men and a large parcel would arouse suspicion, but when the corpse was dressed and propped up beside the driver, with a hat pulled down to shade the features, it was possible to get past the barrier without being challenged. An old broadside gives particulars of a case in which the body-snatchers were 'resurrectionists' indeed. In 1824 John MacIntire of Edinburgh was buried while in a trance, but was hauled up again by the 'snatchers' and sold to the doctors for dissection. At the first incision made by the knife a shudder ran through the man's frame and the trance was broken. As soon as the onlookers recovered from their astonishment great efforts were made to restore animation, and within an hour the man was again in possession of all his faculties.

A similar occurrence, but relating to a malefactor executed in London, forms the basis of a novel in which the hanged man is nursed back to life and cared for by a surgeon living close to the place of execution, who noticed signs of life when the body was removed from the gallows. The chief character appears as a wrongly sentenced man whose sweetheart has the thrilling experience of welcoming a resurrected lover back to life and happiness.

The teachers of anatomy continued to press for legislation to ensure a supply of subjects in a regular manner, but were informed by the Home Secretary that the prejudice of the people against dissection prevented the passing of a Bill. To make matters worse, Mr Justice Bayley gave a decision that it was illegal for the doctors to have a body in their possession, knowing it to have been disinterred. Thus they were in the unfortunate position of being liable to prosecution for unskilful treatment, whereas no provision was made for their instruction; it therefore became necessary for the teachers to trade with resurrectionists or lose their students through lack of material. The body-snatchers, of course, were well aware of the situation and adjusted their prices accordingly. The average cost when subjects were

easily obtained was four guineas, and 'small's' or children so much an inch. In times of scarcity the price would soar as high as sixteen guineas, and in addition it was the custom to demand a present at the beginning and end of the season to promote a regular supply. But the teachers' liability did not end here, for a man expected his family to be kept if he were imprisoned as a result of his business. One anatomist incurred an expense of 50*l.* in providing for the dependants of a 'snatcher,' and in such a case a solatium was required by the man on his release.

In France, where the supply of 'subjects' was regulated by law, bodies could be bought for five shillings, while in Ireland the price varied from half a crown to ten shillings, and from five shillings to five guineas if exported. The difficulty of getting bodies into the country was due to the Custom House officers, who frequently examined suspicious parcels and buried them immediately if found to contain anatomical material. The vigilance of the officers was often evaded by smuggling bodies from Ireland, which were shipped across by the limestone carrying vessels and landed on an unfrequented part of the coast; to supply Glasgow and Edinburgh the boats ran up the Clyde or disembarked the 'subjects' at Fairlie. When sent through trade routes the packages were made to resemble the class of goods exported from the place where the bodies were found; thus, if 'subjects' were required in London those exhumed at Yarmouth were probably packed in barrels and came through Billingsgate. In 1826 casks labelled 'Bitter Salts' and some sacks were detained and opened at Liverpool, when they were found to contain eleven salted and pickled bodies that were at once buried, together with the barrels, in the parish churchyard. Such incidents sometimes led to a serious shortage of material which the anatomists attempted to overcome by conserving the bodies as much as possible. In Glasgow they were salted, hung up, and dried like herrings, and when a portion was required it was soaked in water until the structures resumed their natural appearance. This stage could not be attained without a certain amount of mortification, and many a student succumbed to sepsis that had gained entry into his system by way of an unnoticed finger-prick.

Watch-towers and other devices were employed to

check the resurrectionists' depredations. Armed men were often employed to guard a newly-buried body, but these were liable to be attacked by 'snatchers,' also armed, as in Glasnevin churchyard in 1830, where a battle was fought for fifteen minutes amongst the tombstones, some of which bore marks of bullets for many years afterwards. Spring guns were set to shoot marauders, but a woman spy in deep mourning would cut the wires and so render them harmless. The older cemeteries still have mort-safes or heavy iron guards over many of the graves, and in newspapers of the period illustrations may be seen of patent iron coffins advertised as sure shields against the resurrectionist. At a Dundee funeral a box full of gunpowder, with hidden machinery to explode it, was placed upon the coffin of a child for the purpose of blowing up any one who tried to raise the body. In certain churchyards heavily built stone structures still exist which were designed to house the remains of the departed until post-mortem changes set in and rendered them useless for dissection. At the cemetery in Hampstead Road it was found necessary to increase the height of the enclosing wall by a further twelve feet in an attempt to form an effective barrier between the resurrectionists and their prey.

Various proposals were made with the object of assuring a better supply of bodies by a less objectionable method. It was suggested that a fund be instituted to provide a capitation fee of 7*l.* to persons willing to surrender their bodies to the surgeons, a committee to keep a register of names and addresses, but the abuse to which such a scheme was subject is brought out in Hood's poem 'Jack Hall.' When Jack is dying and twelve M.D.'s are watching anxiously for his body, he says :

'I sold it thrice
Forgive my crimes;
In short I have received its price
A dozen times.'

Ninety-nine Dublin gentlemen voluntarily signed a document that their remains could be employed in the interests of anatomy ; while in London a young man of twenty-one, who afterwards became the well-known philosopher Jeremy Bentham, specially requested in a

will made at this early age that his body should be offered to science, a request which he confirmed two months before his death in 1832. The dissection at Webb Street School was preceded by an oration attended by friends, disciples, and admirers of the deceased philosopher. A storm arose just as the lecturer began and lightning played over the dead man's features, which bore an expression of placid dignity and benevolence. The oration was heard in a profound silence only broken at intervals by loud peals of thunder which seemed to emphasise the recital of the philosopher's virtues and to bring home to the audience the part his lifeless body was taking to overcome prejudice for the public good. None of those present ever forgot the impressive scene where the philosopher's principle of 'Utility' triumphed over imagination and sentiment. In 1835 a Mr Boys hit upon an ingenious method of disposing of his corpus. In a letter to the doctor he requests that his bones might be vitrified and the rest of him sublimated so that he could cheat the Devil of his due and fill a few little bottles of essential salts to give pleasure to and revive the spirits of his lady friends.

The bodies of criminals were allowed to be anatomised by law, but general feeling was so much against the idea that serious rioting occurred at executions and it was often necessary to call out the military. Attempts were made to remove the antipathy of the people to dissection by giving public demonstrations on the body, and on one occasion the overseers and churchwardens of St Clement Danes in the Strand witnessed an actual anatomy, to their improvement and great satisfaction. A former Surgeon-General of Ireland left open the doors of his dissecting-room to allow the people to enter as spectators, with the result that their natural repugnance gave way to an interest that prompted them to bring him bodies of their own accord. Dr Southwood Smith, a London physician, endeavoured to remove the mystery surrounding dissection by inviting relatives of a deceased person to the post-mortem if it was difficult to obtain their consent to the examination. He found that they followed the necessary dissection with calmness and went away convinced of its importance.

Before the introduction of porcelain teeth there was a

steady demand for human teeth for the making of dentures. Murphy, a well-known resurrectionist, gained access to a vault belonging to a religious house, pretending that he wished to choose a resting-place for his deceased wife. Unobserved he slipped back some bolts to allow an easy entrance, which he made at night and obtained teeth to the value of 60*l*. Ben Crouch, the leader of the 'Diary' gang, rested from the increasingly dangerous resurrectionist business, and together with Jack Harnett, a colleague, made a speciality of collecting teeth. For this purpose they obtained licences as sutlers, or hawkers of liquor and provisions, which enabled them to join the camp-followers in France and Spain. The busiest time for these ghouls was during the night after a battle, when they crept out and stole anything of value from the bodies of the fallen and extracted teeth from the dead. It may be imagined that in the darkness it was not a simple matter to discriminate between dead and living, and doubtless many a man suffered mutilation who was unconscious or so badly injured that he could not defend himself against these sinister visitors of the night. Crouch profited little from this occupation; he built a large hotel at Margate, but when his history became known the venture failed, and after a term of imprisonment for stealing from his partner he became destitute and died in a public-house near Tower Hill. Jack Harnett was more fortunate and left 6000*l*. to his family; but his uncle, Bill Harnett, also belonging to the gang, was attacked by consumption, and so great was his horror of the surgeon's knife that when he lay dying in St Thomas's Hospital he was given a promise that his body would not be dissected. Butler, another member of the 'Diary' gang, was sentenced to death for robbing the Edinburgh mail, but during his time in prison it happened that a horse's skeleton required setting up, and this task the man performed so skilfully that his sentence was reduced to banishment for life.

The passing of the Anatomy Act had a very important bearing upon surgical progress. By its provisions a sufficient supply of 'subjects' was legally assured and its beneficial effect was soon reflected in the performance of new operations made possible through a deeper knowledge of anatomy only to be acquired by regular and

patient dissection on the part of the surgeon. By the Act the resurrectionists were deprived of their hateful business, and the degrading association of the anatomists with these people came to an end. But the body-snatchers were mild characters when compared with the Edinburgh wolves Burke and Hare, whose hideous murders forced upon the authorities the need of legislation, though four years elapsed and the Italian boy was killed by Bishop and Williams before the Bill finally became law. Thus it may be said that good came out of black evil, and that many lives have been preserved through the discovery of the tragedies in West Port and London. Nowadays we do not fear our neighbour as a potential murderer ; children are not hushed to obedience by the threat ' Burke is coming ! ' and it is even possible to dine with a stranger free from the dread that it may be the first step to the anatomist's dissecting-room and a grave unknown.

S. WOOD.

Art. 12.—ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR AND ROBERT MORANT.

THIRTY years lie between us and the Act that re-laid the foundations of the National School system in England and Wales. The controversies are dormant ; their jargon is forgotten. Probably not ten men in the present House of Commons could give off-hand a definition of ' Cowper-Temple teaching,' or the ' Kenyon-Slaney Amendment ' ; whereas in 1902 there were few constituencies south of Tweed whose Member could afford an open mind on the principles underlying these names. For the Education Bill brought in that year by the Unionist Government dug to the roots of the social life of the English, founded then (as now) so largely on religious differences. All over the country ' Church ' and ' Chapel ' scrutinised suspiciously the disturbance of the boundary between denominational and undenominational teaching laid down by the Act of 1871. On one side of that line were the ' Board Schools ' controlled and supported by the rate-payers ; on the other the denominational ' Voluntary Schools ' controlled and supported, though with ever-increasing difficulty, by the Churches, with some aid from State grants. The falling off of their funds was not due to lack of zeal for their preservation, but in the case of the Church Schools chiefly to the agricultural depression which hit the squire, the parson, and the rural hierarchy hard. Yet at the turn of the nineteenth century some 3,000,000 scholars—more than half the children of school age in the country—were attending the Voluntary Schools. It was imperative—so the Conservative Party felt—to restore the efficiency of these schools and to preserve the character of their religious teaching. Moreover, the whole educational system, primary and secondary, demanded reform. It was chaotic, full of gaps, and led to the overlapping of authorities.

Lord Salisbury was still Prime Minister, and Mr Balfour Leader of the House of Commons, when the main lines of the policy were decided in 1901. There was no Ministry of Education at that date, the responsibility for the Office in Whitehall devolving on the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst, in their capacities as President and Vice-President of the Committee of the Council on

Education. Neither of them was the appropriate man to originate or carry through the framing of a great measure of technical and controversial legislation. Mr Balfour roused himself from his natural antipathy for detail, and spent his autumn holiday on the principles of the Bill, which he proposed himself to pilot through the House of Commons. On him fell most of the attendant odium of the measure, which played no small part in the Conservative defeat of 1906. With him remains the chief credit for the Act on which the English school system still rests to-day. No Minister, however, can be the sole creator of a great Bill. Once the Cabinet has made up its mind about principles and policy—indeed before, during, and after that process—the potent influence of the permanent officials, possessors of technical knowledge, is being exerted behind the scenes.

In the Education Office in 1901 there was a man, junior in status, acting as Private Secretary to Sir John Gorst. Robert Morant's ability and zeal for his subject were only known at that time to a few personal friends, inside or outside Whitehall. He had come back to England in 1895 from Siam, where he had gone as tutor to the Crown Prince, and before he left had exercised enormous influence in that country. Dr Talbot (then Bishop of Rochester) brought him into touch with Mr Balfour when the lines of the new Bill were first under discussion. Thus began a remarkably successful co-operation between two minds, dissimilar in many ways, but alike in power of rapid thought and firm decision. Mr Balfour's resolve to take personal charge of the Education Bill was fixed, if not created, by Morant, who wrote to him in September 1901, 'I feel very strongly that we ought before getting much "forrarder" to see some of the more prominent and experienced County Council and Urban District Chairmen and Clerks. . . . I should like myself to see a few such men. . . . Would such a step, I wonder, meet your sanction and approval?' The putting of such a question by a permanent official to a Minister other than his own Chief is sufficiently eloquent of the conditions then prevailing in the Education Office. Morant's letter has a postscript: 'It seems highly unfair that *you* should be troubled with these matters in the holidays. But unless *you* are going to take the helm in

Education next Session, and before the Session, nothing will be done successfully.'

Balfour's answer was an invitation to Whittingehame. I recall Morant's arrival in lovely October weather, and a vision of the two walking about the garden earnestly talking. Morant's personality impressed itself at once. He was a giant, with a large, pale, melancholy face, the eyes glowing out of deep black pits. Beside him Balfour, tall as he was, looked small in frame. The visit was a prelude to a number of letters from Morant, written now with a certainty that though Balfour might not answer them, he was assimilating their contents. One, written in December, marks a point at which the Bill, and the most salient of its inherent difficulties, had taken definite shape in the writer's mind. A Cabinet Committee was by this time in being, more occupied, so far, in perceiving, than in facing, the obstacles to acceptable legislation.

7.xii.01.

Board of Education.

'DEAR MR BALFOUR,

'... My mind is very full of the situation... though I fear I shall not put my points clearly, as my mind is rather tired.

'When I went through the main points with the Duke I found... he really did not seem to have thought out any one of the various plans. And this *must* mean a collapse in Parliament, must it not?

'May we try to get the Committee to put the Bill on one side, and go through the points which are of vital importance, and formulate their views, and their reasons, on each. This would clear the issues which *have* to be decided before any Bill, however drafted, can be passed. Thus—

'Is the new County Borough authority to be the Authority for all Education in the Borough? Yes.

'Is it to set the standard of efficiency of the Town Schools? Yes; for if not, it is not *the* Authority.

'But if it may not finance the non-Board Schools it cannot bring *them* up to proper efficiency. Obviously, and therefore it *must* be able to finance those Schools when necessary.

'But will there not be a turmoil at every Town Council Election as to whether or not the rates are to go to such and such a Denominational School? Yes, if there be an option, and this will ruin our Municipal Elections. Either you must forbid the giving of rates to Voluntary Schools, a course which is barred by our first question, or you must give no

option. . . . This means compulsory rate maintenance of all existing Schools. But that means that my rates may go to teaching Mariolatry! No. The religious instruction must be paid for by the managers, if it is denominational. . . . But what about the religious instruction in Board Schools? Is the colour of that to be settled by the Local Authority? No, for if so there would be a fight every year to try and get it Anglican in one School, and Baptist in another. . . . It will be best for the sake of peace . . . not to repeal Cowper-Temple: * preserve the *status quo*. . . .'

Three days after this letter was written, Mr Balfour, in a Memorandum to the Cabinet, committed himself to retention of the Cowper-Temple principle (modified by a new provision that Managers of public Elementary Schools should give 'reasonable facilities' for such denominational teaching as parents desired, but *not* as a charge on the rates). Rate-aid was to be given to Voluntary Schools, the question of option left open, though Balfour's Memorandum rather tends to Morant's view that it should be compulsory. Both these changes were contrary to the original instructions of the Cabinet, and this instantly alarmed the Liberal-Unionist leader, Mr Chamberlain. Without his support it was impossible to proceed. Morant went to see him, and left notes of a conversation in which the instinct of the greatest political manager of his time was gradually borne down by the arguments of the expert. Morant carried back, if not Mr Chamberlain's consent, at least his acquiescence.

MR CHAMBERLAIN

1. This whole plan will mean Rate war in every town, as in 1870. A few people determined to stop rates to Sectarian Education organised a Rate War, and would do so again.

MR MORANT

1. But conditions are now very different from 1870.

(i) *Then* it seemed easy to kill the Voluntary Schools. Now it is seen to be almost impossible after thirty years' struggle. So the main spur to fight is lacking.

(ii) *Then* people cared far

* The 'Cowper-Temple' clause (so named after the Member of Parliament who introduced its principle as an Amendment to the Education Act of 1870) was the compromise on which Board School Education had been worked from its beginnings. The clause ran thus: 'No religious catechism, or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular religious denomination shall be taught in the School.'

less about Education. *Now* many people feel that education of the nation is retarded by the low level of Voluntary School work: and that to deny money to Voluntary Schools is *retarding* education.

(iii) To refuse their rates *now* would mean stopping 'the grand work of the Board Schools,' whereas then it only meant stopping the hated Voluntary Schools.

(iv) Moreover, *now* there are many who care far more keenly about distinctive religious training than in 1870, when most Anglicans were very broad. There has been polarisation, and therefore intensification.

2. Your Cowper-Temple veil is a very thin one; it is too disingenuous.

2. Granted: but we take their own words—their own sacred safeguard. *We* know that it won't stop denominational colouring; but they themselves in 1870 declared that nothing more drastic than 'formulary' could be worked. I quoted Gladstone and Forster in 1870. If it is so sacred a guard in Board Schools we *extend* it into Voluntary Schools, where hitherto it has not been—*your own safeguard*. . . .

5. I could not possibly compel the Local Authority to give its Rates.

5. We don't propose this. It is 'adoptive.' It is in this that we meet you. . . .

10. Still, it is too 'thin'; it will mean Rates for Secarian teaching; and if I were the Opposition, I could get a Rate Martyr in every town in England and Wales and smash you.

10. I doubt it; moreover it would not smash it in Parliament; it could not happen till the Bill was *through*; and then what would be gained by the Martyr? The law would crush him.

Here follows an interchange in which Mr Chamberlain argues for transfer of the Voluntary Schools to the Local Authority, the Managers only retaining control of religious instruction.

14. But there is not a single School that would consent to transfer if the Managers have no rights at all, and cannot appoint teachers.

15. Oh no! The Managers care only for the religious instruction hour, and that we should give them.

15. That is quite out of date. It was so in 1870, but nowadays it is felt that they must have a religious man to do all the secular teaching. . . .

16. I did not know this. Is it not only true of Romans?

16. Oh no! It *was* only true of Romans, but now Anglicans have learnt it, and will fight for it, even to Rate war, it is said.

Abandoning this idea of transfer, Mr. Chamberlain then urged that the Bill should not touch Primary Schools at all.

18. Do Secondary Education only.

18. But that at once involves you in the Denominational question.

19. But in a very minor, negligible degree.

19. On the contrary: the *principle* would be fought, and we should be compelled to take our stand on the principle. Rate Aid to Denominational Instruction. We should *have* to commit ourselves.

20. Granted. For Secondary only; but what matter?

20. Then where should we be a year or two hence in settling Elementary? We should have to give up all Cowper-Temple on our own showing.

Morant then urged the perpetuation of dual authority as a further objection to separating by an interval of time introduction of legislation for Primary and Secondary Schools.

24. I admit : we could not defend this.

25. I don't know. Unless we include Elementary Education, and bar Voluntary Schools.

26. Oh ! but the new Authority *must* be able to string up the standard everywhere.

27. But would it ? Who would vote against us on the point ? Say fifty Tories and sixty Irish. The regular Opposition would *support* the prohibition of Rate Aid.

Also I feel it would necessarily be a *vote of confidence*, and we should have to resign on it. Our fellows would not press us to this.

28. What then ?

29. Yes, with State Aid. That is how *we* ought to avoid the difficulty.

30. What then do you suggest ?

31. I can't see myself walking on it unless

(i) You insist on an option to the Town Council ;

24. . . . What then ?

25. . . . Your new Authority would be a mockery, with half of its field barred from it.

26. Quite so ; but it can't *without* giving the funds. To insist without funds would *certainly* break us.

27. Oh no ! Far more than fifty Tories. There are ' educationalists ' too. It would be a *hot* struggle. Moreover, it would be awkward for *some* of us to walk into the same lobby with Harcourt to *help smash Voluntary Schools*.

28. It was the imminence of such a smash (in the converse direction) which broke the whole thing in 1870, and necessitated a *new Bill* being created.

29. Certainly ; but whose fault is it that we *can't get* that State Aid now which so usefully saved the situation in 1870 ?

Can *you* safely say that your War stops us from doing what you think *ought* otherwise to be done for Education ? [The reference here is to the South African War.]

30. We have tried to build you a bridge. I admit it is shaky. But we are sure that at all events it is *the least unsafe bridge that can be built*.

31. Certainly. . . .

(ii) You make the Managers' contribution not ridiculously small;

(iii) You make it plain that no bad buildings are to be foisted on the ratepayers.

32. But even then I don't see how we *can* do it.

33. I fear many Liberal Unionists will refuse to vote for your proposal.

34. Yes.

35. Then you mean that the War would be the means by which *our* Nonconformists are to be bound into Rate Aid to Sectarian Education?

36. It is difficult anyhow.

'A man convinced against his will, etc.'—Balfour and Morant may well have felt they were playing a lone hand when Lord Salisbury circulated a Cabinet Memorandum of his own, reinforcing, for entirely different reasons, Mr Chamberlain's objections to Rate Aid and a single Bill. Under this foretaste of the cross-fire that his Bill would meet in the open, Balfour stood his ground with a Memorandum countering the Prime Minister.

'I have received the Minute from the Prime Minister, dated the 17th December, on the subject of Rate aid. It may save time in Cabinet if I now make the following observations upon it:—

'I. It is assumed in the Minute that, if a School has a right to receive rate aid, all subscriptions will immediately cease. But it must be remembered that (a) the managers will be obliged not only to maintain the buildings, but to add to them from time to time, as the Education authority may require (an obligation, I may remark in passing, which seems to me so onerous that, if the Voluntary Schools had not expressed their willingness to undertake it, we might have hesitated to impose it on them); and (b) there are not a few

32. . . . What better alternative is there?

33. But you admit, yourself, that it would necessarily be a Vote of Confidence. . . .

34. Then surely our Liberal Unionists, however much they might hate Rate Aid, would refrain from breaking us on it, while the War is still on.

35. In a sense yes; but by our retention and extension of Cowper-Temple we enable them to *save their face*, and to say, 'No Sectarian Education is allowed from the Rates.'

36. Yes; but what other course suggests itself?

Voluntary Schools in country districts which would rather receive no aid and remain independent than receive aid and be subject to the local authority.

'II. The Minute assumes that in country districts aid to Voluntary Schools will invariably increase the burden of rates in School Board areas. There is no reason, as far as I know, for this assumption. It is true that there will have to be a larger sum raised for education in the county, but there will be a larger rating area to provide for. There will no doubt be a new rate in the Voluntary School districts, which may cause local discontent, and so far the argument is of importance.

'The case contemplated in the Minute seems to be that of the counties only. It must be observed that in the boroughs the new grievance caused by the rise in the rate will be balanced, or partly balanced, by the diminution of the old grievance now bitterly felt by Churchmen, that the supporters of the Voluntary Schools have to pay not only subscriptions, but also rates from which they derive no benefit.

'III. We, or at least the bulk of the party, are very deeply pledged to the policy of as far as possible co-ordinating Secondary and Primary Education under a single authority. Every educationalist and every supporter of Voluntary Schools, even when agreed on nothing else, are agreed upon this. It would be scarcely possible completely and openly to abandon this policy without provoking a hostile vote in the very first week of the Session.

'IV. Moreover, if School Boards are to be left as they are, while the Councils are to be allowed to aid Voluntary Schools, we shall not merely be open to the charge that our Bill leaves the existing educational chaos unremedied; we shall be accused, and justly, of greatly increasing it. The overlapping, of which complaint is now made, will be enormously intensified. Two local authorities will have to settle the proper standard of Education, of buildings, of salaries. I cannot believe that any party in the House would accept such a scheme.

'A. J. B.'

December 17, 1901.

The battle was fought out in Cabinet, and the upshot was a victory for the Balfour-Morant point of view as regarded Rate Aid, though Balfour's instructions to Morant show that at this stage Ministers intended to repeal the Cowper-Temple Clause. This decision was reversed before the Bill was brought in.

When Ministers met after Christmas, reflection had again cooled their courage about Rate Aid. Balfour circulated a Cabinet Memorandum on Feb. 6, 1902, beginning :

'We are in a great difficulty over the Education Bill, chiefly owing to the following causes :

'There is a great reluctance among us to compel the local authority to support Denominational Schools. There is great anxiety to prevent those schools from being squeezed out of existence. There is considerable apprehension that even if we could get round these difficulties, the ratepayer, as such, will object to having his burdens increased. And above all, there is the fear that, if our Bill compels County and Borough Councils to mix themselves up in the denominational controversy, they may combine to denounce it. This would render our Parliamentary position untenable.'

Sketches follow of alternative plans for smoothing these objections, the root-idea of Rate Aid not being eliminated, but put, as Balfour hoped, in less offensive forms. He cast his ideas in the form of draft clauses. It must have been in connection with this holiday task that he used to relate how, when he sent his clauses to the Government Draftsman, its receipt was acknowledged with the comment, 'You have written a very good popular account of the Bill.' 'But,' Balfour added, when telling the story, 'a good deal more of that popular account remained in the Bill than the Office quite approved of.'

On March 22, 1902, the Bill was ready at last. Morant wrote Balfour a long list of points for his speech in introduction, finishing up as follows :

'The keynote of the Bill is, *not* the bolstering up of clerically managed schools, but the improvement of Education, especially as regards—

'(i) considering *all* the different grades and types necessary to every system of National Education, and considering them in their relations to one another, not sectionally or in water-tight compartments as hitherto.

'(ii) providing for the recognition of the need of sound general education, development of the mind and faculties (not of manual dexterities or particular aptitudes) *before* (and as a basis of) technical or professional education—in good secondary schools

of a modern type—e.g. educate your teacher, and your foreman, and your commercial traveller, before you introduce him to the technicalities of his avocation.

‘ (iii) one suzerain authority over all the grades and types of schools so as to ensure proper proportion in the support and provision of each.

‘ (iv) similarly one authority over all the various elementary schools.

‘ I have no time to write more before post goes. I am sure you will give the Bill a splendid launch.

‘ In haste,

‘ R. L. MORANT.’

On March 24, in a crowded House, Balfour brought in the Bill. The central principle was the welding of secular education into one organic whole under the County Councils, and the Borough Councils in the large towns. This involved abolition of the existing School Boards. The training of teachers would be under the same new authority (here Balfour was touching on a sensitive nerve of the Church party, as was proved when the bitter struggle began in Committee over the proportionate representation, on the County Education Committees, of the Voluntary School Managers and the nominees of the Ratepayers). Explaining the Government's attitude towards the Voluntary Schools, Balfour said that the vast majority of Englishmen were of opinion that religion should be taught, but were not, and probably never would be, agreed as to *what* religion should be taught. Nonconformists valued, and would never willingly give up, the ‘ simple Bible teaching ’ of Cowper-Temple. But so long as the right to undenominational teaching was recognised by the State, so also must be the converse right. Voluntary Schools then must remain. If they remained, they must be reinvigorated. In return for Rate Aid the new Bill would put them under the control of the new County Authority as regards their standards of secular education. Mr Balfour concluded by saying that the Government knew the scheme might cause some disquiet, and that it could not be worked successfully without the co-operation of the local authorities. Aid from the rates to Voluntary Schools was therefore to be optional.

Thus far the Cabinet brought itself to go when the

Bill was introduced in March. The House of Commons itself struck out the option by a free vote on July 16. Before that date several things had happened. The Bill had produced precisely the effect on Nonconformists that Mr Chamberlain had expected. It had furthermore enabled the Liberal leaders to exhibit their reunion after the quarrels that had divided them on the question of the South African War. Moreover, in May, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr Chamberlain had exchanged shots on Colonial Preference. The Opposition was, therefore, in good heart, proclaiming danger to the people's bread and the people's consciences. On July 14 Lord Salisbury's resignation and Mr Balfour's succession to the Premiership were announced. In the reconstructed Ministry Lord Londonderry and Sir William Anson became responsible for Education in place of the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst. The new-comers were inevitably nearly as ignorant of the intricacies of the Bill as of the internal politics of their not very harmonious department. Morant felt unhappy. His constant access to Balfour had been interrupted by the pressure of other business on the new Prime Minister, and perhaps he saw more clearly than any one else at this period, apart from Mr Chamberlain, the rocks ahead—one fairly near, in the question of control, on which the Church party was as unyielding as the Chapels; the other further off, in the Passive Resistance movement against payment of the Education Rate. He sounded notes of warning in a letter to one of the Prime Minister's secretaries during the autumn recess of 1902.

'I confess to feeling not a little perturbed as to the fate of the Bill. This question of giving to all the six Managers the control of the religious instruction, and altering all the Trust Deeds so as to take it away from the person who now has it is most horribly dangerous. . . . Also I fear we shall get into awful quagmires if we begin to set up lay tribunals in every parish, to decide what is Church of England teaching. . . . You were too busy in the closing days of the Session to realise some of the difficulties (I expect) into which the Chief [Balfour] was drifting. In my talks with Londonderry I find him a regular Orangeman and no lover of the Bill. . . . You will have seen that the Carnarvon County Council have pledged themselves, and are trying to get other Councils to

pledge themselves, that they will not carry out the Act. If many do this we should have sore trouble. The 800 Free Church Councils matter *less*, I think. But this anti-High Church feeling may become very troublesome on the religious instruction point. . . .

The Dissenting Opposition reached its maximum during the recess, when Dr Clifford's letters to the 'Daily News' were republished in pamphlet form, and Mr Balfour's famous reply was still being framed. On the other hand, High Church opinion was hardening against yielding a jot of the power, given by their School Trust deeds, over the appointment of teachers. When Parliament met, on Oct. 16, the Government was surrounded by a ring of fire, the attack led on the one side by Mr Lloyd George, on the other by Lord Hugh Cecil. The bulk of the dismayed Unionists were pressing concession to Nonconformist opinion to the extent of putting control into the hands of the whole body of the School Managers. This was in fact given, when, on Oct. 31, Balfour left the 'Kenyon-Slaney Amendment' to the free vote of the House, and it passed by 211 to 41.

'Kenyon Slaney' was the end of the 'one-man power' of the parish clergyman, but extreme Churchmen saw in it far more. They conceived of the Managers as bent on destruction of all Church teaching, even though two-thirds of their body were to be nominees of the former Committee. With all this Balfour had as little sympathy as with the cry that the Bill was designed to 'crown the priest.' Now, in the final stages of the battle, his full fighting power was put forth. Never did he display a more delicate perception of all that was under his eye in the House of Commons and of the grave issues without. He showed the extremists among the Churchmen that those who thought Trust Deeds inviolable were themselves accepting aid never foreseen by the Trusts. He warned them against alienating the laity by their extremism, and with an earnestness that never failed to place religion above all, he demonstrated how impossible it was to maintain the one-man authority in the Schools, and that the clergyman could not, and should not, be there as if he was within his church.

After the malcontents of his own Party, he turned on the main body of adversaries. On Dec. 18, the day that

the Bill left the House of Commons for the Lords, his 'Letter on the Criticisms of an Opponent' was issued. The Opponent was the great militant Nonconformist divine, Dr Clifford, whose pamphlet, 'The Fight against the Education Bill,' had circulated in its thousands in the past two months. On its first page Dr Clifford proclaimed 'The State is in danger: yes, that is the fact. The State is in danger,' and in that key proceeded for sixty-two pages with 'an exuberance of rhetoric that outruns quotation.'* In argument Dr Clifford wielded what was aptly described by a colleague as 'a desperate sword.'† Balfour countered with a skinning knife, but his scathing prose is as unsuited for quotation as the outpourings of Dr Clifford, though for opposite reasons. One specimen serves as an example of the Balfourian manner. It is a commentary on Dr Clifford's doctrine of State education:

'He [i.e. Dr Clifford] would, it is true, admit the teaching of the Bible, but only if it be used as an instrument of "purely literary and ethical" education, and because the study of it may enable us the better to understand "Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Burns," and is therefore "necessary for a full secular education." It is apparently to be treated as a collection of elegant extracts and edifying maxims. The Sixth Commandment may be taught, for, taken by itself, this is merely a moral pronouncement. The First Commandment, on the other hand, must be treated only as "literature"; for manifestly it has a theological implication. Of the two precepts which contain "all the Law and the Prophets," the second may be taught, but not the first. The Lord's Prayer may be used as an introduction to Burns, but not as the outpouring of the spirit of man to his Maker. According to Dr Clifford, Parliament would be going beyond its functions in teaching, at the cost of public funds, that man *has* a Maker.'‡

The reply to Dr Clifford filled the Government supporters with glee, and connoisseurs of polemical literature with enthusiasm. But 'The Church on the Rates' was too good a cry to be killed with the pen. In 1903 the Government were compelled to pass a Default Bill to deal with the movement against payment of the Education

* See 'Letter on the Criticisms of an Opponent,' p. 2.

† See Letter to 'Daily News,' Sept. 9th, 1902, by Dr. Parker of City Temple.

‡ See 'Letter on the Criticisms of an Opponent,' p. 11.

Rate in certain localities. However, in 1904, 'concordats' between the old Voluntary School Committees and the new Education Authorities had been arranged in most of these places—outside Wales. There the native instinct moved otherwise, and resistance was organised by the ablest of political leaders, towards a more ambitious goal than 'simple Bible teaching' for Welsh children. With Disestablishment of the Welsh Church in view, Mr Lloyd George took the field against the Education Act, with a 'plan of campaign' described by Morant to Balfour in a letter of Sept. 19, 1904, thus :

'Put briefly the plan of campaign is this : The moment we use the Default Bill to pay any money direct to a Voluntary School, the County Council (at least in that one County) will cease wholly the administration of the Education Acts in respect of all Council Schools, as well as of all Voluntary Schools. The notion is that thus we here [i.e. in the Board of Education in London] shall have a heavy administrative task in administering all the Voluntary Schools, and that the people generally will be furious with what they will be told is the Government's fault, in their children having to be taught higgledy-piggledy in Chapels, which, under the "plan," will be opened everywhere to take the place of the closed Board Schools.

'*Looking a considerable distance ahead, I am myself inclined to think that the Church would be wise to arrange, between now and Christmas, a concordat in Wales. It seems to me extremely desirable to know whether the Government, on the other hand, definitely prefer, with all the risks, to smash the proposed plan of campaign ; for if so we ought immediately to be taking . . . very definite steps, and to be prepared to play a stiff, scientifically prepared game. . . . This would need firm handling . . . and your very definite moral support, to keep the play up to the mark, incessantly.*

The phrase 'plan of campaign' must have stirred memories in the Prime Minister, though it was some fifteen years since he had last heard it in the Ireland of which Parnell was called the 'Uncrowned King.' He promptly answered Morant's letter.

Sept. 21st, 1904.

North Berwick.

'DEAR MORANT,

'We are apparently in for ticklish times over education. If you cared to come to Whittingehame for Sunday

week, or later, I hope to be back then from Balmoral. In the meantime, my first instinct in reference to the problems you put before me is that no compromise which the Voluntary Schools are likely to get out of Lloyd George and Dr Clifford is likely to do them much good, and that Lloyd George and his party are likely to do themselves much harm by carrying out their plan of campaign.

'I gather that your view is that if the Government go out before this plan of campaign is broken down, through want of funds or other causes, the Church in Wales will be seriously damaged, and Lloyd George will have secured a great political victory. I am by no means sure things would so turn out. I believe public opinion would resent the Welsh action, and that the new Government would attack the education problem under considerable difficulties if one of its Cabinet Ministers had spent the autumn in urging his countrymen to break the law, and using the Welsh children as "counters" in the political game.

'If the Department has enough money to run the Voluntary Schools in any Welsh County which refuses to do its duty, why should it trouble itself about the School Boards which are being neglected by the Local Authority—not even on the pretence of conscience, but as a shameless "move" in the Party battle? It is true that indignation might be excited by the consequent injury to the cause of education, but the indignation would surely in the main be directed against the true authors of the evil.

'Yours sincerely,

'ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.'

With this the correspondence between Balfour and Morant practically ends. Before the General Election of 1906 severed their official connection the Act they had created was settling into a national system. The first Permanent Secretary to the reconstructed Board of Education was Morant himself.

No communication could take place therefore between the Leader of the Opposition and the Civil Servant during the fights over the Liberal Government's attempt, in their Bill of 1906, to upset the guarantees for denominational teaching. The refusal of this policy by the House of Lords was the first round of a constitutional struggle, in which the Education controversy was forgotten.

If Lord Balfour had lived to complete the Auto-

biography on which he was at work when he died in 1930, he meant to have paid there his own tribute to the chief of staff to whose knowledge and unstinted labour he owed so much at every stage of the Education campaign. But even if this episode in Robert Morant's public service had thus been told, we should still know too little about one of the most remarkable personalities that ever moved the levers in the Power-house of Whitehall. It is to be hoped that the story of his work abroad and at home, and the final chapter of his life, when the Ministry of Health was in the making, may some day be adequately described. He died of septic pneumonia, following on overwork, in 1920, at an age which should still have been the vigour of his prime.

The Education Act of 1902, and the controversies which it engendered, were among the chief causes of the Unionist crash of 1906. But it was never for an instant regretted either by its lay or by its technical author. If an inscription is required it may be chosen from the answer given in the House of Commons some thirty years later, by Mr Charles Trevelyan, then Minister for Education in the second Labour Government, 'That without some considerable measure of agreement, it would be impossible to pass legislation to alter the settlement of 1902.'

BLANCHE E. C. DUGDALE.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Professor Trevelyan's History—Rome—Sir Henry Newbolt—Cunninghame Graham—R. W. MacKenna—Orpen and Byam Shaw—Lord Conway's 'Episodes'—Indian Caste—Tibet—Crozier Once More—'The Buddha and the Christ'—Genesis—St Paul—Two Ecclesiastics—Nature Books—Theses from America—Mr Pepys—'As We Are'—Style—Greece and Modern Life—The 'Everyman' Anatomy—'The Master Light'—Animal Lore—The Garden.

PROFESSOR G. M. TREVELYAN began well his trilogy on England under Queen Anne with the volume 'Blenheim,' in which the Duke of Marlborough was, of course, the predominating and attractive hero. The interest and excellence of this work has now been more than maintained with '**Ramillies and the Union of Scotland**' (Longmans), in which again Marlborough plays his valuable and much-admired chief part, though the scene is more often shifted in this instalment and the stage is rather more extensive than before. Deftly, with authority and certainly with an absorbing interest, we follow the courses, in ebb and flow, of the stern interests in war and politics of those involved and difficult five years or so, when Louis XIV was bidding dangerously for sovereignty over Europe and there was little more than the genius of the Duke with later the loyal co-operation of Prince Eugene and English gold, occasionally supported by Dutch thalers, to stay the Deluge. Meanwhile, the Jacobites were plotting, and even the most influential statesmen, with hardly an exception, were at some time in touch with those who served the royal exiles. Yet even more interesting than the War is the author's account of the Union with Scotland, following an admirable and picturesque description of the northern kingdom in those restricted days, with its poor and haughty people—every drover as proud as an earl—depressed through rigorous trade barriers and divided between rival loyalties and the angers of religion. These chapters are worthy of the great-nephew of Macaulay, while the whole book has an accuracy and balanced judgment which students are entitled to expect in writers

of history nowadays. Those were moving times, mean, mighty, and fateful; so that possibly it was well Queen Anne had her stolidity, for with Sarah Churchill and Abigail Masham in rivalry agitating her, and Europe aflame, she needed a saving dullness or philosophy to carry her through.

The amazing record and fascination of the most historical of cities are brought to focus and reality in **'Rome of the Renaissance and To-day'** (Macmillan), which, out of his stores of memories and researches, Sir Rennell Rodd has written, with the illuminating help of Mr Henry Rushbury, whose fifty-six drawings of famous ruins, buildings, gardens, bridges, and *piazzi* at once embellish the volume and aptly illustrate the text. Passing in order through the various regions into which the Eternal City—how one endeavours to avoid that term, yet cannot because it is so true!—is divided, he, who had seen Pio Nono walking abroad in Rome, pauses here and there, with no guide-bookish limitations or dryness, to describe the historical or artistic significance of this point and that; and so, with insidious touches and the inspiration of verbal colour, paints the multi-varied past, wherein Goth and Pope, patriot, poisoner, artist, and poet—a Cellini, a Raphael, a Borgia, a Cæsar—played their parts. Ghosts of many ages are garnered into these pages. The theme is universal; the treatment it receives, though necessarily compact and brief, is successful; and although obviously those who best know Rome and its raised or fallen stones will gain the chief pleasure from this volume, it yet is one from which the many whose feet never will tread those ancient and still modern ways may find mental profit.

A few years ago Sir Henry Newbolt was invited to attend in the town of Bilston the ceremony of unveiling a tablet commemorating his birth in that place. Such a distinction, usually given posthumously, when accorded ante-humously (if such a word may be coined) obviously calls for an ante-humous record of the life concerned. That, to the year 1905, Sir Henry now gives us in **'My World as in My Time'** (Faber). His style both in verse and prose would adorn any subject, and such a Victorian childhood and upbringing as were his are worthy of it. His early life in industrial Staffordshire, and at Clifton,

Oxford, London, the Bar; his literary work, the 'Monthly Review,' family and friends, poetry and prose, are some of the interests in this book, as varied as the friends that include Asquith and Balfour; Grey and Fisher; Brodrick of Merton and Percival of Clifton; the Noble family, Cecils, Peases, and Coleridges; Conrad and Bridges, Hardy and Andrew Lang, Rosebery, Haldane, and many others of eminence or homely attraction. The 'Monthly Review' chapters are naturally of especial interest to the 'Quarterly,' as during its short but brilliant career it was conducted under the same roof, at times not without some apprehension on the part of this staid bulwark of Conservatism as to the Liberal inclinations of its enterprising junior! In these days when we are told that many of the young enthusiasms are out of fashion, and the poetry, so called, which to the uninitiated often has neither rhythm nor meaning, is much in fashion, Sir Henry's loyalties and clear-cut, even-flowing verses may seem antiquated, but they strike the chords of real emotion.

Professor H. Faulkner West has acted at once with wisdom and imprudence in using generous extracts from the writings of 'Cunninghame Graham' (Cranley and Day) in his impressionist study of that nobly outspoken, Quixotic gentlemen, for the reason that by the side of those utterances—poetic, vivid, colourful, moving, and passionate—his own repetitive and confused outpourings are like small beer muddled o'er with prejudice. It is naturally difficult for an American, who rarely has visited us, to reproduce fairly the old and angry times of social unrest in England of which he could have no personal cognisance; but that very fact should make him pause before sneering with a wearisome persistence, as he does, at British brutalities, Victorian hypocrisies, and the rest of it. Incidentally such wanton partiality is unfair to his subject, who, from first to last, in his rightness and his wrongness, acted with the chivalry as well as the knightly passion of a gentleman of Scotland and Spain, and who pays in a letter a tribute to the greatness and generosity of the English. As a study of Cunninghame Graham this book is, therefore, necessarily faulty and incomplete; but if it send readers to that author's own and too-neglected tale of books, it will have served some purpose,

for he is a writer of power and charm; of the finest vintage of these times, and even for his disinterested, though often mistaken, political endeavours he must grow in honour and esteem as the years go by.

The late Dr Robert W. MacKenna, through his few books and his sterling personality, shed so helpful an influence about him that '*As Shadows Lengthen*' (Murray), which contains, with a memoir, his later essays, his last short story, a poem, and a very revealing portrait—for *there* is the man himself in his strength and genial simplicity—is bound to be welcome to the many who knew him as a guide to their physical and spiritual health. This little volume finally rounds the cycle of characteristic works of which '*The Adventure of Death*,' '*The Adventure of Life*,' and '*Through a Tent Door*,' MacKenna's War experience, were outstanding. Necessarily, being a 'made-up' book, this one has not the grasp and span of those; but its spirit is like; and in these essays upon Beauty, Hobbies, the Disadvantages of Intelligence, Medical Superstitions, Growing Old, and other aspects of thought and existence in this workaday world, the glow, the kindness, the strengthening wisdom of the man who wrote them are expressed. And his faith. Could anything be more helpful in their simple way than these words that conclude the last essay:

'While as for death, when we come to it, we find, as so many have found before us, that it is the easiest step in our pilgrimage, the least formidable bit of life: nothing more than—

"A grey eve 'tween two shining days.'"

We pass to memoirs of pictorial artists, published by Messrs Seeley, Service.

In their joint study of '*Sir William Orpen, Artist and Man*,' Mr Sidney Dark deals with the human and Mr P. G. Konody with the artistic aspects of their man; and although each of the contributors has trenched occasionally on the province of the other, the diversities, if there be any, in their separate views of Orpen are so slight that an excellent composite-portrait has been produced; though, as is to be expected with '*little Orps*,' his humanity is the most evident characteristic. For his pictures were 'human documents,' especially

when in the bitterness of truth, enforced by the stupidities, meannesses, cruelties, and simple unrewarded heroisms of the War, his anger became symbolic and he worked under the inspiration of fine wrath. And the child was the father of the man; the boy who doggedly won tennis-tournaments against the grown-ups, the humorist who played 'Abide with Me' on a hurdy-gurdy to his club-mates at their serious business of luncheon, the man who accepted and freely enjoyed 'the great joke of life,' and the artist with genius who expressed in pictures the passionate irony of 'The Black Cap,' 'Blown up—Mad,' and 'Man versus Beast,' comprise one brilliant, varying, eager, lovable being, and his final passing out in almost a tragical sadness is only compensated for by the great series of paintings which are his legacy to the world that he loved, laughed at, and grieved over. Evidently also a labour of love is the volume prepared by Mr Rex Vicat Cole on 'The Art and Life of Byam Shaw,' especially as the simply-sufficient text is adorned by many illustrations that bring out the skill, imagination, and charm of that artist's work. The one omission which matters is the want of reproductions in colour. Byam Shaw worked with pigments so strongly that it is a pity such prohibition, doubtless through the cost, was necessary.

Few living people are as versatile or able to combine more different physical and mental qualities than Lord Conway of Allington, whose 'Episodes in a Varied Life' (Country Life) has lately been published, to the pleasure of his many friends—both those who know him in person and those who do not. Lord Conway confesses that there is no order nor arranged sequence in the book: one thought leads to another, probably quite different in time and scene, and his pen follows the thought. In a few words we may pass from the House of Commons to the Andes; from consideration of the Van Eycks and their work to the Himalayas and back to Mussolini in Rome or to hints on restoring ancient ruins in England. The Professor of Art gets lost in the snows and the Mountaineer among museum shelves. The Member of Parliament turns into an explorer in Morocco, and the explorer finds himself delighting audiences on subjects that have not the slightest connection with any phase

of geography and travel. It is all very pleasing, instructive, unconventional, and needless to say well written and well produced.

No serious student of Indian affairs can shirk the complicated and all-pervasive question of caste, and for such study Mr L. S. S. O'Malley's compact little book, '**Indian Caste Customs**' (Cambridge University Press), comes opportunely. Rabindranath Tagore has described caste as a 'gigantic system of cold-blooded repression,' other eminent writers have condemned it as a barrier to true social life and progress, and yet so eminent an authority as Sir Monier Monier-Williams claimed that it had been useful in securing the subordination of the individual to an organised body, in restraining vice and preventing pauperism. At any rate it can be said without undue exaggeration that if the caste system prevailed in Europe it would be a rock on which English democracy, the dictatorship of Mussolini, or the tyranny of Stalin would beat in vain. All aspects of Indian life—social, religious, political, and economic—are equally affected by it. It is rigid and yet indefinite, not only in the endless multiplicity of its subsections, but in the variety of practice in the same castes in different parts of the country. Mr O'Malley deals with its rules, penalties, effects on marriage and morals, on food and drink, and on occupations; its relation to the Untouchables and on modern tendencies. It is a truism that nothing in this world is immutable—not even caste—but change and progress are slow and painful, and, as this book shows, caste counts much in the development of coming years.

How eagerly, even at the end of the last century, would Mr David Macdonald's '**Twenty Years in Tibet**' (Seeley, Service) have been welcomed; for that vast country, over which there was the most eager curiosity, then was barred not merely by political force and prejudice but through mystical fears. Old China and Japan in their earlier seclusiveness were easily penetrable as compared with the guarded civic-religious region of the Dalai Lama. It is twenty-eight years since Sarat Chandra Das published his account of a visit in servant's disguise to Lhasa; and it is disquieting to read Mr Macdonald's statement of how cruelly punished were the friendly Tibetans who had helped that Indian's enterprise.

Terror and torture still protected the national portals ; but now that condition is altered, and this in main is due to Mr Macdonald, who through his having a Sikkimese mother and intimate knowledge of the Tibetan language was able in his office of British Trade Agent to establish relations and confidence after the Younghusband Mission of 1904. It is impossible fully to suggest the rich interest of this volume ; which shows the Tibetan at home as well as his official capacities in the state and its highly complicated system of religion. Mr Macdonald knew the Dalai Lama and his rival, the Tashi Lama, intimately, frequently entertaining them in his home ; and with his stories of persons and events reveals a region which although no longer locked in seclusion is still in many respects unique.

General F. P. Crozier has a way with him which does not always encourage his adversary to turn to him the other cheek ; and in 'Ireland for Ever' (Cape) he gives expression to views, based on bitter experiences, with absolute honesty of purpose and spirit but a noisy frankness which will make others than those who deserve his castigations sometimes squirm. All who honour the greatness of the British name and tradition may, however, read his account of the Irish 'Troubles' with equanimity on the whole, because it does fasten the blame on those who in their hurried political necessities let us down by making reprisals after the dirty fashion of Sinn Fein. Politics should be the province and practice of gentlemen. When others intervene—the hucksters and the mudlarks—there is every likelihood of trouble resulting. Something like that is General Crozier's moral, and he hammers it home ruthlessly. He appears, however, rather to regard a gentleman in politics as one whose morals and manners may be almost anything, good, bad or indifferent, so long as his views do not clash unduly with those at the moment held by himself. But what a fighter ! Often the gods must laugh when they see him stepping as an Apostle of Peace on to the League of Nations platforms that he adorns—an olive-branch in his mouth, but his pockets bulging ominously. His book, happily, is not only concerned with the distressful causes that led to the Treaty and Mr de Valera's endeavours to break it ; while his account

of the organisation of the Ulster Volunteers with their gun-running is informative and amusing. He pictures vividly the soldiers and politicians he met—seeing Mr de Valera as an ambitious weakling driven by unscrupulous masters, and, therefore, the worst of dangers to any country and especially his own—while the whole book has pluck and dash. It is, however, a relief to turn away from the meanness and shambles of shouting Irish politics to the domain of the spirit.

Canon Streeter already has earned an inexpressible debt for the lucency, spiritual courage, and constructive qualities of his teachings on religion, which are the more valuable because we live in a time of longing, of calling for the light which the old 'isms' and negations and forms of religion-found-out have been unable to provide. In his Bampton Lectures on '**The Buddha and the Christ**' (Macmillan) he departs helpfully from the normal assertions of Christian exegesis by comparing and contrasting, in all ways sympathetically, the teachings, works, characters, and earthly lives of those founders of the supreme religious systems of the world.

'Christ was a carpenter, the Buddha was a prince; they experienced life from different angles. The Buddha was a philosopher; Jesus had the mind of a poet. They thought and spoke in different modes. Each for the sake of miserable humanity made the supreme sacrifice—the Christ in submitting to death, the Buddha by consenting to live.'

That simple expression of essential differences leads to contrasts absolute; but yet the world, vastly better, of course, for both systems, would be immeasurably the more enriched by Christianity if it were rid of its sectarian narrownesses and the burdens it still must bear through persistent misunderstandings based on obstinate and partisan misreadings of the scriptures and, alas, an amazing lack of charity. For already the helpfulness of Christianity, in its sweeter reasonableness, is shown by modifications in the teachings or practices of those Buddhists who have kept alive to the spirit; inasmuch as in their exhortations the Christian word 'love' is replacing the older Buddhist word 'pity' as the name of the chief of virtues, and all over Japan, where Gautama is in the ascendant, as distinct from India, his birthplace,

where he has failed, Christian institutions are being reproduced under Buddhist auspices, in the form of Sunday schools, associations for young men and young women, schools for the blind, crèches, orphanages, and new educational centres. In his pages Canon Streeter covers a wide field of principles, shirking no difficulty and helping with the truth.

Whether regarded as poem, allegory, historical record, or as all those facts together, the account of Creation, as told in the first thirty-four verses of the Old Testament, is certain to allure the mind and teach. It is so fundamental in its human appeal, as well as an act in the universal drama. Therefore, fortified with pretty well all that scholarship at present can say on the subject, Mr F. E. Coggin in *'The First Story of Genesis as Literature'* (Heffer) deals with the inner meaning of those essential passages; not as a revelation of religious significance, but as a Hebrew poem of high imaginative thought. Inevitably, on this occasion, greatest possibilities rest on a series of 'ifs'—as to the difference in creating and in making; on the pre-existence of God; on the externals of space and the province of time. Within this eighteen-penny treatise are seeds of problems which not all the scholars of all the ages will be able fully to determine; but yet the problems are there and they call for inquiry. How utterly different in style and appeal is our next volume! Mr Bruce Barton, having been abnormally successful with his popular booklets on Christ and the Bible, has ventured once more in similar vein, and this time treats of St Paul. *'He Upset the World'* (Constable) is not so freshly original in attack or diction as were his preceding efforts; but it will serve and possibly bring to the man-in-the-street and the woman-at-home new aspects of the life and work of the greatest of the missionaries. In studying the record of Paul, Mr Barton follows conventional lines and rarely—as when he says that the apostles 'balloted' to fill the place left by the treachery and suicide of Judas—uses up-to-date language. How far his treatment is helpful must be left to the individual reader; but obviously it is well for the great work done by St Paul on behalf of religion to be brought clearly home to ordinary people, and possibly this is an effective way; for as Dean Inge said in an article contributed in 1914 to this Review:

'It is impossible to guess what would have become of Christianity if he had never lived; we cannot even be sure that the name of Jesus would still be honoured amongst men.' Thrusting words, more striking than anything, however boldly said by Mr Barton.

It was a good idea to collect impressions of '**Lightfoot of Durham**' (Cambridge University Press) while there was time; for the great Bishop—as he truly was—died rather more than forty-three years ago, and necessarily the number of survivors who knew him and worked with him is speedily diminishing. The effect is not as happy as the hope might have been; for time evidently has blurred memories and left the appreciations general and vague. The two portraits in the book are far more revealing than all the shadowy glimpses given by the various contributors. Indirectly, however, from the text, we do realise the power of the man and the resolution of his authority as a leader of thought and a diocesan; while his body of learning, especially of the Pauline Epistles and the Early Fathers, was so sound and far-seeing that the cry now is, or soon will be, 'Back to Lightfoot!' He belonged to a generation of great scholars and high-minded Churchmen. Far better than the foregoing and excellent as a biography, revealing the personality of its subject, is that of '**Rafael, Cardinal Merry del Val**' (Longmans), which, brief as it is—a character sketch, its author the Rev. Mother F. A. Forbes modestly calls it—is as complete and justly sympathetic as need be. The Cardinal's career was as brilliantly rapid as a meteor flight; though, unlike that meretricious traveller of the skies, it was rich in lasting effect. Never did man, or Churchman, less desire the greatness that was thrust upon him. In his ecclesiastical youth he caught almost casually the shrewd interest of Pope Leo XIII, and although he longed to serve in the pastoral ministry, and resisted official advance, he was promptly appointed a Private Chamberlain at the Vatican, and when Pius X succeeded to the Papal throne became, still against his will but loyally in the spirit of duty, the Pope's Secretary of State and a Cardinal; and all before he was forty. His experience was in many ways misunderstood and misjudged, and a part of the value of this charming book, which brings out the sympathy and humour of the

Cardinal, comes from its clearing-up of the personal truth.

The very many listeners on the wireless who have enjoyed the talks of Mr S. P. B. Mais will welcome their revival in book form under the title of '**This Unknown Island**' (Putnams). It is a book which might set us all wandering, not only in the seventeen districts in England, Scotland, and Wales, which Mr Mais tells of, but in many others, now that he has shown us how by train, motor, and afoot we can, in a long week-end, at any time of year, find enjoyment, instruction, exercise, and at times adventure. Many of us feel that we know our country well and are ready to undergo an examination on it; but we soon shall learn our ignorance in the company of Mr Mais, and learn it agreeably. Winter is the proper season for the reading of Nature-books, just as there is (probably) no hunting so delectable as that remembered at a good fireside. Would you fish and enjoy the year-round amenities of Father Thames; or wander silently afield and watch the creatures in flight or creeping like shadows through hedgerows and spinneys? Here are books for either or both of those moods. Mr Patrick R. Chalmers with '**At the Tail of the Weir**' (Philip Allan) shows that he loves the Thames. He writes with a gusto and loving reverence for the institution, Fishing, that follow the pattern of Isaak Walton, who, for his gentle spirit, is surely entitled to rank among the dearest of our English worthies. Mr Chalmers's interest is not limited to the elusive fish, whose weight is so easily alterable as the necessity of its conqueror requires. He has also an eye—two eyes and a heart—for Thames-side birds and flowers, and proves, even if his stories do not always strike, a good companion. Mr Douglas Gordon, also, in his '**Field Philosophy**' (Murray) entertains as well as instructs, for he loves the creatures and observes them with a very sympathetic concern. It is, however, needless to deal at length with his book, as its author is a frequent and welcome contributor to the '**Quarterly**'; and so on this occasion we may leave it.

Not for the first time have we to record appreciation of the valuable spade-work done by the professors and students of American universities in the fresh investiga-

tions of literary personalities, works, and periods. Here are two such theses, and within its limits it would be difficult to discover one better than this of Mr Joseph Ellis Baker, of Princeton, on 'The Novel and the Oxford Movement' (Princeton University Press). Here is a period, its centenary to be honoured in three months' time, which has captured the imagination to a degree possibly more than it deserves; and its reflection in the fiction of the years preceding and following shortly after the publication of 'Tracts for the Times' is well told and revealing. Incidentally, it illustrates also the development of technique in novel-writing as we follow the successive processes of Disraeli, Newman, the Kingsleys, and Miss Yonge to J. H. Shorthouse, whose 'John Inglesant,' in spite of the amazing borrowings as exposed by Mr W. K. Fleming in this Review for July 1925, is rightly placed among the best and most influential of religious novels. Of a different character from the foregoing but of an equal excellence is Miss Narola Rivenburg's thesis on 'Harriet Martineau' submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements of a Doctor of Philosophy in Columbia University. It is at times somewhat inelegantly done, but so thorough has been the author's research and so faithfully and fairly does she bring out the truths of the influence of Harriet as an economic mentor, a social and industrial reformer, a pioneer of sweet—but not too sweet—reasonableness in an age of iron and ambitious endeavour, and as a likeable woman, that the mere literary graces may well be disregarded. Best of all, the book is a valuable study of the difficulties and birth pangs of industrial England: indeed, it should be published as a helpful contribution to the history of the long-fought conflict that raged about the Manchester doctrine of *laissez-faire*, of which, alas, reverberations still are to be heard wherever machines are over-producing and 'hands' as a result are out of work.

Mr Pepys! How absolutely, through his unconscious frankness and human naughtiness, has the great little Londoner and public servant won a place in the general heart; so that at the bare mention of his name there is generally a smile; while his passing immoralities, by all but the 'very very good,' are tolerated as evidence of

the sincerity of his narrative, which thereby adds to the authority of his record as history. Messrs Dent have increased the gratitude, as well as the gladness, of the army of true Pepysians by adding to their earlier edition of the Diary this collection of Letters with the accompanying reprint of the Second Diary. For to many this volume will be something new. Mr R. G. Howarth, who 'introduces' it, brings out properly the fact that after Mrs Pepys's death her Samuel found unlawful consolation with another; and through the devotion of that Mary Skinner—much as was Byron through the Guiccioli—was preserved from other and even less creditable loves. Overleaping centuries we come to the present. Mr E. F. Benson scored a notable success in 'As We Were,' with its graphic sidelights and comments on past events and social customs and its anecdotes of well-known people. His new volume, '**As We Are**' (Longmans), is naturally on different lines and deals in generalities and types rather than actual persons. Mr Benson has said that the best biography is fact written like fiction. This new book certainly does not claim to be biography, and it is fiction written like fact. The 'parable' house of Hakluyt Park, seat of the Earls of Buryan, is imaginary but convincing and representative and true to type, and so are its inhabitants. We are shown the transition from pre-war semi-feudal dignity in static custom and tradition to the present-day free-and-easy country club, illustrating the habits and manners of the present generation. It is not an attractive picture and luckily is only true of a section of the younger generation. Mr Benson writes with the skill of a master hand, and his scenes, grave and gay, live vividly; but the conclusion is depressing. Included in the book are some interesting word sketches of actual people like Archbishop Davidson and Sir Ernest Cassel.

Books on style, as on all the aspects of the literary profession or trade, are so numerous that they often repeat themselves and sometimes fog the neophyte who sees himself as a coming Parnassian. Mr Henry Bett, who already has given helpful guidance in the writer's province, now has produced '**Some Secrets of Style**' (Allen and Unwin) which goes its way sensibly and with not too much originality of thought or treatment, until—a fault in

which he is no original—he ventures to show, with examples, how poets and others of the highest standing in established literature might better have expressed themselves. In this he does not carry conviction. Those anapæsts of Cowper, if spoken sincerely, do bring out the truth of Selkirk's loneliness, and far, far better than Mr Bett is able to do with his wood-cut iambics and the attempt to write with the pen of Gibbon. Such experiments as these are apt to teach other than the experimentalist intended. We agree with his judgments of Meredith, Francis Thompson, and the unnamed yet easily identified torturer of prose referred to on his p. 86, but do not agree with him in thinking that Milton's 'Then when' is as ungainly to the ear as Bishop Hall's 'Teach each'!—bad as both are.

A very small book with a long title, 'The Contribution of Ancient Greece to Modern Life' (Allen and Unwin) has a special significance, because probably it is the last appearance in print of Mr G. Lowes Dickinson, whose interventions in the province of thought were generally graceful and refreshing. It is a lecture delivered last year at the summer meeting of the University of Cambridge and necessarily is slight in view of the deep and wide significance of the subject. Yet this brief passing-by of the greater spirits of Greek life—Euripides, Aristophanes, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Pindar, Plato—especially Plato—Archimedes, and Aristotle, all of whom were in some ways builders of the reality of modern life—stimulates and inspires to thoughts farther-reaching than the limited words of the lecture represent. Besides the value of its *motif* this little book is keepable because it is of remembrance of him who gave it. Turning to 'The Anatomy of Melancholy,' here is a work that needs no 'bush.' It is established in greatness, and to those who have a mind for it provides entertainment in plenty, especially to the very wise company who love to browse among books. It is sufficient to point the fact that Messrs Dent have added Robert Burton's masterpiece, in three volumes, edited by Mr Holbrook Jackson, to their absolutely inestimable 'Everyman' series. We continue still in a province of 'light and leading.' There can be no more difficult book to write—leaving out, of course, the *biblia-abiblia* of Charles Lamb's splendid indifference—

than those addressed by grown persons to children. It is so easy to fall into the slough of sentimentality or to be ponderously superior. Yet Mr Gilbert Thomas, through his common sense and sensitiveness, has escaped the morass and the rock, and in **'The Master Light'** (Allen and Unwin) has written a kindly, courageous, serviceable, and high-minded little volume. Naturally, much that is asserted not all would endorse; but the grown may read it with profit of heart and mind and the young will be none the worse because their mothers and fathers have absorbed something of its gentle spirit and counsel.

Superstitions about our interesting companions on Earth, the birds, beasts, and fishes, must be as old as mankind and assuredly will almost outlive him. If so wise and acute an observer of life as Dr Johnson could believe—as he did—that swallows hibernated in the depths of pools, is it any wonder that common folk should have built fantastic legends about the creatures, and until comparatively recently believed (if they don't still) in the existence of the unicorn, the cockatrice, the phoenix, tree-geese, the basilisk, and the salamander, with all the very curious legends that had grown about them? In Dr P. Ansell Robins's beautifully produced **'Animal Lore in English Literature'** (Murray) we read not only the old tales of imaginary monsters, but are shown how the poets, including Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, as well as early Dan Chaucer and the later Laureate, whom the index-maker recognises as Lord Alfred Tennyson, gave currency to such ideas as that of the jewel in the toad's head, crocodile's tears, the unjointed elephant, the sweet-breathed panther, and the hare which is of both sexes. It is a fascinating book, learned, yet readable to the unlearned, and embellished with illustrations that really aid the text. There is no sweeter enthusiasm than that of the lover of gardens and gardening, as there is no call more compelling than that 'of the magnetic earth and the lure of growing things.' Miss Edith Grey Wheelwright shows in her handbook for amateurs, **'The Garden of Pleasant Flowers'** (Howe), the right sort of enthusiasm; her love for gardens and gardening being combined with knowledge and common sense. Pertinently she protests against want of freshness and originality in the planning of gardens, whether it be a yard or two in a crowded London

suburb or acres—such so-called planning being in truth generally no planning at all—and shows the really infinite resources available to amateur (and other) gardeners who desire to grow and enjoy plants of beauty and colour the whole year round. A convenient and sensible manual, in which practicality goes with enthusiasm for this healthiest of hobbies, ploys or callings.

